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GIANT STARS

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE
Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT THE MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY

OUR ancestral sun, as pictured by Laplace, originally extended in a state of luminous vapor beyond the boundaries of the solar system. Rotating upon its axis, it slowly contracted through loss of heat by radiation, leaving behind it portions of its mass, which condensed to form the planets. Still gaseous, though now denser than water, it continues to pour out the heat on which our existence depends as it shrinks imperceptibly toward its ultimate condition of a cold and darkened globe.

Laplace's hypothesis has been subjected in recent years to much criticism, and there is good reason to doubt whether his description of the mode of evolution of our solar system is correct in every particular. All critics agree, however, that the sun was once enormously larger than it now is, and that the planets originally formed part of its distended mass.

Even in its present diminished state, the sun is huge beyond easy conception. Our own earth, though so minute a fragment of the primeval sun, is nevertheless so large that some parts of its surface have not yet been explored. Seen beside the sun, by an observer on one of the planets, the earth would appear as an insignificant speck, which could be swallowed with ease by the whirling vortex of a sun-spot. If the sun were hollow, with the earth at its centre, the moon, though 240,000 miles from us, would have room and to spare in which to describe its orbit, for the sun is 866,000 miles in diameter, so that its volume is more than a million times that of the earth.

But what of the stars, proved by the spectroscope to be self-luminous, intensely hot, and formed of the same chemical elements that constitute the sun and the earth? Are they comparable in size with the sun? Do they occur in all stages of development, from infancy to old age? And if such stages can be detected, do they afford indications of the gradual diminution in volume which Laplace imagined the sun to experience?

Prior to the application of the powerful new engine of research described in this article we have had no means of measuring the diameters of the stars. We have measured their distances and their motions, determined their chemical composition, and obtained undeniable evidence of progressive development, but even in the most powerful telescopes their images are so minute that they appear as points rather than as disks. In fact, the larger the telescope and the more perfect the atmospheric conditions at the observer's command, the smaller do these images appear. On the photographic plate, it is true, the stars are recorded as measurable disks, but these are due to the spreading of the light from their bright point-like images, and their diameters increase as the exposure time is prolonged. From the images of the brighter stars rays of light project in straight lines, but these also are instrumental phenomena, due to diffraction of light by the steel bars that support the small mirror in the tube of reflecting telescopes. In a word,

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the stars are so remote that the largest and most perfect telescopes show them only as extremely minute needle-points of light, without any trace of their true disks.

How, then, may we hope to measure their diameters? By using, as the man of science must so often do, indirect means when the direct attack fails. Most of the remarkable progress of astronomy during the last quarter century has resulted from the application of new and ingenious devices borrowed from the physicist. These have multiplied to such a degree that some of our observatories are literally physical laboratories, in which the sun and stars are examined by powerful spectroscopes and other optical instruments that have recently advanced our knowledge of physics by leaps and bounds. In the present case we are indebted for our star-measuring device to the distinguished physicist Professor Albert A. Michelson, who has contributed a long array of novel apparatus and methods to physics and astronomy.

The instrument in question, known as the interferometer, had previously yielded a remarkable series of results when applied in its various forms to the solution of fundamental problems. To mention only a few of those that have helped to establish Michelson's fame, we may recall that our exact knowledge of the length of the international metre at Sèvres, the world's standard of measurement, was obtained by him with an interferometer in terms of the invariable length of light-waves. A different form of interferometer has more recently enabled him to measure the minute tides within the solid body of the earth—not the great tides of the ocean, but the slight deformations of the earth's body, which is as rigid as steel, that are caused by the varying attractions of the sun and moon. Finally, to mention only one more case, it was the Michelson-Morley experiment, made years ago with still another form of interferometer, that yielded the basic idea from which the theory of relativity was developed by Lorentz and Einstein.

The history of the method of measuring star diameters is a very curious one, showing how the most promising opportunities for scientific progress may lie unused for decades. The fundamental principle of the device was first suggested by the great French physicist Fizeau in 1868. In 1874 the theory was developed by the French astronomer Stéphan, who observed interference fringes given by a large number of stars, and rightly concluded that their angular diameters must be much smaller than 0.158 seconds of arc, the smallest measurable with his instrument. In 1890 Michelson, unaware of the earlier work, published in the *Philosophical Magazine* a complete description of an interferometer capable of determining with surprising accuracy the distance between the components of double stars so close together that no telescope can separate them. He also showed how the same principle could be applied to the measurement of star diameters if a sufficiently large interferometer could be built for this purpose, and developed the theory much more completely than Stéphan had done. A year later he measured the diameters of Jupiter's satellites by this means at the Lick Observatory. But nearly thirty years elapsed before the next step was taken. Two causes have doubtless contributed to this delay. Both theory and experiment have demonstrated the extreme sensitiveness of the "interference fringes," on the observation of which the method depends, and it was generally supposed by astronomers that disturbances in the earth's atmosphere would prevent them from being clearly seen with large telescopes. Furthermore, a very large interferometer, too large to be carried by any existing telescope, was required for the star-diameter work, though close double stars could have been easily studied by this device with several of the large telescopes of the early nineties. But whatever the reasons, a powerful method of research lay unused.

The approaching completion of the 100-inch telescope of the Mount Wilson Observatory* led me to suggest to Professor Michelson, before the United States entered the war, that the method be thoroughly tested under the favorable atmospheric conditions of Southern California. He was at that time at work on a special form of interferometer, designed to determine whether atmospheric dis-

* See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for October, 1920.

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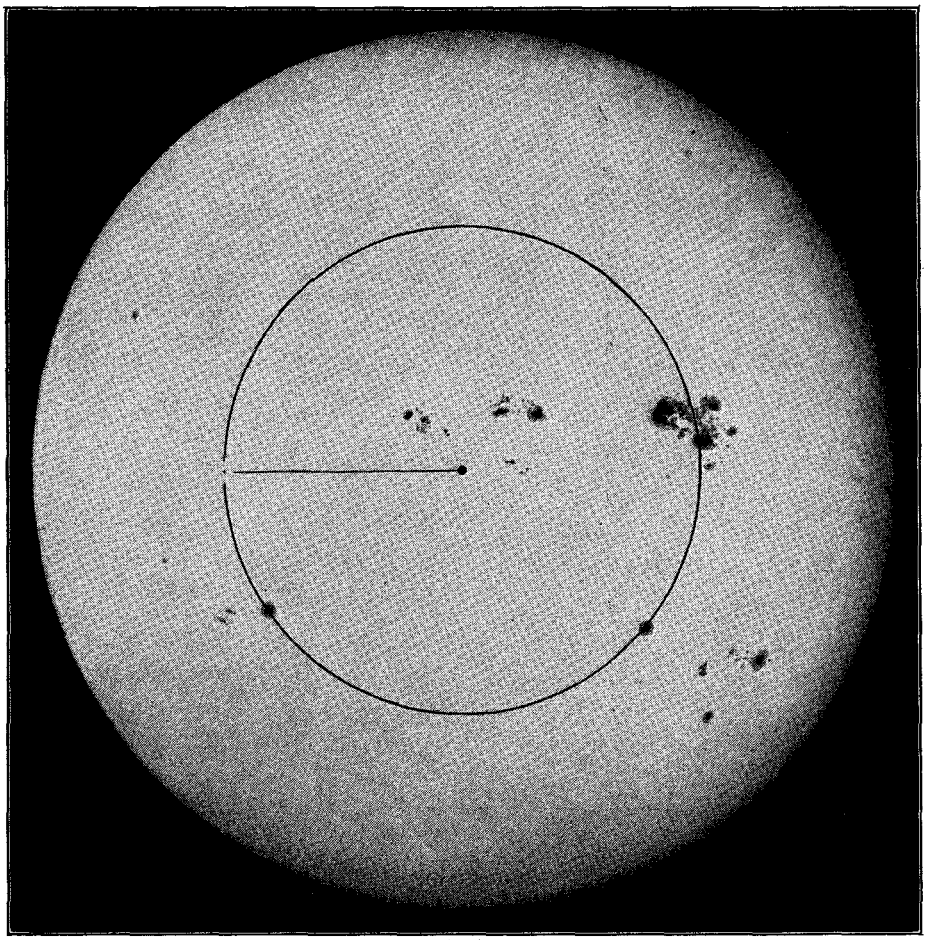
turbances could be disregarded in planning large-scale experiments. But the war intervened, and all of our efforts were concentrated for two years on the solution of war problems.* In 1919, as soon as the 100-inch telescope had been completed and tested, the work was resumed on Mount Wilson.



The sun, 866,000 miles in diameter, from a direct photograph showing many sun-spots.
The small black disk in the centre represents the comparative size of the earth, while the circle surrounding it corresponds in diameter to the orbit of the moon.

The principle of the method can be most readily seen by the aid of an experiment which any one can easily perform for himself with simple apparatus. Make a narrow slit, a few thousandths of an inch in width, in a sheet of black paper, and support it vertically before a brilliant source of light. Observe this from a distance of 40 or 50 feet with a small telescope magnifying about 30 diameters. The object-glass of the telescope should be covered with an opaque cap, pierced by two circular holes about one-eighth of an inch in diameter and half an inch apart. The holes should be on opposite sides of the centre of the object-glass and equidistant from it, and the line joining the holes should be horizontal. When this cap is removed the slit appears as a narrow vertical band with much fainter bands on both sides of it. With the cap in place, the central bright band appears

* Professor Michelson's most important contribution during the war period was a new and very efficient form of range-finder, adopted for use by the U. S. Navy.

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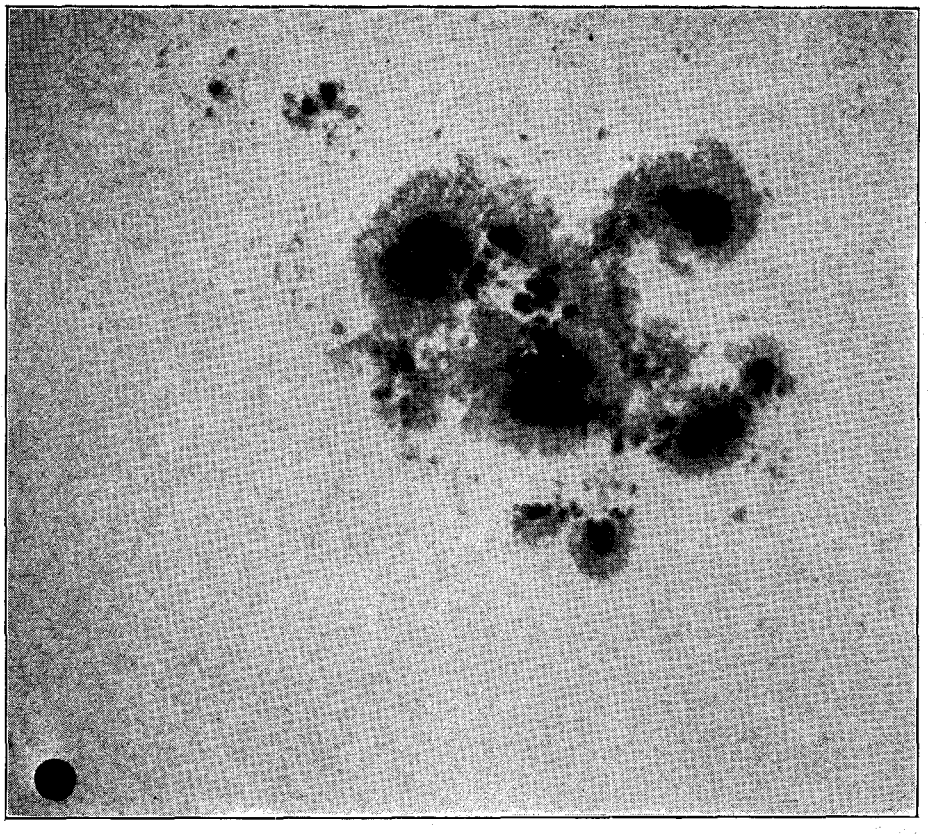

Great sun-spot group, August 8, 1917.
The disk in the corner represents the comparative size of the earth.

to be ruled with narrow vertical lines or fringes produced by the "interference" * of the two pencils of light coming through different parts of the object-glass from the distant slit. Cover one of the holes, and the fringes instantly disappear. Their production requires the joint effect of the two light-pencils.

Now suppose the two holes over the object-glass to be in movable plates, so that their distance apart can be varied. As they are gradually separated the narrow vertical fringes become less and less distinct, and finally vanish completely. Measure the distance between the holes and divide this by the wave-length of light, which we may call $\frac{1}{50000}$ of an inch. The result is the angular width of the distant slit. Knowing the distance of the slit, we can at once calculate its linear width. If for the slit we substitute a minute circular hole, the method of measurement remains the same, but the angular diameter as calculated above must be multiplied by 1.22.†

To measure the diameter of a star we proceed in a similar way, but as the angle it subtends is so small, we must use a very large telescope, for the smaller the angle the farther apart must be the two holes over the object-glass (or the mirror, in case a reflecting telescope is employed). In fact, when the holes are moved apart to the full aperture of the 100-inch Hooker telescope, the interference fringes are still visible even with the star Betelgeuse, though its angular diameter probably exceeds that of any other star. Thus, we must build an attachment for the telescope, so arranged as to per-

* For an explanation of the phenomena of interference, see any encyclopædia or book on physics.

† More complete details may be found in Michelson's Lowell Lectures on "Light-Waves and Their Uses," University of Chicago Press, 1907.

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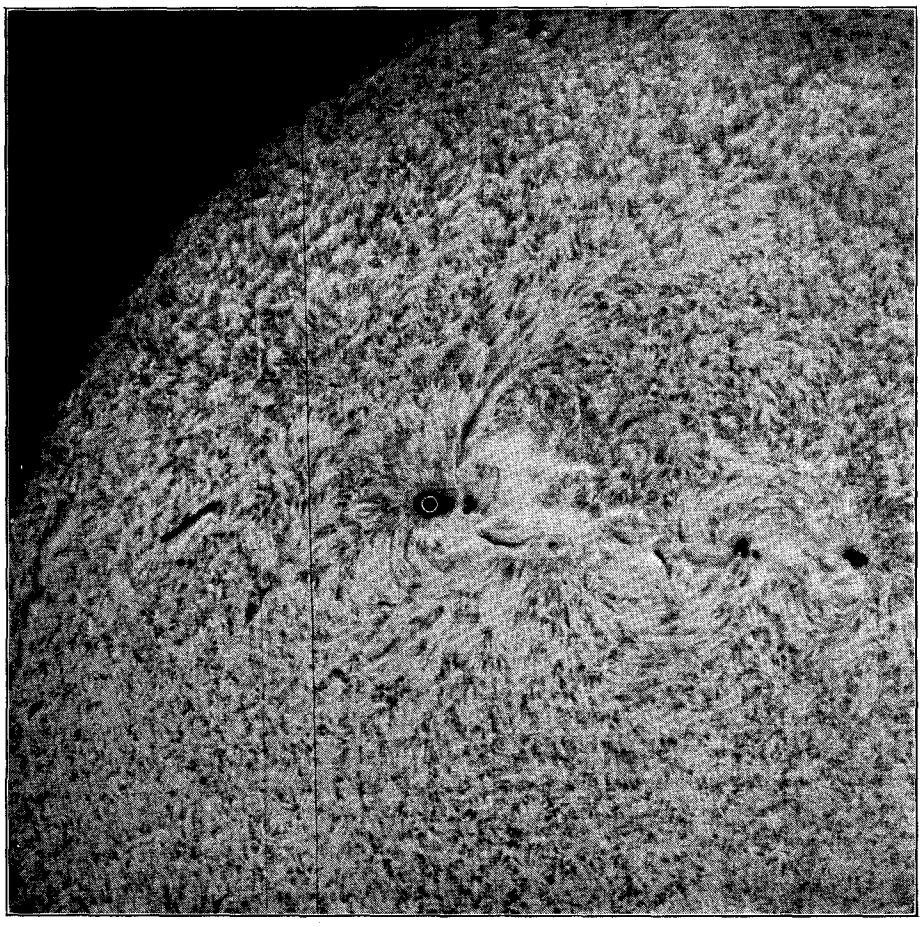
mit us to move the openings still farther apart.

The 20-foot interferometer designed by Messrs. Michelson and Pease, and constructed in the Mount Wilson Observa-



Photograph of the hydrogen atmosphere of the sun.

Made with the spectroheliograph, showing the immense vortices, or whirling storms like tornadoes, that centre in sun-spots. The comparative size of the earth is shown by the white circle traced on the largest sun-spot.

tory instrument-shop, is shown in the diagram (page 8) and in a photograph of the upper end of the skeleton tube of the telescope (page 9). The light from the star is received by two flat mirrors (M^1, M^4) which project beyond the tube and can be moved apart along the supporting arm. These take the place of the two holes over the object-glass in our experiment. From these mirrors the light is reflected to a second pair of flat mirrors (M^2, M^3), which send it toward the 100-inch concave mirror (M^5) at the bottom of the telescope tube. After this the course of the light is exactly as it would be if the mirrors M^2, M^3 were replaced by two holes over the 100-inch mirror. It is reflected to the convex mirror (M^6), then back in a less rapidly convergent beam toward the large mirror. Before reaching it, the light is caught by the plane mirror (M^7) and reflected through an opening at the side of the telescope tube to the eyepiece E. Here the fringes are observed with a magnification ranging from 1,500 to 3,000 diameters.

In the practical application of this

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method to the measurement of star diameters, the chief problem was whether the atmosphere would be quiet enough to permit sharp interference fringes to be produced with light-pencils more than 100 inches apart. After successful preliminary tests with the 40-inch refracting telescope of the Yerkes Observatory, Professor Michelson made the first attempt to see the fringes with the 60-inch and 100-inch reflectors on Mount Wilson in September, 1919. He was surprised and delighted to find that the fringes were perfectly sharp and distinct with the full aperture of both these instruments. Doctor Anderson, of the Observatory staff, then devised a special form of interferometer for the measurement of close double stars, and applied it with the 100-inch telescope to the measurement of the orbital motion of the close components of Capella, with results of extraordinary accuracy, far beyond anything attainable by previous methods. The success of this work strongly encouraged the more ambitious project of measuring the diameter of a star, and the 20-foot interferometer was built for this purpose.

The difficult and delicate problem of adjusting the mirrors of this instrument with the necessary extreme accuracy was solved by Professor Michelson during his visit to Mount Wilson in the summer of 1920, and with the assistance of Mr. Pease, of the Observatory staff, interference fringes were observed in the case of certain stars when the mirrors were as much as 18 feet apart. All was thus in readiness for a decisive test as soon as a suitable star presented itself.

Russell, Shapley, and Eddington had pointed out Betelgeuse (Arabic for "the giant's shoulder"), the bright red star in the constellation of Orion (page 10), as the most favorable of all stars for measurement, and the last-named had given its angular diameter as 0.051 seconds of arc. This deduction from theory appeared in his recent presidential address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in which Professor Eddington remarked: "Probably the greatest need of stellar astronomy at the present day, in order to make sure that our theoretical deductions are starting on the right lines, is some means of measuring the apparent angular diameter of stars." He then referred to the work already in progress on Mount Wilson, but anticipated "that atmospheric disturbance will ultimately set the limit to what can be accomplished."

On December 13, 1920, Mr. Pease successfully measured the diameter of Betelgeuse with the 20-foot interferometer. As the outer mirrors were separated the interference fringes gradually became less distinct, as theory requires, and as Doctor Merrill had previously seen when observing Betelgeuse with the interferometer used for Capella. At a separation of

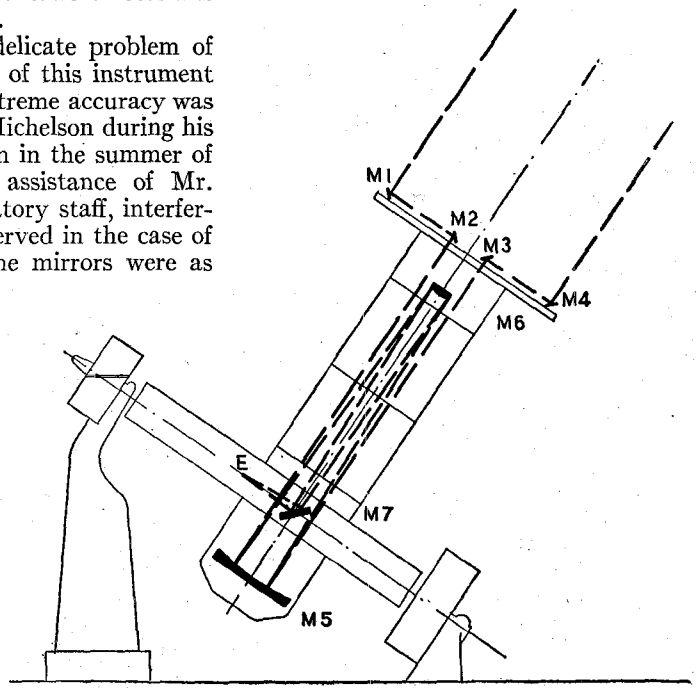

Diagram showing outline of the 100-inch Hooker telescope, and path of the two pencils of light from a star when under observation with the 20-foot Michelson interferometer.

A photograph of the interferometer is shown on page 9.

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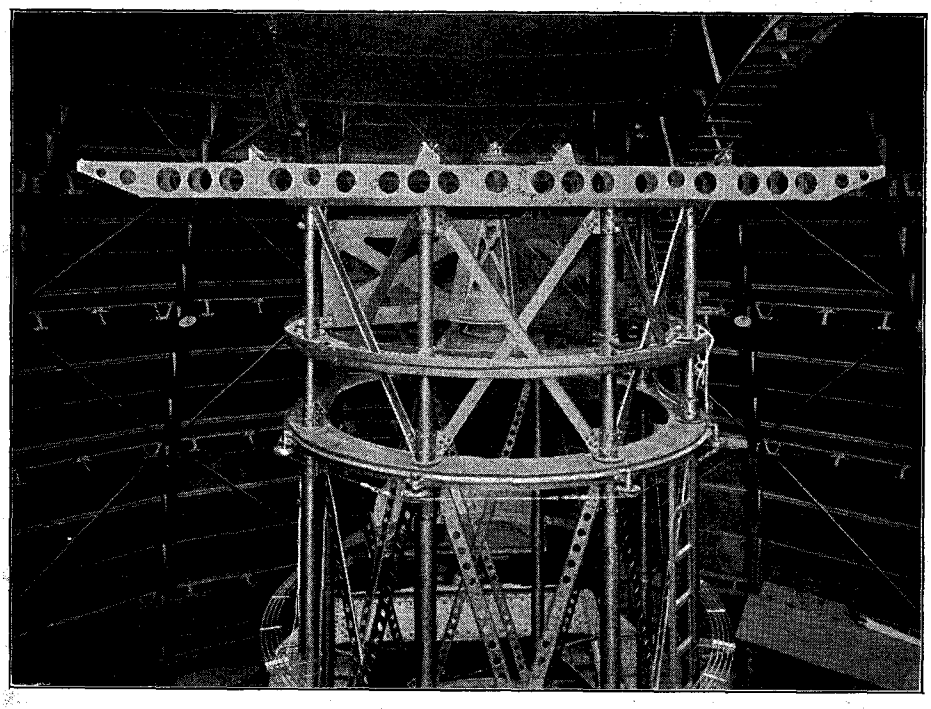

Twenty-foot Michelson interferometer for measuring star diameters, attached to upper end of the skeleton tube of the 100-inch Hooker telescope.

The path of the two pencils of light from the star is shown on page 8. For a photograph of the entire telescope, see SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for October, 1920.

10 feet the fringes disappeared completely, giving the data required for calculating the diameter of the star. To test the perfection of the adjustment, the telescope was turned to other stars, of smaller angular diameter, which showed the fringes with perfect clearness. Turning back to Betelgeuse, they were seen beyond doubt to be absent. Assuming the mean wave-length of the light of this star to be $\frac{5750}{10000000}$ of a millimetre, its angular diameter comes out 0.047 seconds of arc, thus falling between the values—0.051 and 0.031 seconds—predicted by Eddington and Russell from slightly different assumptions. Subsequent corrections and repeated measurement will change Mr. Pease's result somewhat, but it is almost certainly within 10 or 15 per cent of the truth. We may therefore conclude that the angular diameter of Betelgeuse is very nearly the same as that of a ball one inch in diameter, seen at a distance of seventy miles.

But this represents only the angle subtended by the star's disk. To learn its linear diameter, we must know its distance. Four determinations of the parallax, which determines the distance, have been made. Elkin, with the Yale heliometer, obtained 0.032 seconds of arc. Schlesinger, from photographs taken with the 30-inch Allegheny refractor, derived 0.016. Adams, by his spectroscopic method applied with the 60-inch Mount Wilson reflector, obtained 0.012. Lee's recent value, secured photographically with the 40-inch Yerkes refractor, is 0.022. The heliometer parallax is doubtless less reliable than the photographic ones, and Doctor Adams states that the spectral type and luminosity of Betelgeuse make his value less certain than in the case of most other stars. If we take a (weighted) mean value of 0.020 seconds, we shall probably not be far from the truth. This parallax represents the angle subtended by the radius of the earth's orbit (93,000,000 miles) at the distance of Betelgeuse. By comparing it with 0.047, the

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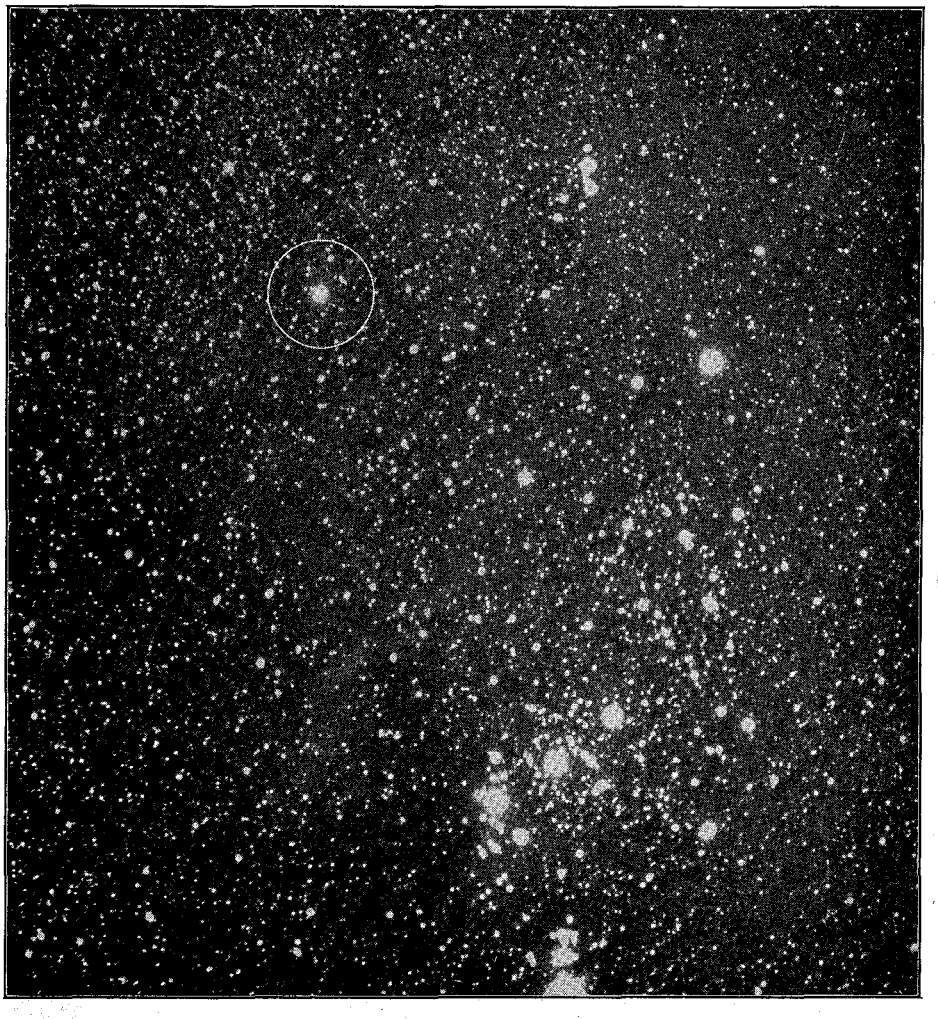
angular diameter of the star, we see that the linear diameter is about two and one-third times as great as the distance from the earth to the sun, or approximately 215,000,000 miles. Thus, if this measure of its distance is not considerably in error, Betelgeuse would nearly fill the orbit of Mars. All methods of determining the distances of the stars are subject to uncertainty, however, and subsequent measures may reduce this figure very appreciably. But there can be no doubt that the diameter of Betelgeuse exceeds 100,000,000 miles, and it is probably much greater.

The extremely small angle subtended by this enormous disk is explained by the great distance of the star, which is about 160 light-years. That is to say, light travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles per second spends 160 years in crossing the space that lies between us and Betelgeuse, whose tremendous proportions therefore seem so minute in the most powerful telescopes.



The giant Betelgeuse (within the circle), familiar as the conspicuous red star in the right shoulder of Orion.

Measures with the interferometer show its angular diameter to be 0.047 seconds of arc, corresponding to a linear diameter of 215,000,000 miles, if the best available determination of its distance can be relied upon. This determination shows Betelgeuse to be 160 light-years from the earth. Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, and yet spends 160 years on its journey to us from this star.

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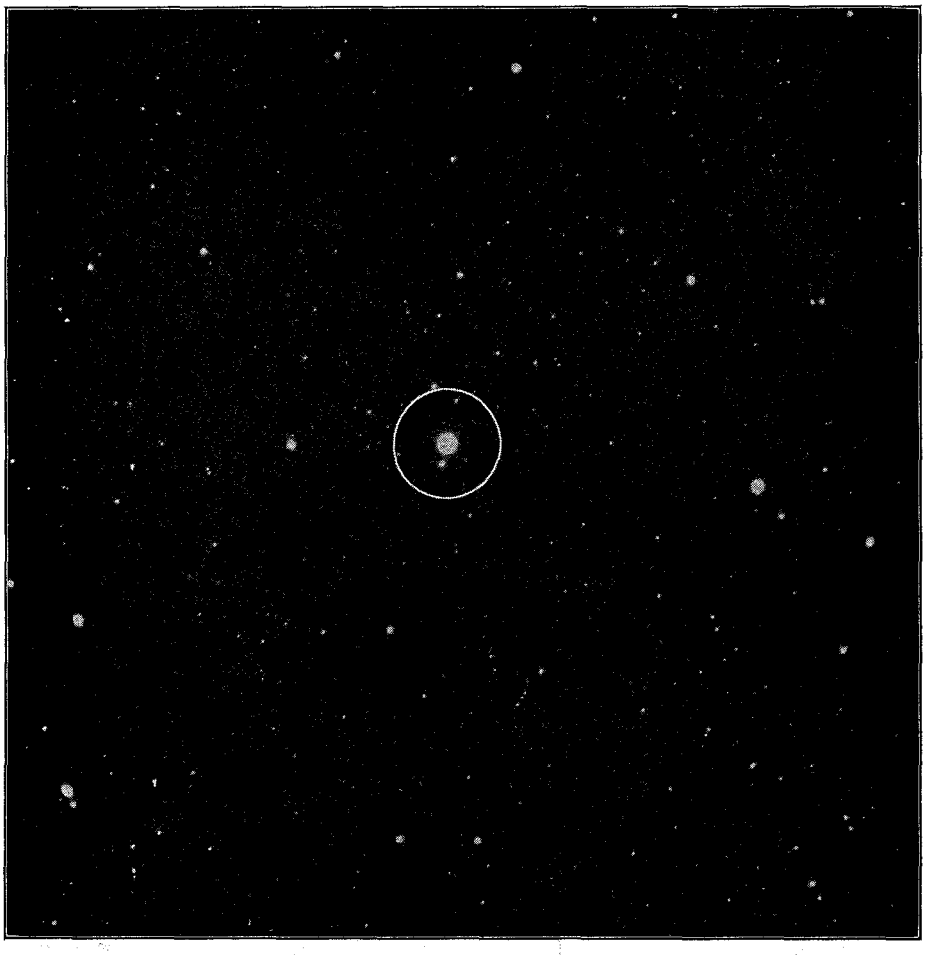
This actual measure of the diameter of Betelgeuse supplies a new and striking test of Russell's and Hertzsprung's theory of dwarf and giant stars. Just before the war Russell showed that our old methods of classifying the stars according to their spectra must be radically changed. Stars in an early stage of their life history must be regarded as diffuse gaseous masses, enormously larger than our sun, and at a much lower temperature. Their density must be very low, and their state that of a perfect gas. These are the "giants." In the slow process of time they contract through constant loss of heat by radiation. But despite this loss, the heat produced by contraction causes their temperature to rise, while their color changes from red to bluish white. This process of shrinkage and rise of temperature goes on so long as they remain in the state of a perfect gas. But as soon as contraction has increased the density of the gas beyond a certain point the cycle reverses and the temperature begins to fall. The bluish-white light of the star turns yellowish, and we enter the dwarf stage, of which our own sun is a representative.



Arcturus (within the white circle), known to the Arabs as the "Lance Bearer," and to the Chinese as the "Great Horn" or "The Palace of the Emperors."

Its angular diameter, measured at Mount Wilson by Pease with the 20-foot Michelson interferometer on April 15, 1921, is 0.024 seconds, in close agreement with Russell's predicted value of 0.019 seconds. The mean parallax of Arcturus, based upon four separate determinations, is 0.116 seconds, corresponding to a distance of 28 light-years. The linear diameter, computed from Pease's measure and this value of the distance is about 19 million miles.

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The density increases, surpassing that of water in the case of the sun, and going far beyond this point in later stages. In the lapse of millions of years a reddish hue appears, finally turning to deep red. The falling temperature permits the chemical elements, existing in a gaseous state in the outer atmosphere of the star, to unite into compounds, which are rendered conspicuous by their characteristic bands in the spectrum. Finally comes extinction of light, as the star approaches its ultimate state of a cold and solid globe.

We may thus form a clear picture of the two branches of the temperature curve, long since suggested by Lockyer, on very different grounds, as the outline of stellar life. On the ascending side are the giants, of vast dimensions and more diffuse than the air we breathe. There are good reasons for believing that the mass of Betelgeuse cannot be more than ten times that of the sun, while its volume is at least a million times as great and may exceed eight million times the sun's volume. Therefore, its average density must be like that of an attenuated gas in an electric vacuum tube. Three-quarters of the naked-eye stars are in this stage, which comprises such familiar objects as Betelgeuse, Antares, and Aldebaran. The pinnacle is reached in the intensely hot white stars of the helium class, in whose spectra the lines of this gas are

The giant star Antares (within the white circle), notable for its red color in the constellation Scorpio, and named by the Greeks "A Rival of Mars."

The distance of Antares, though not very accurately known, is probably not far from 160 light-years. Its angular diameter has not yet been measured.

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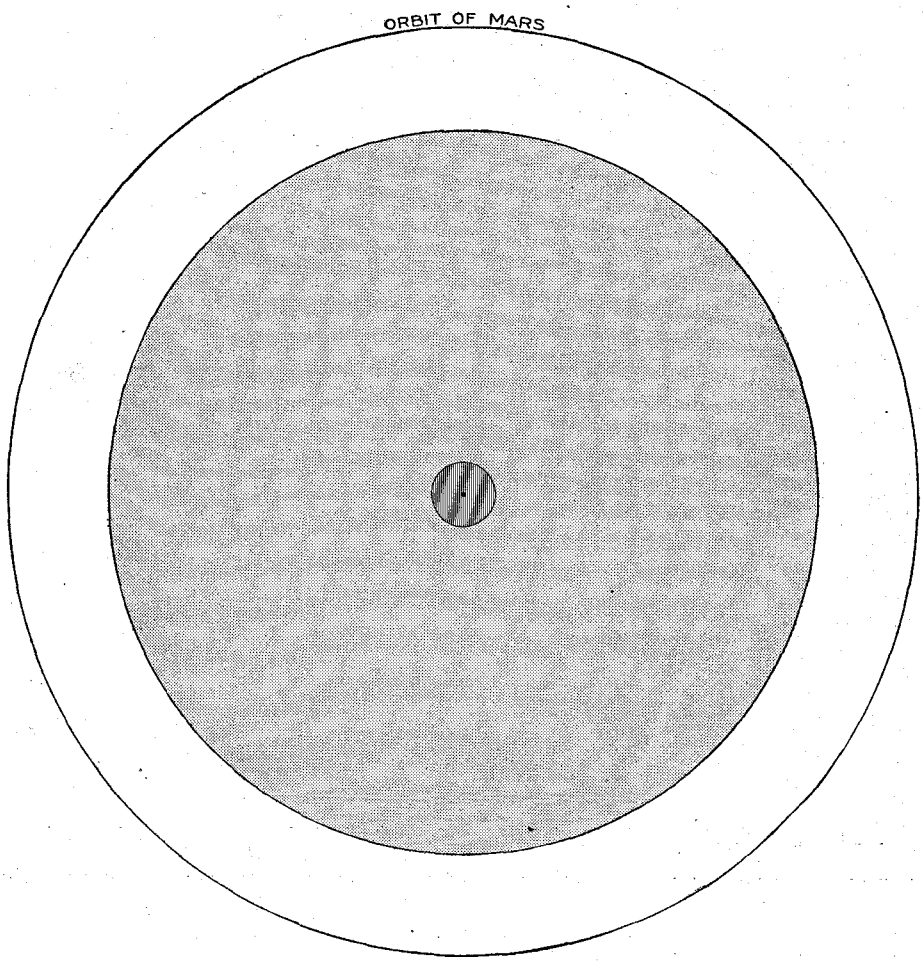
very conspicuous. The density of these stars is perhaps one-tenth that of the sun. Sirius, also very hot, is probably of some such density. Then comes the cooling stage, characterized, as already remarked, by increasing density, and also by increasing chemical complexity resulting from falling temperature. This life cycle may not be followed by all stars, but it probably holds true for millions of them.

The validity of this beautiful theory has been fully proved by the remarkable work of Adams and his associates on Mount Wilson, where his method of determining a star's distance and intrinsic luminosity by spectroscopic observations has already been applied to 2,000 stars. Discussion of the results leads at once to the recognition of the two great classes of giants and dwarfs. Now comes the work of Michelson and Pease to cap the climax, giving us the actual diameter of a typical giant star, in close agreement with predictions based upon Russell's theory. From this diameter we may conclude that the density of Betelgeuse is extremely low, also in harmony with the theory, which is further supported by spectroscopic analysis of the star's light, revealing evidence of the comparatively low temperature called for by the theory at this early stage of stellar existence.



Diameters of the Sun, Arcturus, and Betelgeuse compared with the orbit of Mars.

• Sun, diameter, 866,000 miles. Arcturus, diameter, 19,000,000 miles. Betelgeuse, diameter, 215,000,000 miles.

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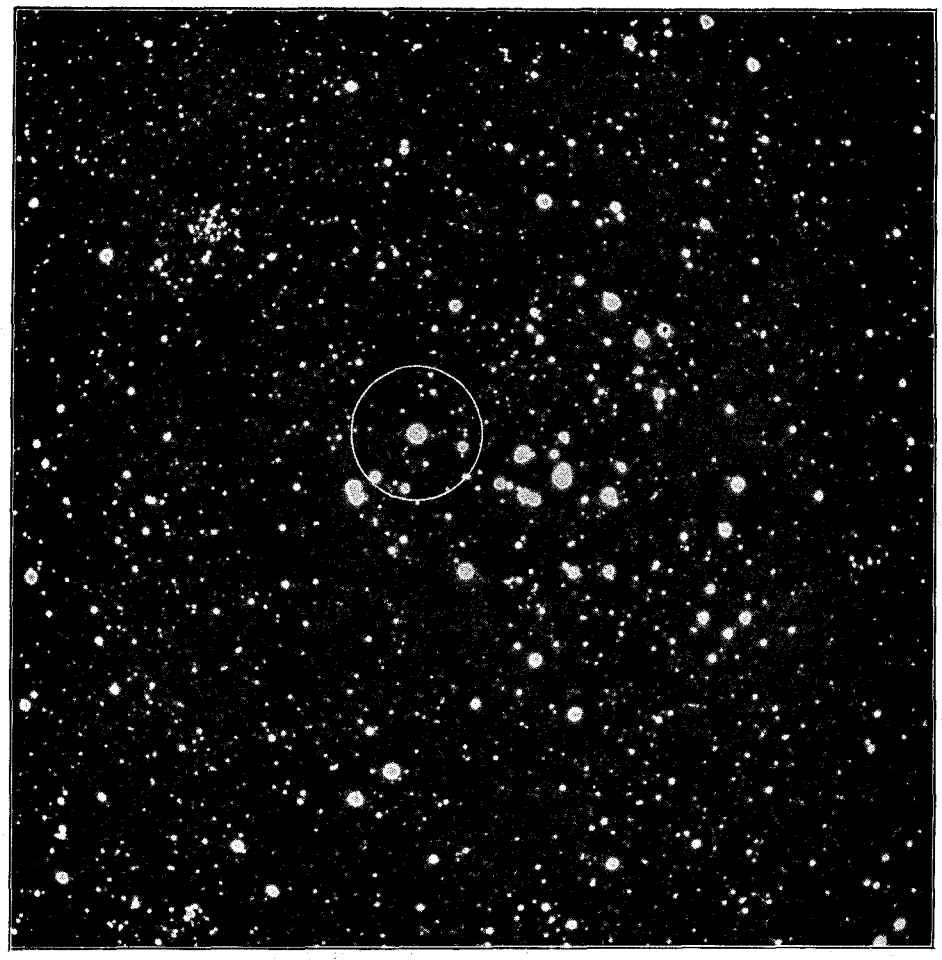

Aldebaran, the "leader" (of the Pleiades), was also known to the Arabs as "The Eye of the Bull," "The Heart of the Bull," and "The Great Camel."

Like Betelgeuse and Antares, it is notable for its red color, which accounts for the fact that its image on this photograph is hardly more conspicuous than the images of stars which are actually much fainter but contain a larger proportion of blue light, to which the photographic plates here employed are more sensitive than to red or yellow. Aldebaran is about 50 light-years from the earth. Interferometer measures of its angular diameter are in progress on Mount Wilson, but have not been completed.

It now remains to make further measures of Betelgeuse, especially because its marked changes in brightness suggest possible variations in diameter. We must also apply the interferometer method to stars of the various spectral types, in order to afford a sure basis for future studies of stellar evolution. Unfortunately, only two or three giant stars, of which Antares is the most promising, are likely to fall within the range of our present instrument. An interferometer of 70-feet aperture would be needed to measure Sirius, and one of twice this size to deal with less brilliant white stars. A 100-foot instrument, if feasible to build, would permit objects representing most of the chief stages of stellar development to be measured, thus contributing in the highest degree to the progress of our knowledge of the life history of the stars. Fortunately, though the mechanical difficulties are great, the optical problem is insignificant, and the cost of the entire apparatus, though necessarily high, would be only a small fraction of that of a telescope of corresponding aperture, if such could be built. A 100-foot interferometer might

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be designed in many different forms, and one of these may perhaps be found to be within the range of possibility.

While the theory of dwarf and giant stars and the measurement of Betelgeuse afford no direct evidence bearing on Laplace's explanation of the formation of planets, they show that stars exist which are comparable in diameter with our solar system, and suggest that the sun must have shrunk from vast dimensions. The mode of formation of systems like our own, and of other systems numerously illustrated in the heavens, is one of the most fascinating problems of astronomy. Much light has been thrown on it by recent investigations, some of which will be described in future numbers of this magazine.

Since the above was written, the diameter of Arcturus was measured by Mr. Pease at Mount Wilson on April 15. As the mirrors of the interferometer were moved apart, the fringes gradually decreased in visibility until they finally disappeared at a mirror separation of 19½ feet. Adopting a mean wave-length of $\frac{5600}{10000000}$ of a millimetre for the light of Arcturus, this gives a value of 0.024 of a second of arc for the angular diameter of the star. If we use a mean value of 0.116 seconds for the parallax, the corresponding linear diameter comes out 19,000,000 miles. The angular diameter, as in the case of Betelgeuse, is in remarkably close agreement with the diameter predicted from theory. Russell believes, however, that the true parallax is somewhat smaller, and that the diameter of Arcturus is consequently about 25,000,000 miles.

THE UNREST IN THE ISLAMIC WORLD

By Lothrop Stoddard

Author of "The Rising Tide of Color," "The New World of Islam," etc.

THE whole vast world of Islam is to-day in profound unrest. From Morocco to China and from Turkestan to the Congo the 250,000,000 followers of the Prophet Mohammed are stirring to new ideas, new impulses, new aspirations. A gigantic transformation is taking place whose results must affect profoundly all mankind.

This transformation was greatly stimulated by the late war. But it began long before. More than a hundred years ago the seeds were sown, and ever since then it has been evolving; at first slowly and obscurely, later more rapidly and perceptibly, until to-day, under the stimulus of Armageddon, it has burst into sudden and startling bloom.

The story of that strange and dramatic evolution I have endeavored to tell in my forthcoming book, "The New World of Islam." In the present and subsequent article I shall describe some of the momentous aspects of a development which must be seriously reckoned with and which must inevitably modify the course of world-history.

It is nearly a thousand years since the Mohammedan world entered its long period of decline. Islam's epoch of pristine vigor, though glorious, was brief. Bursting suddenly out of their deserts in the seventh century A. D., the Arabs, electrified by Mohammed's teaching, bore the Fiery Crescent from the Pyrenees to the Himalayas and from the deserts of Central Asia to the deserts of Central Africa. On the débris of shattered empires and conquered peoples there arose a new civilization—a Saracenic civilization, in which the ancient cultures of Greece, Rome, and Persia were revitalized by Arab vigor and synthetized by the Arab genius and the Islamic spirit. For the first three centuries of its existence the realm of Islam was the most civilized and progressive portion of the world. Studded with splendid cities, gracious mosques, and quiet universities where the wisdom of the ancient world was pre-

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served and appreciated, the Moslem East offered a striking contrast to the Christian West, then sunk in the night of the Dark Ages.

However, by the year 1000 A. D. Saracenic civilization displayed unmistakable symptoms of decline. This decline was at first gradual, but it soon became more rapid. Riven by religious dissensions, torn by civil wars, and overwhelmed by the devastating invasions of fierce barbarians such as Turks and Mongols, the Moslem world sank into lethargy and decay.

Meantime Europe was awakening to true progress and higher civilization. While the Moslem East was sinking under Mongol harryings and Turkish militarism, the Christian West was thrilling to the Renaissance and the discoveries of America and the water route to India. So Western civilization, quickened, energized, progressed with giant strides, shook off its mediæval fetters, grasped the talisman of science, and strode into the light of modern times.

Yet all this left Islam unmoved. Wrapping itself in the tatters of Saracenic civilization, the Moslem East continued to fall behind. Plunged in lethargy, contemptuous of the European "misbelievers," and accepting defeats as the inscrutable will of Allah, Islam continued to live its old life, neither knowing nor caring to know anything about Western ideas or Western progress.

Such was the decrepit Moslem world which faced nineteenth-century Europe, energized by the industrial revolution, armed as never before by modern science and invention which had unlocked nature's secrets and placed hitherto-undreamed-of weapons in its aggressive hands. The result was a foregone conclusion. One by one the decrepit Moslem states fell before the Western attack, and the whole Islamic world was rapidly partitioned among the European Powers. England took India and Egypt, Russia crossed the Caucasus and mastered Central Asia, France conquered North Africa, while other European nations grasped minor portions of the Moslem heritage. The Great War witnessed the final stage in this process of subjugation. By the terms of the treaties which marked its close Turkey was extinguished and not a single Mohammedan state retained genuine independence. The subjugation of the Moslem world was complete—on paper.

On paper! For, in its very hour of triumph, Western domination was challenged as never before. During those hundred years of Western conquest a mighty internal change had been coming over the Moslem world. The swelling tide of Western aggression had at last moved the "immovable" East. At last Islam became conscious of its decrepitude, and with that consciousness a vast ferment, obscure yet profound, began to leaven the Moslem world. The first spark was fittingly struck in the Arabian desert, the cradle of Islam. Here, at the opening of the nineteenth century, arose the Wahabi movement for the reform of Islam, which presently kindled the far-flung "Mohammedan Revival," which in turn begot the movement known as "Pan-Islamism." Furthermore, athwart these essentially internal movements there came pouring a flood of external stimuli from the West: ideas such as parliamentary government, nationalism, scientific education, industrialism, and even ultra-modern concepts like feminism, socialism, Bolshevism. Stirred by the interaction of all these novel forces and spurred by the ceaseless pressure of Western aggression, the Moslem world roused more and more to life and action. The Great War was a shock of terrific potency, and to-day Islam is seething with mighty forces fashioning a new Moslem world.

Diverse as are these forces, they are all in a certain sense correlated by that profound sentiment of Moslem solidarity which Mohammed implanted in the hearts of his followers and which thirteen centuries have not effaced. This instinctive solidarity is the foundation of Pan-Islamism. Threatened by Western pressure, the Moslem world has been fashioning new weapons for its defense. The most remarkable of these are the new-type religious fraternities, best exemplified by the Sennussiya. The story of the Sennussiya is one of the most picturesque in modern annals. Its rise and progress well illustrate the great vitality of Pan-Islamism.

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The Sennussiya, as already remarked, was a new development in the Moslem world. Religious fraternities had of course existed in Islam for centuries. They all possess the same general type of organization, being divided into lodges ("Zawias") headed by masters known as "Mokaddem," who exercise a more or less extensive authority over the "Khouan" or brethren. Until the foundation of the new-type organizations like the Sennussi, however, the fraternities exerted little practical influence upon mundane affairs. Their interests were almost wholly religious, of a mystical, devotional nature, often characterized by great austerities or by fanatical excesses like those practised by the whirling and howling dervishes. Such political influence as they did exert was casual and local. Anything like joint action was impossible owing to their mutual rivalries and jealousies. These old-type fraternities still exist in great numbers, but they are without political importance except as they have been leavened by the new-type fraternities.

The new-type organizations date from about the middle of the nineteenth century. Their archetype, the Sennussiya, was founded by one Seyid Mahommed ben Sennussi, who was born near Mostaganem, Algeria, about the year 1800. As his title "Seyid" indicates, he was a descendant of the Prophet, and was thus born to a position of honor and importance. He early displayed a strong bent for learning and piety, studying theology at the Moorish university of Fez and afterward travelling widely over North Africa, preaching a reform of the prevailing religious abuses. He then made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and there his reformist zeal was still further quickened by the Wahabi teachers. It was at that time that he appears to have definitely formulated his plan of a great puritan order, and in 1843 he returned to North Africa, settling in Tripoli, where he built his first Zawia, known as the "Zawia Baida," or White Monastery, in the mountains near Derna. So impressive was his personality and so great his organizing ability that converts flocked to him from all over North Africa. Indeed, his power soon alarmed the Turkish authorities in Tripoli, and relations became so strained that Seyid Mahommed presently moved his headquarters to the oasis of Jarabub, far to the south in the Libyan desert. When he died in 1859, his organization had spread over the greater part of North Africa.

Seyid Mahommed's work was carried on uninterruptedly by his son, usually known as Sennussi-el-Mahdi. The manner in which this son gained his succession typifies the Sennussi spirit. Seyid Mahommed had two sons, El-Mahdi being the younger. While they were still mere lads their father determined to put them to a test, to discover which of them had the stronger faith. In presence of the entire Zawia he bade both sons climb a tall palm-tree, and then adjured them by Allah and his Prophet to leap to the ground. The younger lad leaped at once and reached the ground unharmed; the elder boy refused to spring. To El-Mahdi, "who feared not to commit himself to the will of God," passed the right to rule. Throughout his long life Sennussi-el-Mahdi justified his father's choice, displaying wisdom and piety of a high order, and further extending the power of the fraternity. During the latter part of his reign he removed his headquarters to the oasis of Jowf, still farther into the Lybian desert, where he died in 1902 and was succeeded by his nephew Ahmed-el-Sherif, the present head of the order, who also appears to possess marked ability.

With nearly eighty years of successful activity behind it, the Sennussi order is to-day one of the vital factors in Islam. It counts its adherents in every quarter of the Moslem world. In Arabia its followers are very numerous, and it profoundly influences the spiritual life of the holy cities, Mecca and Medina. North Africa, however, still remains the focus of Sennussism. The whole of Northern Africa, from Morocco to Somaliland, is dotted with its Zawias or lodges, all absolutely dependent upon the Grand Lodge, headed by the master, El Sennussi. The Sennussi stronghold of Jowf lies in the very heart of the Libyan Sahara. Only one European eye has ever seen this mysterious spot. Surrounded by absolute desert, with wells many leagues apart and the routes of approach known only to

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experienced Sennussi guides, every one of whom would suffer a thousand deaths rather than betray him, El Sennussi, the master, sits serenely apart, sending his orders throughout North Africa.

The influence exerted by the Sennussiya is profound. The local Zawias are more than mere "lodges." Besides the Mokaddem, or master, there is also a "Wekil," or civil governor, and these officers have discretionary authority not merely over the Zawia members, but also over the community at large—at least, so great is the awe inspired by the Sennussiya throughout North Africa that a word from Wekil or Mokaddem is always listened to and obeyed. Thus, besides the various European colonial authorities, British, French, or Italian, as the case may be, there exists an occult government with which the colonial authorities are careful not to come into conflict.

On their part, the Sennussi are equally careful to avoid a downright breach with the European Powers. Their long-headed, cautious policy is truly astonishing. For more than half a century the order has been a great force, yet it has never risked the supreme adventure. In many of the fanatic risings which have occurred in various parts of Africa, local Sennussi have undoubtedly taken part, and the same was true during the Italian campaign in Tripoli and in the late war; but the order itself has never officially entered the lists.

In fact, this attitude of mingled cautious reserve and haughty aloofness is maintained not only toward Christians, but also toward the other powers-that-be in Islam. The Sennussiya has always kept its absolute freedom of action. Its relations with the Turks have never been cordial. Even the wily Sultan Abdul-Hamid, at the height of his prestige as the champion of Islam, could never get from El Sennussi more than coldly platonic expressions of approval, and one of Sennussi-el-Mahdi's favorite remarks was said to have been: "Turks and Christians: I will break both of them with one and the same stroke." Equally characteristic was his attitude toward Mahommed Ahmed, the leader of the "Mahdist" uprising in the Egyptian Sudan. Flushed with his victory at Khartum, Mahommed Ahmed sent emissaries to El Sennussi, asking his aid. El Sennussi refused, remarking haughtily: "What have I to do with this fakir from Dongola? Am I not myself Mahdi if I choose?"

These Fabian tactics do not mean that the Sennussi are idle. Far from it. On the contrary, they are ceaselessly at work with the spiritual arms of teaching, discipline, and conversion. The Sennussi programme is the welding, first of Moslem Africa, and later of the whole Moslem world, into the revived "Imâmât" of Islam's early days; into a great theocracy, embracing all true believers—in other words, Pan-Islamism. But the Sennussi believe that the political liberation of Islam from Christian domination must be preceded by a profound spiritual regeneration. Toward this end they strive ceaselessly to improve the manners and morals of the populations under their influence, while they also strive to improve material conditions by encouraging the better cultivation of oases, digging new wells, building rest-houses along the caravan routes, and promoting trade. Mere fighting for fighting's sake is no part of their programme. The slaughter and rapine practised by the Sudanese Mahdists disgusted the Sennussi and drew from their chief words of scathing condemnation.

All this explains the order's unprecedented self-restraint. This is the reason why, year after year, and decade after decade, the Sennussi advance slowly, calmly, coldly; gathering great latent power, but avoiding the temptation to expend it one instant before the proper time. Meanwhile they are covering North Africa with their lodges and schools, disciplining the people to the voice of their Mokaddem and Wekils; and, to the southward, converting millions of pagan negroes to the faith of Islam.

Nothing better shows modern Islam's quickened vitality than the revival of missionary fervor during the past hundred years. Of course Islam has always displayed strong converting power. Its missionary successes in its early days were extraordinary, and even in its period of decline it never wholly lost its pristine vigor. Nevertheless, taking the Moslem

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world as a whole, religious zeal undoubtedly declined, reaching low-water mark during the eighteenth century.

The first breath of the Mohammedan revival, however, blew the smouldering embers of proselytism into a new flame, and everywhere except in Europe, Islam began once more advancing portentously along all its far-flung frontiers. Every Moslem is to some extent a born missionary and instinctively propagates his faith among his non-Moslem neighbors, so the work was carried on not only by priestly specialists, but also by multitudes of travellers, traders, and humble migratory workers. Of course numerous zealots consecrated their lives to the task. This was particularly true of the religious fraternities. The Sennussi have especially distinguished themselves by their apostolic fervor, and from those natural monasteries, the oases of the Sahara, thousands of "Marabouts" have gone forth with flashing eyes and swelling breasts to preach the marvels of Islam, devoured with a zeal like that of the Christian mendicant friars of the Middle Ages.

Islam's missionary triumphs among the negroes of West and Central Africa during the past century have been extraordinary. Every candid European observer tells the same story. As an Englishman very justly remarked some twenty years ago: "Mohammedanism is making marvellous progress in the interior of Africa. It is crushing paganism out. Against it the Christian propaganda is a myth." And a French Protestant missionary remarks in similar vein: "We see Islam on its march, sometimes slowed down but never stopped, toward the heart of Africa. Despite all obstacles encountered, it tirelessly pursues its way. It fears nothing. Even Christianity, its most serious rival, Islam regards without hate, so sure is it of victory. While Christians dream of the conquest of Africa, the Mohammedans do it."

And Islam's gains are not made solely against paganism. They are being won at the expense of African Christianity as well. In West Africa the European missions lose many of their converts to Islam, while across the continent the ancient Abyssinian Church, so long an outpost against Islam, seems in danger of submersion by the rising Moslem tide. Not by warlike incursions, but by peaceful penetration, the Abyssinians are being Islamized. Tribes which, fifty or sixty years ago, counted hardly a Mohammedan among them, to-day live partly or wholly according to the precepts of Islam.

Islam's triumphs in Africa are perhaps its most noteworthy missionary victories, but they by no means tell the whole story. Outside of Europe, Islam is to-day advancing rapidly, whether one looks northward to Russian Asia, eastward to China, or southward to Hindustan and the Dutch Indies. A noteworthy point is that European political control actually favors rather than retards the spread of Islam, for the Moslem finds in Western improvements like the railroad, the post-office, and the printing-press useful adjuncts to Islamic propaganda.

The cross-cutting of internal regenerative forces by Western ideas and methods is well illustrated by the highly significant tendency which may be termed economic Pan-Islamism. Economic Pan-Islamism is the direct result of the permeation of Western ideas. Half a century ago the Moslem world was economically still in the Middle Ages. The provisions of the Sheriat or Moslem Canon Law such as the prohibition of interest rendered economic life in the modern sense impossible. What little trade and industry did exist were largely in the hands of native Christians or Jews. Furthermore, the whole economic life of the East was being disorganized by the aggressive competition of the West. Europe's political conquest of the Moslem world was, in fact, paralleled by an economic conquest even more complete. Everywhere percolated the flood of cheap, abundant European machine-made goods, while close behind came European capital, temptingly offering itself in return for loans and concessions which, once granted, paved the way for European political domination.

Yet in economics as in politics the very completeness of Europe's triumph provoked resistance. Angered and alarmed by Western exploitation, Islam frankly

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recognized its economic inferiority and sought to escape from its subjection. Far-sighted Moslems began casting about for a *modus vivendi* with modern life that would put Islam economically abreast of the times. Western methods were studied and copied. The prohibitions of the Sheriat were evaded or quietly ignored.

The upshot has been a marked evolution toward Western economic standards. This evolution is of course still in its early stages, and is most noticeable in lands most exposed to Western influences like India, Egypt, and Algeria. Yet everywhere in the Moslem world the trend is the same. And nowhere does Islam's innate solidarity come out better than in the economic field. The religious, cultural, and customary ties which bind Moslem to Moslem enable Mohammedans to feel more or less at home in every part of the Islamic world, while Western methods of transit and communication enable Mohammedans to travel and keep in touch as they never could before. The result is that new types of Moslems—wholesale merchants, steamship owners, business men, bankers, even factory industrialists and brokers—are rapidly evolving: types which would have been simply unthinkable a century, or even half a century, ago.

And these new men understand each other perfectly. Bound together both by the ties of Islamic fraternity and by the pressure of Western competition, they co-ordinate their efforts much more easily than the politicals have succeeded in doing. Here Liberals, Pan-Islamists, and Nationalists can meet on common ground. Here is no question of political conspiracies, revolts, or holy wars, challenging the armed might of Europe, and risking bloody repression or blind reaction. On the contrary, here is merely a working together of fellow Moslems for economic ends by business methods which the West cannot declare unlawful and dare not repress.

What, then, is the specific programme of economic Pan-Islamism? It is easily stated: The wealth of Islam for Moslems. The profits of trade and industry for Moslem instead of Christian hands. The eviction of Western capital by Moslem capital. Above all, the breaking of Europe's grip on Islam's natural resources by the termination of concessions in lands, mines, forests, railways, customhouses, by which the wealth of Islamic lands is to-day drained away to foreign shores.

Such are the aspirations of economic Pan-Islamism. They are wholly modern concepts, the outgrowth of Western ideas. The influence of the West is, in fact, the great dynamic in the modern transformation of the East. The ubiquitous impact of Westernism is modifying not merely the Islamic world but all Asia and Africa. Of course, Western influence does not entirely account for Islam's recent evolution. As already stated, Islam itself has during the past century been engendering forces which, however quickened by external Western stimuli, are essentially internal in their nature, arising spontaneously and working toward distinctive, original goals. It is not a mere copying of the West that is to-day going on in the Moslem world, but an attempt at a new synthesis, an assimilation of Western methods to Eastern ends. We must always remember that the Asiatic stocks which constitute the bulk of Islam's followers are not primitive savages like the African negroes or the Australoids, but are mainly peoples with genuine civilizations built up by their own efforts from the remote past. In view of their historic achievements, therefore, it seems safe to conclude that in the great ferment now stirring the Moslem world we behold a real *renaissance*, whose genuineness is best attested by the fact that there have been similar movements in former times.

The modern influence of the West on the East is quite unprecedented in both intensity and scope. The far more local, partial influence of Greece and Rome cannot be compared to it. Another point to be noted is that this modern influence of the West upon the East is a very recent thing. The full impact of Westernism upon the Orient as a whole dates only from about the middle of the nineteenth century. Since then, however, the process has been going on by leaps and bounds. Roads and railways, posts and telegraphs, books and papers, methods and ideas, have penetrated, or are in

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process of penetrating, every nook and cranny of the East. Steamships sail the remotest seas. Commerce drives forth and scatters the multitudinous products of Western industry among the remotest peoples. Nations which only half a century ago lived the life of thirty centuries ago, to-day read newspapers and go to business in electric tram-cars. Both the habits and thoughts of Orientals are being revolutionized.

The permeation of Westernism is naturally most advanced in those parts of Islam which have been longest under Western political control. The penetration of the British "Raj" into the remotest Indian jungles, for example, is an extraordinary phenomenon. By the coinage, the post-office, the railroads, the administration of justice, the encouragement of education, the relief of famine, and a thousand other ways, the great organization has penetrated all India. But even in regions where European control is still nominal, the permeation of Westernism has gone on apace. The customs and habits of the people have been distinctly modified. Western material improvements and comforts like the kerosene-oil lamp and the sewing-machine are to-day part and parcel of the daily life of the people. New economic wants have been created; standards of living have been raised; canons of taste have been altered.

In the intellectual and spiritual fields, likewise, the leaven of Westernism is clearly apparent. Of course in these fields Westernism has progressed more slowly and has awakened much stronger opposition than it has on the material plane. Material innovations, especially mechanical improvements, comforts, and luxuries, make their way much faster than novel customs or ideas, which usually shock established beliefs or ancestral prejudices. Tobacco was taken up with extraordinary rapidity by every race and clime, and the kerosene-lamp has in half a century penetrated the recesses of Central Asia and of China; whereas customs like Western dress and ideas like Western education encounter many setbacks, and are often adopted with such modifications that their original character is denatured or perverted. The superior strength and skill of the West are to-day generally admitted throughout the East, but in many quarters the first receptivity to Western progress and zeal for Western ideas have cooled or have actually given place to a reactionary hatred of the very spirit of Western civilization.

Western influences are most apparent in the upper and middle classes, especially in the Western-educated *intelligentsia* which to-day exists in every Eastern land. These élites of course vary greatly in numbers and influence, but they all possess a more or less definite grasp of Western ideas. In their relations to Westernism they are sharply differentiated. Some, while retaining the fundamentals of their ancestral philosophy of life, attempt a genuine assimilation of Western ideals and envisage a higher synthesis of the spirits of East and West. Others break with their traditional pasts, steep themselves in Westernism, and become more or less genuinely Westernized. Still others conceal behind their Western veneer disillusionment and detestation.

Of course it is in externals that Westernization is most pronounced. The Indian or Turkish "intellectual," holding Western university degrees and speaking fluently several European languages; and the wealthy prince or pasha, with his motor-cars, his racing stables, and his annual "cure" at European watering-places, appear very Occidental to the casual eye. Such men wear European clothes, eat European food, and live in houses partly or wholly furnished in European style. Behind this façade exists every possible variation of inner life, from earnest enthusiasm for Western ideals to inveterate reaction.

These varied attitudes toward Westernism are not parked off by groups or localities; they coexist among the individuals of every class and every land in the East. The entire Orient is, in fact, undergoing a prodigious transformation, far more sudden and intense than anything the West has ever known. Our civilization is mainly self-evolved; a natural growth developing by normal, logical, and relatively gradual stages. The East, on the contrary, is undergoing a concentrated process of adaptation which, with us, was spread over centuries, and

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the result is not so much evolution as revolution—political, economic, social, idealistic, religious, and much more besides. The upshot is confusion, uncertainty, grotesque anachronism, and glaring contradiction. Single generations are sundered by unbridgeable mental and spiritual gulfs. Fathers do not understand sons; sons despise their fathers. Everywhere the old and the new struggle fiercely, often within the brain or spirit of the same individual.

To this is largely due the unlovely traits displayed by most of the so-called "Westernized" Orientals; the "stucco civilization" of the Indian Babu, and the boulevardier "culture" of the Turkish "Effendi." Any profound transformation must engender many worthless by-products, and the contemporary Westernization of the Orient has its dark as well as its bright side. The very process of reform, however necessary and inevitable, lends fresh virulence to old ills and imports new evils previously unknown. These patent evils of Westernization are a prime cause of that implacable hatred of everything Western which animates so many Orientals, including some well-acquainted with the West. Such persons are precious auxiliaries to the ignorant reactionaries and to the rebels against Western political domination.

This spirit of rebellion against Western domination has become greatly intensified since the beginning of the present century, and the matter becomes still more portentous when we realize that, by the very nature of things, Western political control in the Orient, however prolonged and however imposing in appearance, must ever rest on essentially fragile foundations. The Western rulers will always remain an alien caste; tolerated, even respected, perhaps, but never loved and never regarded as anything but foreigners. Furthermore, Western rule must necessarily become more precarious with the increasing enlightenment of the subject peoples, so that the acquiescence of one generation may be followed by the hostile protest of the next. It is indeed an unstable equilibrium, hard to maintain and easily upset.

The latent instability of European political control over the Near and Middle East was dramatically shown by the moral effect of the Russo-Japanese War of 1904. Down to that time the Orient had been so helpless in face of European aggression that most Orientals had come to regard Western supremacy with fatalistic resignation. But the defeat of a first-class European Power by an Asiatic people broke the spell, and all Asia and Africa thrilled with a wild intoxication which we can scarcely conceive. A Scotch missionary thus describes the effect of the Japanese victories on northern India, where he was stationed at the time: "A stir of excitement passed over the north of India. Even the remote villagers talked over the victories of Japan as they sat in their circles and passed round the huqqa at night. One of the older men said to me, 'there has been nothing like it since the Mutiny.' A Turkish consul of long experience in Western Asia told me that in the interior you could see everywhere the most ignorant peasants 'tingling' with the news. Asia was moved from end to end, and the sleep of the centuries was finally broken. It was a time when it was 'good to be alive,' for a new chapter was being written in the book of the world's history."

Of course the Russo-Japanese War did not create this new spirit, whose roots lay in the previous epoch of subtle change that had been going on. The Russo-Japanese War was thus rather the occasion than the cause of the wave of exultant self-confidence which swept over Asia and Africa in the year 1904. But it did dramatize and clarify ideas that had been germinating half-unconsciously in millions of Oriental minds, and was thus the sign-manual of the whole nexus of forces making for a revivified Orient.

Furthermore, this new temper profoundly influenced the Orient's attitude toward the series of fresh European aggressions which then began from Morocco to Persia. It is a curious fact that just when the Far East had successfully resisted European encroachment, the Near and Middle East should have been subjected to European aggressions of unparalleled severity. In truth, the Moslem world answered these aggressions by furious protests and an unwonted moral solidarity, and it would be interesting to

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know exactly how much of this defiant temper was due to the heartening example of Japan. Certainly, our ultra-imperialists of the West were playing a dangerous game during the decade between 1904 and 1914. As that eminent Hungarian student of the Orient, Arminius Vambéry, remarked after the Italian raid on Tripoli: "The more the power and authority of the West gains ground in the Old World, the stronger becomes the bond of unity and mutual interest between the separate factions of Asiatics, and the deeper burns the fanatical hatred of Europe. Is it wise or expedient by useless provocation and unnecessary attacks to increase the feeling of animosity, to hurry on the struggle between the two worlds, and to nip in the bud the work of modern culture which is now going on in Asia?"

The Great War of course immensely aggravated an already critical situation. The Orient suddenly saw the European peoples who, in racial matters, had hitherto maintained something like solidarity, locked in an internecine death-grapple of unparalleled ferocity; it saw those same peoples put one another furiously to the ban as irreconcilable foes; it saw white race-unity cleft by moral and political gulfs which white men themselves continuously iterated would never be filled. The one redeeming feature of the struggle, in Oriental eyes, was the liberal programme which the Allied statesmen inscribed upon their banners. But when the war was over and the Allies had won, it promptly leaked out that at the very time when the Allied leaders were making their liberal speeches they had been negotiating a series of secret treaties partitioning the Near East between them in a spirit of the most cynical imperialism; and in the peace conferences that closed the war it was these secret treaties, not the liberal speeches, which determined the Oriental settlement, resulting (on paper at least) in the total subjugation of the Near and Middle East to European political control.

The wave of wrath which thereupon rolled over the East was not confined to furious remonstrance like the protests of pre-war days. There was a note of immediate resistance and rebellion not audible before. This rebellious temper has translated itself into warlike action which has already forced the European Powers to abate some of their extreme pretensions and which will undoubtedly make them abate others in the near future. The Great War has certainly shattered European prestige in the East, and has opened the eyes of Orientals to the weaknesses of the West. To the Orient the war was a gigantic course of education. For one thing, millions of Orientals and negroes were taken from the remotest jungles of Asia and Africa to serve as soldiers and laborers in the White Man's War. Though the bulk of these auxiliaries were used in colonial operations, more than a million of them were brought to Europe itself. Here they killed white men, raped white women, tasted white luxuries, learned white weaknesses—and went home to tell their people the whole story. Asia and Africa to-day know Europe as they never knew it before, and we may be sure that they will make use of their knowledge. The most serious factor in the situation is that the famous Versailles "Peace" which purports to have pacified Europe is no peace, but rather an unconstructive, unstatesmanlike futility that left old sores unhealed and even dealt fresh wounds. Europe to-day lies debilitated and uncured, while Asia and Africa see in this a standing incitement to rash dreams and violent action.

Such is the situation to-day: an East, torn by the conflict between old and new, facing a West riven by dissension and sick from its mad follies. Probably never before have the relations between the two worlds contained so many incalculable, even cataclysmic, possibilities. The point to be here noted is that this strange new East which now faces us is mainly the result of Western influences permeating it in unprecedented fashion for the past hundred years. In the present article we have dealt principally with the political side of Oriental unrest. But the Orient is also suffering from social disturbances similar to those to-day prevalent in Western lands. To a consideration of this social unrest in the Orient, especially in its connection with Bolshevism, my next article will be mainly devoted.

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She danced down the turf path to the herb-garden . . . singing like a small mad thing.

GREEN GARDENS

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. H. PANCOAST

DAPHNE was singing to herself when she came through the painted gate in the back wall. She was singing partly because it was June, and Devon, and she was seventeen, and partly because she had caught a breath-taking glimpse of herself in the long mirror as she had flashed through the hall at home, and it seemed almost too good to be true that the radiant small person in the green muslin frock with the wreath of golden hair bound about her head, and the sea-blue eyes laughing back at her, was really Miss Daphne Chiltern. Incredible, incredible luck to look like that, half Dryad, half Kate Greenaway—she danced down

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the turf path to the herb-garden, swinging her great wicker basket and singing like a small mad thing.

"He promised to buy me a bonnie blue ribbon," carrolled Daphne, all her own ribbons flying,

"He promised to buy me a bonnie blue ribbon,
He promised to buy me a bonnie blue ribbon
To tie up——"

The song stopped as abruptly as though some one had struck it from her lips. A strange man was kneeling by the beehive in the herb-garden. He was looking at her over his shoulder, at once startled and amused, and she saw that he was wearing a rather shabby tweed suit and that his face was oddly brown against his close-cropped, tawny hair. He smiled, his teeth a strong flash of white.

"Hello!" he greeted her, in a tone at once casual and friendly.

Daphne returned the smile uncertainly. "Hello," she replied gravely. The strange man rose easily to his feet, and she saw that he was very tall and carried his head rather splendidly, like the young bronze Greek in Uncle Roland's study at home. But his eyes—his eyes were strange—quite dark and burned out. The rest of him looked young and vivid and adventurous—but his eyes looked as though the adventure were over, though they were still questing.

"Were you looking for any one?" she asked, and the man shook his head, laughing.

"No one in particular, unless it was you."

Daphne's soft brow darkened. "It couldn't possibly have been me," she said in a rather stately small voice, "because, you see, I don't know you. Perhaps you didn't know that there is no one living in Green Gardens now?"

"Oh, yes, I knew. The Fanes have left for Ceylon, haven't they?"

"Sir Harry left two weeks ago, because he had to see the old governor before he sailed, but Lady Audrey only left last week. She had to close the London house, too, so there was a great deal to do."

"I see. And so Green Gardens is deserted?"

"It is sold," said Daphne, with a small quaver in her voice, "just this afternoon. I came over to say good-by to it, and to get some mint and lavender from the garden."

"Sold?" repeated the man, and there was an agony of incredulity in the stunned whisper. He flung out his arm against the sun-warmed bricks of the high wall as though to hold off some invader. "No, no; they'd never dare to sell it."

"I'm glad you mind so much," said Daphne softly. "It's strange that nobody minds but us, isn't it? I cried at first—and then I thought that it would be happier if it wasn't lonely and empty, poor dear—and then, it was such a beautiful day, that I forgot to be unhappy."

The man bestowed a wretched smile on her. "You hardly conveyed the impression of unrelieved gloom as you came around that corner," he assured her.

"I—I haven't a very good memory for being unhappy," Daphne confessed remorsefully, a lovely and guilty rose staining her to her brow at the memory of that exultant chant.

He threw back his head with a sudden shout of laughter.

"These are glad tidings! I'd rather find a pagan than a Puritan at Green Gardens any day. Let's both have a poor memory. Do you mind if I smoke?"

"No," she replied, "but do you mind if I ask you what you are doing here?"

"Not a bit." He lit the stubby brown pipe, curving his hand dexterously to shelter it from the little breeze. He had the most beautiful hands that she had ever seen, slim and brown and fine—they looked as though they would be miraculously strong—and miraculously gentle. "I came to see—I came to see whether there was 'honey still for tea,' Mistress Dryad!"

"Honey—for tea?" she echoed wonderingly, "was that why you were looking at the hive?"

He puffed meditatively, "Well—partly. It's a quotation from a poem. Ever read Rupert Brooke?"

"Oh, yes, yes." Her voice tripped in its eagerness. "I know one by heart——

"'If I should die think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be——'"

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He cut in on the magical little voice roughly.

"Ah, what damned nonsense! Do you suppose he's happy, in his foreign field, that golden lover? Why shouldn't even the dead be homesick? No, no—he was sick for home in Germany when he wrote that poem of mine—he's sicker for it in Heaven, I'll warrant." He pulled himself up swiftly at the look of amazement in Daphne's eyes. "I've clean forgotten my manners," he confessed ruefully. "No, don't get that flying look in your eyes—I swear that I'll be good. It's a long time—it's a long time since I've talked to any one who needed gentleness. If you knew what need I had of it, you'd stay a little while, I think."

"Of course, I'll stay," she said. "I'd love to, if you want me to."

"I want you to more than I've ever wanted anything that I can remember." His tone was so matter-of-fact that Daphne thought that she must have imagined the words. "Now, can't we make ourselves comfortable for a little while? I'd feel safer if you weren't standing there ready for instant flight! Here's a nice bit of grass—and the wall for a back——"

Daphne glanced anxiously at the green muslin frock. "It's—it's pretty hard to be comfortable without cushions," she submitted diffidently.

The man yielded again to laughter. "Are even Dryads afraid to spoil their frocks? Cushions it shall be. There are some extra ones in the chest in the East Indian room, aren't there?"

Daphne let the basket slip through her fingers, her eyes black through sheer surprise.

"But how did you know—how did you know about the lacquer chest?" she whispered breathlessly.

"Oh, devil take me for a blundering ass!" He stood considering her forlornly for a moment, and then shrugged his shoulders, with the brilliant and disarming smile. "The game's up, thanks to my inspired lunacy! But I'm going to trust you not to say that you've seen me. I know about the lacquer chest because I always kept my marbles there."

"Are you—are you Stephen Fane?"

At the awed whisper the man bowed low, all mocking grace, his hand on his heart—the sun burnishing his tawny head.

"Oh-h!" breathed Daphne. She bent to pick up the wicker basket, her small face white and hard.

"Wait!" said Stephen Fane. His face was white and hard too. "You are right to go—entirely, absolutely right—but I am going to beg you to stay. I don't know what you've heard about me—however vile it is, it's less than the truth——"

"I have heard nothing of you," said Daphne, holding her gold-wreathed head high, "but five years ago I was not allowed to come to Green Gardens for weeks because I mentioned your name. I was told that it was not a name to pass decent lips."

Something terrible leaped in those burned-out eyes—and died.

"I had not thought they would use their hate to lash a child," he said. "They were quite right—and you, too. Good night."

"Good night," replied Daphne clearly. She started down the path, but at its bend she turned to look back—because she was seventeen, and it was June, and she remembered his laughter. He was standing quite still by the golden straw beehive, but he had thrown one arm across his eyes, as though to shut out some intolerable sight. And then, with a soft little rush she was standing beside him.

"How—how do we get the cushions?" she demanded breathlessly.

Stephen Fane dropped his arm, and Daphne drew back a little at the sudden blaze of wonder in his face.

"Oh," he whispered voicelessly. "Oh, you Loveliness!" He took a step toward her, and then stood still, clinching his brown hands. Then he thrust them deep in his pockets, standing very straight. "I do think," he said carefully, "I do think you had better go. The fact that I have tried to make you stay simply proves the particular type of rotter that I am. Good-by—I'll never forget that you came back."

"I am not going," said Daphne sternly. "Not if you beg me. Not if you are a devil out of hell. Because you need me. And no matter how many wicked things

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you have done, there can't be anything as wicked as going away when some one needs you. How do we get the cushions?"

"Oh, my wise Dryad!" His voice broke on laughter, but Daphne saw that his lashes were suddenly bright with tears. "Stay, then—why, even I cannot harm you. God himself can't grudge me this little space of wonder—he knows how far I've come for it—how I've fought and struggled and ached to win it—how in dirty lands and dirty places I've dreamed of summer twilight in a still garden—and England, England!"

"Didn't you dream of me?" asked Daphne wistfully, with a little catch of reproach.

He laughed again, unsteadily. "Why, who could ever dream of you, my Wonder? You are a thousand, thousand dreams come true."

Daphne bestowed on him a tremulous and radiant smile. "Please let us get the cushions. I think I am a little tired."

"And I am a graceless fool! There used to be a pane of glass cut out in one of the south casement windows. Shall we try that?"

"Please, yes. How did you find it, Stephen?" She saw again that thrill of wonder on his face, but his voice was quite steady.

"I didn't find it; I did it! It was uncommonly useful, getting in that way sometimes, I can tell you. And, by the Lord Harry, here it is. Wait a minute, Loveliness—I'll get through and open the south door for you—no chance that way of spoiling the frock." He swung himself up with the swift, sure grace of a cat, smiled at her—vanished—it was hardly a minute later that she heard the bolts dragging back in the south door, and he flung it wide.

The sunlight streamed into the deep hall and stretched hesitant fingers into the dusty quiet of the great East Indian room, gilding the soft tones of the faded chintz, touching very gently the polished furniture and the dim prints on the walls. He swung across the threshold without a word, Daphne tiptoeing behind him.

"How still it is," he said in a hushed voice. "How sweet it smells!"

"It's the potpourri in the Canton jars," she told him shyly. "I always made it every summer for Lady Audrey—she thought I did it better than any one else. I think so too." She flushed at the mirth in his eyes, but held her ground sturdily. "Flowers are sweeter for you if you love them—even dead ones," she explained bravely.

"They would be dead indeed, if they were not sweet for you." Her cheeks burned bright at the low intensity of his voice, but he turned suddenly away. "Oh, there she sails—there she sails still, my beauty. Isn't she the proud one though—straight into the wind!" He hung over the little ship model, thrilled as any child. "*The Flying Lady*—see where it's painted on her? Grandfather gave it to me when I was seven—he had it from his father when he was six. Lord, how proud I was!" He stood back to see it better, frowning a little. "One of those ropes is wrong; any fool could tell that—" His hands hovered over it for a moment—dropped. "No matter—the new owners are probably not seafarers! The lacquer chest is at the far end, isn't it? Yes, here. Are three enough—four? We're off!" But still he lingered, sweeping the great room with his dark eyes. "It's full of all kinds of junk—they never liked it—no period, you see. I had the run of it—I loved it as though it were alive; it was alive, for me. From Elizabeth's day down, all the family adventurers brought their treasures here—beaten gold and hammered silver—mother-of-pearl and peacock feathers, strange woods and stranger spices, porcelains and embroideries and blown glass. There was always an adventurer somewhere in each generation—and however far he wandered, he came back to Green Gardens to bring his treasures home. When I was a yellow-headed imp of Satan, hiding my marbles in the lacquer chest, I used to swear that when I grew up I would bring home the finest treasure of all, if I had to search the world from end to end. And now the last adventurer has come home to Green Gardens—and he has searched the world from end to end—and he is empty-handed."

"No, no," whispered Daphne. "He has brought home the greatest treasure of all, that adventurer. He has brought

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home the beaten gold of his love, and the hammered silver of his dreams—and he has brought them from very far."

"He had brought greater treasures than those to you, lucky room," said the last of the adventurers. "You can never be sad again—you will always be gay and proud—because for just one moment he brought you the gold of her hair and the silver of her voice."

"He is talking great nonsense, room," said a very small voice, "but it is beautiful nonsense, and I am a wicked girl, and I hope that he will talk some more. And please, I think we will go into the garden and see."

All the way back down the flagged path to the herb-garden they were quiet—even after he had arranged the cushions against the rose-red wall, even after he had stretched out at full length beside her and lighted another pipe.

After a while he said, staring at the straw hive: "There used to be a jolly little fat brown one that was a great pal of mine. How long do bees live?"

"I don't know," she answered vaguely, and after a long pause, full of quiet, pleasant odors from the bee-garden, and the sleepy happy noises of small things tucking themselves away for the night, and the faint but poignant drift of tobacco smoke, she asked: "What was it about 'honey still for tea'?"

"Oh, that!" He raised himself on one elbow so that he could see her better. "It was a poem I came across while I was in East Africa; some one sent a copy of Rupert Brooke's things to a chap out there, and this one fastened itself around me like a vice. It starts where he's sitting in a café in Berlin with a lot of German Jews around him, swallowing down their beer; and suddenly he remembers. All the lost, unforgettable beauty comes back to him in that dirty place; it gets him by the throat. It got me, too.

"'Ah, God! to see the branches stir
Across the moon at Grantchester!
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten
Unforgettable, unforgotten
River-smell, and hear the breeze
Sobbing in the little trees. . . .
Oh, is the water sweet and cool,
Gentle and brown, above the pool?
And laughs the immortal river still
Under the mill, under the mill?
Say, is there Beauty yet to find?
And Certainty? and Quiet kind?
Deep meadows yet, for to forget
The lies, and truths, and pain? . . . oh, yet
Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
And is there honey still for tea?'"

"That's beautiful," she said, "but it hurts."

"Thank God you'll never know how it hurts, little Golden Heart in quiet gardens. But for some of us, caught like rats in the trap of the ugly fever we called living, it was black torture and yet our dear delight to remember the deep meadows we had lost—to wonder if there was honey still for tea."

"Stephen, won't you tell me about it—won't that help?"

And suddenly some one else looked at her through those haunted eyes—a little boy, terrified and forsaken. "Oh, I have no right to soil you with it. But I came back to tell some one about it—I had to, I had to. I had to wait until father and Audrey went away. I knew they'd hate to see me—she was my stepmother, you know, and she always loathed me, and he never cared. In East Africa I used to stay awake at night thinking that I might die, and that no one in England would ever care—no one would know how I had loved her. It was worse than dying to think that."

"But why couldn't you come back to Green Gardens—why couldn't you make them see, Stephen?"

"Why, what was there to see? When they sent me down from Oxford for that dirty little affair, I was only nineteen—and they told me I had disgraced my name and Green Gardens and my country—and I went mad with pride and shame, and swore I'd drag their precious name through the dirt of every country in the world. And I did—and I did."

His head was buried in his arms, but Daphne heard. It seemed strange indeed to her that she felt no shrinking and no terror; only great pity for what he had lost, great grief for what he might have had. For a minute she forgot that she was Daphne, the heedless and gay-hearted, and that he was a broken and an evil man. For a minute he was a little lad, and she was his lost mother.

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"No, no," whispered Daphne. "He has brought home the greatest treasure of all."—Page 27.

"Don't mind, Stephen," she whispered to him, "don't mind. Now you have come home—now it is all done with, that ugliness. Please, please don't mind."

"No, no," said the stricken voice, "you don't know, you don't know, thank God. But I swear I've paid—I swear, I swear I have. When the others used to take their dirty drugs to make them forget, they would dream of strange paradises, unknown heavens—but through the haze and mist that they brought, I would remember—I would remember. The filth and the squalor and vileness would fade and dissolve—and I would see the sun-dial, with the yellow roses on it, warm in the sun, and smell the clove pinks in the kitchen border, and touch the cresses by the brook, cool and green and wet. All the sullen drums and whining flutes would sink to silence, and I would hear the little yellow-headed

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cousin of the vicar's singing in the twilight, singing, 'There is a lady, sweet and kind' and 'Weep you no more, sad fountains' and 'Hark, hark, the lark.' And the small painted yellow faces and the little wicked hands and perfumed fans would vanish and I would see again the gay beauty of the lady who hung above the mantel in the long drawing-room, the lady who laughed across the centuries in her white muslin frock, with eyes that matched the blue ribbon in her wind-blown curls—the lady who was as young and lovely as England, for all the years! Oh, I would remember, I would remember! It was twilight, and I was hurrying home through the dusk after tennis at the rectory; there was a bell ringing quietly somewhere, and a moth flying by brushed against my face with velvet—and I could smell the hawthorn hedge glimmering white, and see the first star swinging low above the trees, and lower still, and brighter still, the lights of home. . . . And then before my very eyes, they would fade, they would fade, dimmer and dimmer—they would flicker and go out, and I would be back again, with tawdriness and shame and vileness fast about me—and I would pay."

"But now you have paid enough," Daphne told him. "Oh, surely, surely—you have paid enough. Now you have come home—now you can forget."

"No," said Stephen Fane. "Now I must go."

"Go?" At the small startled echo he raised his head.

"What else?" he asked. "Did you think that I would stay?"

"But I do not want you to go." Her lips were white, but she spoke very clearly.

Stephen Fane never moved but his eyes, dark and wondering, rested on her like a caress.

"Oh, my little Loveliness, what dream is this?"

"You must not go away again, you must not."

"I am baser than I thought," he said, very low. "I have made you pity me, I who have forfeited your lovely pity this long time. It cannot even touch me now. I have sat here like a dark Othello telling tales to a small white Desdemona, and you, God help me, have thought me tragic and abused. You shall not think that. In a few minutes I will be gone—I will not have you waste a dream on me. Listen—there is nothing vile that I have not done—nothing, do you hear? Not clean sin, like murder—I have cheated at cards, and played with loaded dice, and stolen the rings off the fingers of an Argentine Jewess who—" His voice twisted and broke before the lovely mercy in the frightened eyes that still met his so bravely.

"But why, Stephen?"

"So that I could buy my dreams. So that I could purchase peace with little dabs of brown in a pipe-bowl, little puffs of white in the palm of my hand, little drops of liquid on a ball of cotton. So that I could drug myself with dirt—and forget the dirt and remember England."

He rose to his feet with that swift grace of his, and Daphne rose too, slowly.

"I am going now; will you walk to the gate with me?"

He matched his long step to hers, watching the troubled wonder on her small white face intently.

"How old are you, my Dryad?"

"I am seventeen."

"Seventeen! Oh, God be good to us, I had forgotten that one could be seventeen. What's that?"

He paused, suddenly alert, listening to a distant whistle, sweet on the summer air.

"Oh, that—that is Robin."

"Ah—" His smile flashed, tender and ironic. "And who is Robin?"

"He is—just Robin. He is down from Cambridge for a week, and I told him that he might walk home with me."

"Then I must be off quickly. Is he coming to this gate?"

"No, to the south one."

"Listen to me, my Dryad—are you listening?" For her face was turned away.

"Yes," said Daphne.

"You are going to forget me—to forget this afternoon—to forget everything but Robin whistling through the summer twilight."

"No," said Daphne.

"Yes; because you have a very poor memory about unhappy things! You

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"But I do not want you to go."—Page 30.

told me so. But just for a minute after I have gone, you will remember that now all is very well with me, because I have found the deep meadows—and honey still for tea—and you. You are to remember that for just one minute—will you? And now good-by——"

She tried to say the words, but she could not. For a moment he stood staring down at the white pathos of the small face, and then he turned away. But when he came to the gate, he paused and put his arms about the wall, as though he would never let it go, laying his cheek against the sun-warmed bricks, his eyes fast closed. The whistling came nearer, and he stirred, put his hand on the little painted gate, vaulted across it lightly, and was gone. She turned at Robin's quick step on the walk.

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"Ready, dear? What are you staring at?"

"Nothing. Robin—Robin, did you ever hear of Stephen Fane?"

He nodded grimly.

"Do you know—do you know what he he is doing now?"

"Doing now?" He stared at her blankly. "What on earth do you mean? Why, he's been dead for months—killed in the campaign in East Africa—only decent thing he ever did in his life. Why?"

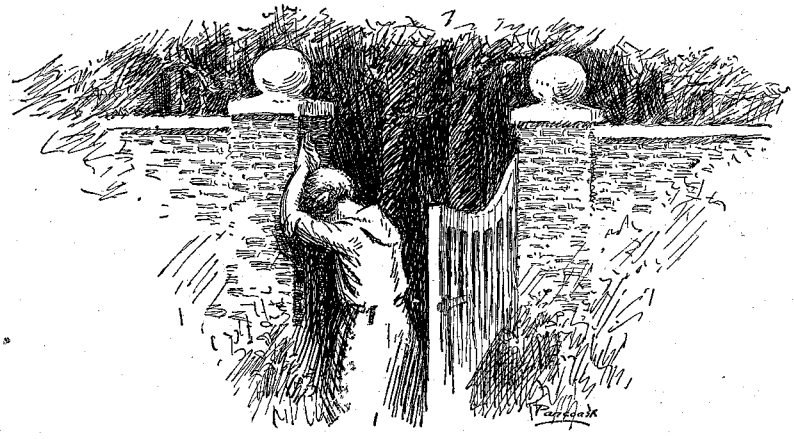
Daphne never stirred. She stood quite still, staring at the painted gate. Then she said, very carefully: "Some one thought—some one thought that they had seen him—quite lately."

Robin laughed comfortingly. "No use looking so scared about it, my blessed child. Perhaps they did. The War Office made all kinds of ghastly blunders—it was a quick step from 'missing in action' to 'killed.' And he'd probably would have been jolly glad of a chance to drop out quietly and have every one think he was done for."

Daphne never took her eyes from the gate. "Yes," she said quietly, "I suppose he would. Will you get my basket, Robin? I left it by the beehive. There are some cushions that belong in the East Indian room, too. The south door is open."

When he had gone, she stood shaking for a moment, listening to his footsteps die away, and then she flew to the gate, searching the twilight desperately with straining eyes. There was no one there—no one at all—but then the turn in the lane would have hidden him by now. And suddenly terror fell from her like a cloak.

She turned swiftly to the brick wall, straining up, up on tiptoes, to lay her cheek against its roughened surface, to touch it very gently with her lips. She could hear Robin whistling down the path but she did not turn. She was bidding farewell to Green Gardens—and the last adventurer.



She was bidding farewell to Green Gardens.

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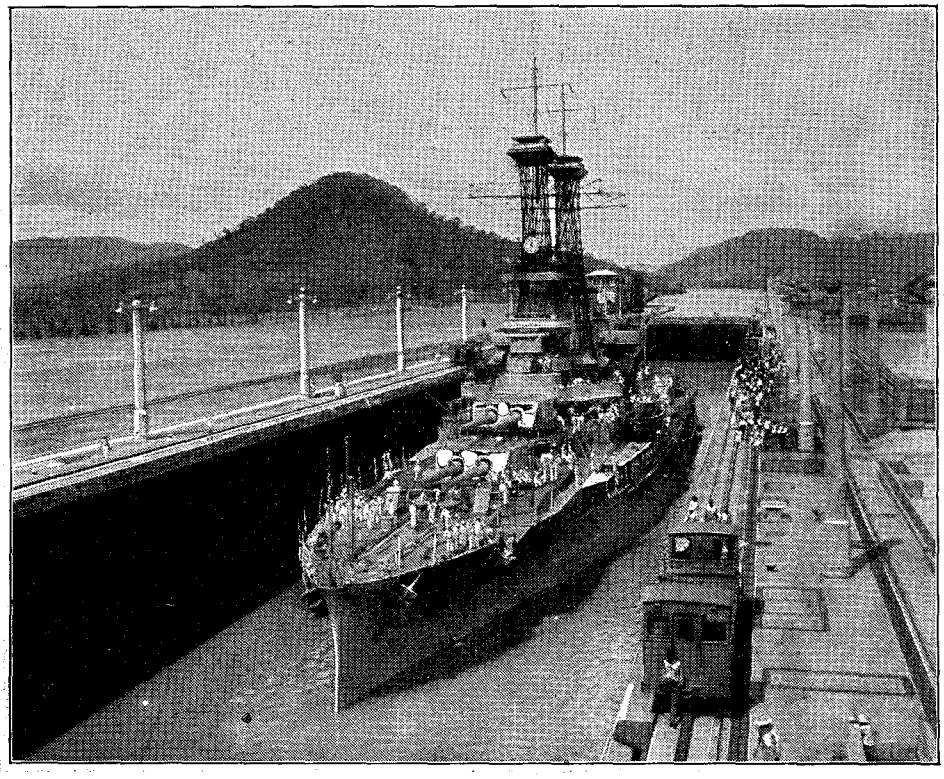

Dreadnought *North Dakota* in the Pedro Miguel locks on January 20, 1921.
Towing locomotive is shown in the right of the picture.

THE PANAMA CANAL TO-DAY

BY JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP
Former Secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission; Author of "The Panama Gateway," "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS

A FEW months before the completed Panama Canal was thrown open to the shipping of the world, in June, 1914, a seasoned Scotch engineer who had been shown over all parts of the work, and had viewed it with the grim reticence of his race, remarked dourly when his inspection had ended: "At last you Americans have done something that is worth bragging aboot!"

This grudging verdict was pronounced when the canal was in the raw condition of a newly finished work, before time had placed its softening and beautifying touch upon its surroundings, and before use had demonstrated the marvellous perfection of its operating equipment. To-day all trace of newness has disappeared. Everything has the finished aspect of an established and well-ordered institution. The evidence of intelligent and vigilant control is visible on every hand. The vivid green of the tropics frames the whole picture, and at the entrances to the canal from either ocean the great walls of the locks, crowned with their harmonious superstructures, loom with a majestic dignity that impresses all beholders. He is a poor American who can stand in the presence of this achievement of his fellow

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countrymen and not feel a thrill of national pride, even though he may not be disposed to "brag aboot it."

I resigned from the canal service in June, 1914, after serving as secretary of the commission for nine years, seven of which I had passed at Panama, the entire period of active construction. At the time of my resignation the canal had been opened to traffic and elaborate plans had been made both for its operation and for the permanent housing and welfare of the operating force. The operating machinery had been installed and was in use. Execution of the other plans mentioned had only partially begun. Sites for the permanent office-buildings and for the villages in which the habitations of the official and working forces were to be erected had been fixed, but only a portion of the dwellings had been constructed. When in February of the present year, after an absence of seven years, I revisited the scene, a marvellous transformation had been wrought. Everything was finished; all plans had been carried into execution, and the result was a harmonious and perfect whole in a setting of wondrous natural beauty.

PERFECTION OF THE LOCK MACHINERY

All the appliances for passing ships through the locks and the canal have worked without flaw. They have stood the test of seven years' use without developing a single defect and without accident. The delicate mechanism of the locks by which the passage of a vessel is reduced to a mere electric-switch proposition works as perfectly to-day as it did when first put in use. It is one of the mechanical wonders of the age as well as of the canal. Nothing more strikingly illustrates the great part that electricity is playing in the world to-day than these magic switchboards. High above the centre walls of the locks at Gatun, Pedro Miguel, and Miraflores stands a concrete building (see photograph, page 35) of fine architectural design, so placed that from the upper part of it an unobstructed view is obtained of every part of the locks. In this upper room there is a long table on which there is a complete model of the flight of duplicate locks, with switches and indicators in the same relative positions as the machines which they control in the lock walls. All operations of the locks, except the movements of the towing locomotives, are controlled by one man standing by this table. He turns a small switch on the table when the vessel is ready to pass the guard-chain that is stretched across the lock entrance. Immediately a miniature chain on the table falls, and from the window the chain in the lock can be seen to fall. When the vessel has entered the lock-chamber the operator turns another switch, and miniature gates on the table begin to move toward each other. From the window the huge gates of the lock can be seen to be moving slowly from their recesses in the walls. Another switch is turned, and the water is seen rising in an indicator on the table and in the lock under the vessel. Every other operation in the passage of the vessel is controlled and directed in the same manner. For seven years this system has been in operation, more than 12,000 vessels have been passed through, and so perfect is the mechanism that, as I have said, not a single flaw has been revealed in it. It works with the smoothness and accuracy of a watch.

PASSAGES OF NAVAL FLEETS

A supreme test of the locks, both in capacity and mechanism, was made in July, 1919, when the entire Pacific fleet of our navy was passed through the canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There were 175 ships in the fleet, including 6 dreadnoughts. Two of the latter, *New Mexico* and *Mississippi*, were 624 feet long and 97 feet 4½ inches in beam, each of 32,000 tons displacement and a maximum draft of 31 feet. As the locks are 1,000 feet in length and 110 feet in width, there was ample accommodation for them, there being a clearance of 6 feet and 3½ inches on either side of a dreadnought. The depth of water in the locks is 40 feet above the gate sills. The average time of transit from ocean to ocean was about ten hours. Admiral Rodman, in command of the fleet, said of the passage: "It was no more trouble than putting through the canal a fleet of Great Lakes tugboats." On March 30, 1920, the British cruiser *Renown*, with the Prince of Wales on board, was passed

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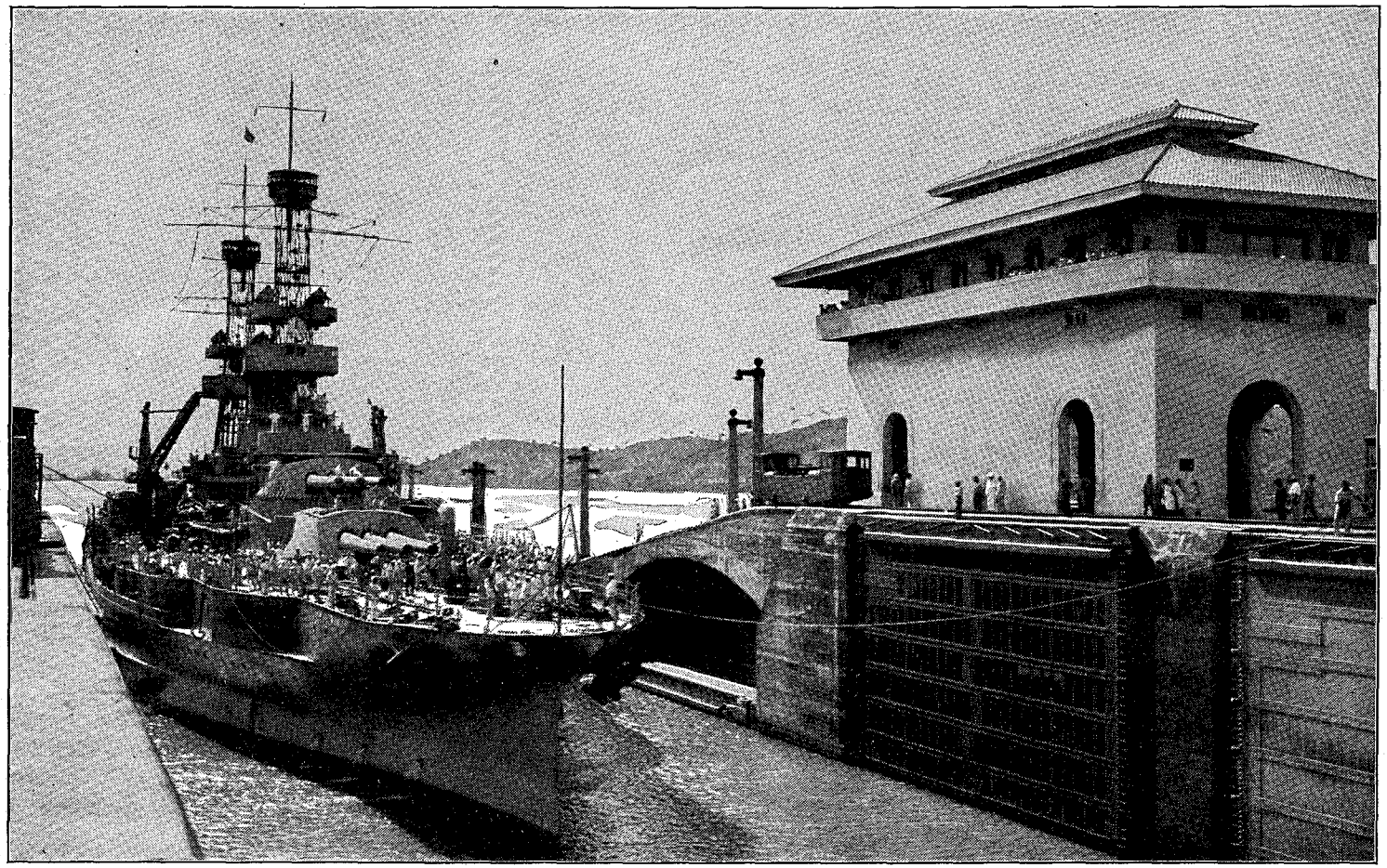

Dreadnought *Arizona* in the Miraflores locks on February 23, 1921.

The building on the right is the control station, on the top floor of which the electric control-table is placed. A building of the same type stands on the top walls of all the canal locks.

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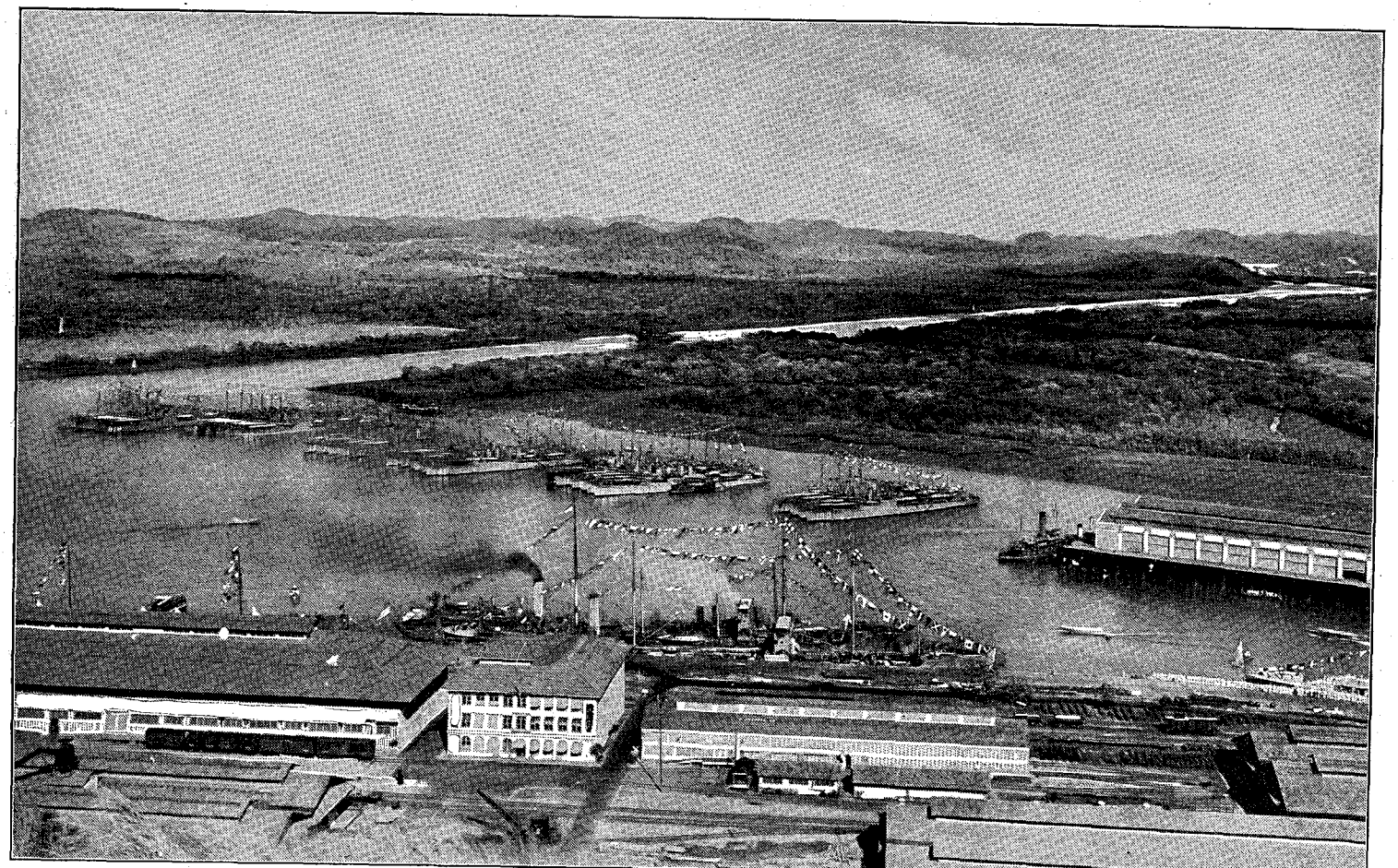

Destroyers of the Atlantic fleet lying in the anchorage basin at the Pacific entrance after passing through the canal on January 22, 1921.

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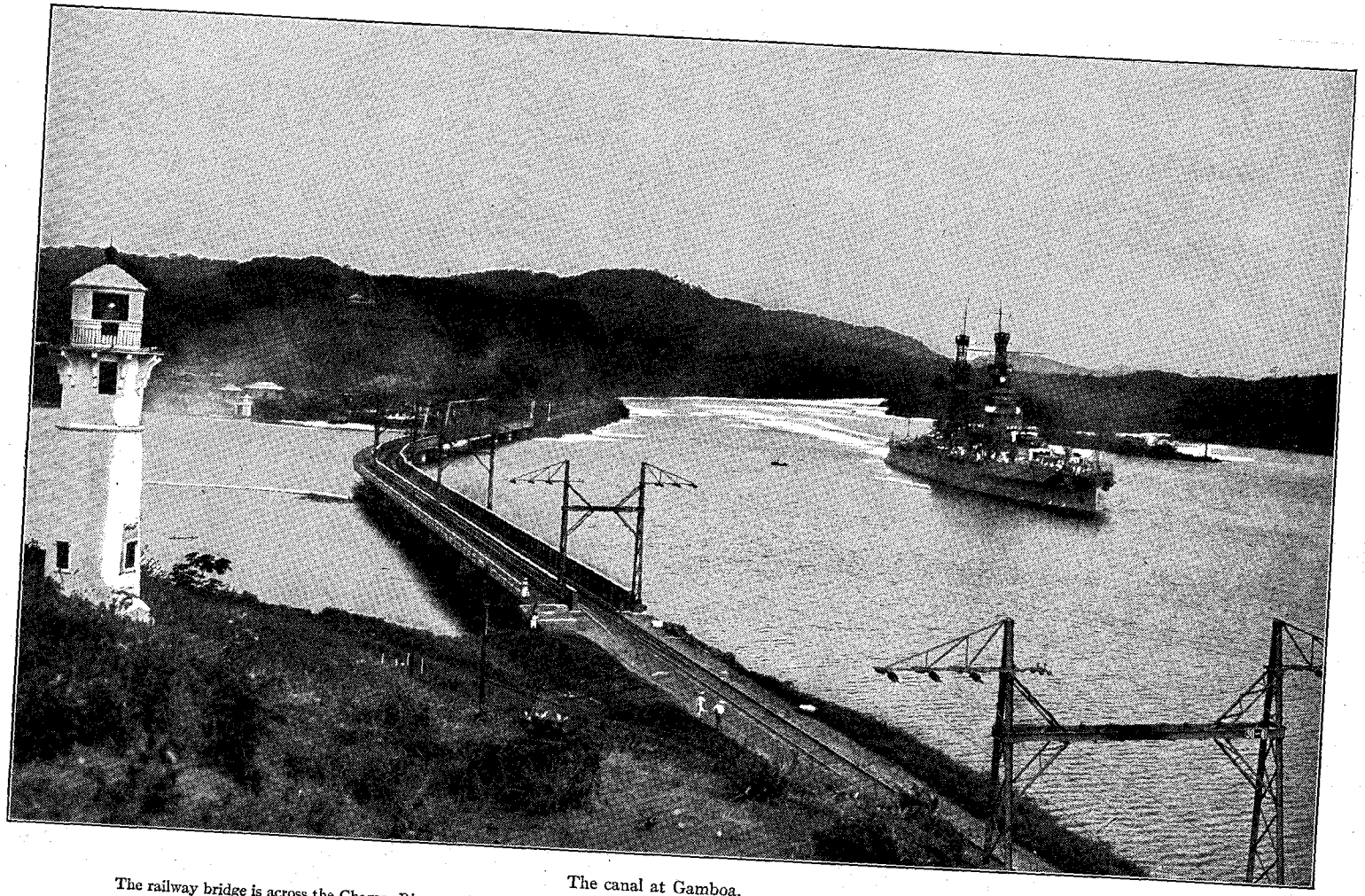

The canal at Gamboa.

The railway bridge is across the Chagres River at the point where it enters the canal. The war-ship is emerging from the northern entrance to Gaillard Cut.

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through. She was the largest vessel making the transit up to that date, having a displacement of 33,379 tons, a length of 795 feet, a draft of 30 feet, but a beam 7 feet less than the American dreadnoughts. Again, in January, 1921, the Atlantic fleet, with several dreadnoughts, passed through the canal to join the Pacific fleet in war manœuvres, going through again in February on its return. The transit was made on both occasions with the same ease and promptness that had marked that of the Pacific fleet. An officer of the Atlantic fleet, who made the passage in a dreadnought in 1921, wrote of it as follows to a friend: "The trip through the Canal is wonderful. To me it is the first of the Seven Wonders of the World and every American should see it. It is the greatest American achievement, and one feels proud to think that American Brains and Brawn made this stupendous feat possible. Nothing in Europe impressed me as much as going through Culebra Cut on our superdreadnought. Photographs and language fail adequately to describe the Canal."

Thus the canal has vindicated the chief purpose of its construction, which was the consolidation of the two fleets of the navy into one.

SLIDES IN THE CUT

But what about the slides in the Gaillard (Culebra) Cut? That is the question that everybody who talks about the canal is quick to ask. The last slide of serious proportions occurred on February 21, 1920, when nearly 2,000,000 cubic yards moved into the canal prism, closing the channel to all except small-draft ships. By June 12, 1920, the channel had been restored to full dimensions. During the interval 27 ships were delayed an average of two days, the maximum delay to any ship being four days. There has been no considerable movement since, and a basin has been created by excavating the broken bank throughout the full length of the slide and for an average width of 250 feet outside the limits of the canal. Future movements, if such occur in this section, will fall into this basin and will not obstruct the canal. The photographs on page 39 show the conditions created by the formation of this basin. From the beginning of canal construction till the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1920, the grand total of slide excavation has been about 30,000,000 cubic yards, and the estimate of the engineers in charge of the work is that about 750,000 cubic yards more will have to be removed before the slides become permanently quiescent. The total cost of slide excavation has exceeded $10,000,000.

In connection with the subject of slides, it is of importance to note what effect they have had on the cost of building the canal. In his annual report of June 30, 1908, General, then Colonel, Goethals published an estimate, which had been adopted by the Canal Commission, in which the total excavation was placed at 174,660,000 cubic yards, and the cost of building the canal at $375,201,000, and the date for its completion was fixed at June 1, 1915. Subsequent estimates of the excavation raised it to more than 218,000,000 cubic yards, or 43,000,000 above that on which the $375,201,000 of cost had been based. This 218,000,000 cubic-yard estimate included one of 8,000,000 cubic yards for possible slides. As the slide figures to date show, this estimate for slides was 22,000,000 too low. There was thus added to the estimate of excavation, on which the $375,201,000 estimate of cost was based, a total of 65,000,000 cubic yards. Yet with this enormous addition of work the canal was completed a year ahead of the time fixed, and nearly $9,000,000 within the estimate, for in his last annual report Governor Chester Harding says: "The canal in its present state represents a capital expenditure by the United States of $366,650,000, exclusive of expenditures for its military and navy defense." Is there any other record of government work comparable to this? The explanation of it—undivided responsibility, absolute authority in a single head, superior intelligence in direction, and, consequently, the highest degree of efficiency—will be considered at a later stage of this article.

IS A SEA-LEVEL CANAL POSSIBLE?

Could the present lock canal be converted into one at sea-level? I asked this question of General Goethals re-

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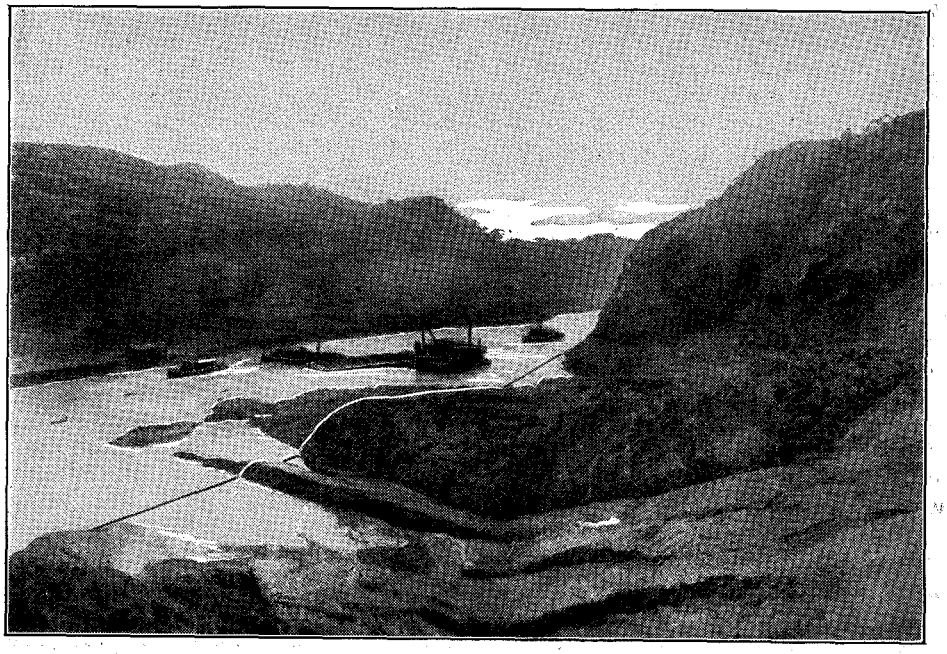
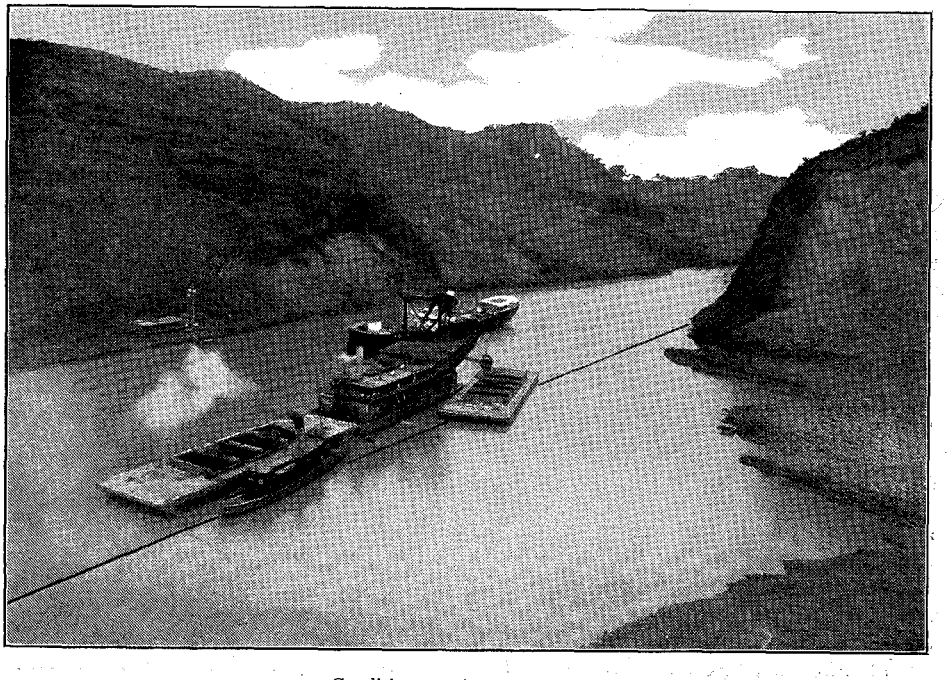


Slides in Gaillard (Culebra) Cut.

Conditions in the canal two months after the slide of February 21, 1920, when 2,000,000 cubic yards moved into the canal. The white line indicates the limits of the canal prism.



Conditions on August 20, 1920.

The line indicates the limits of the canal prism. The water section to the right of the line and outside the prism is the basin into which possible future slides will fall.

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cently, and he replied: "Yes; I have always contended that anything is possible in an engineering line, and so I believe it is possible to convert the lock canal at Panama into one at sea-level, and I believe also that it can be accomplished without serious interruption to navigation." He then outlined the stupendous difficulties to be overcome in making the conversion: "Before any attempt was made to deepen by 85 feet the section through the cut, it would be necessary to cut the banks down so as to make sure of securing a slope that would cause no earth movements while the deepening is going on, or otherwise there would be interruption to traffic. This in itself would be a tremendous task and would involve the removal of an amount of material in excess of that which was taken out in order to secure the present prism. This in turn would necessitate the moving back of the relocated Panama Railroad, another item of large expense. Then, in order to prevent the discharge of the Chagres River into the canal at Gamboa, a huge dam would have to be erected at that point. Furthermore, the great difference in tidal oscillations in the two oceans—1½ feet in the Atlantic and 21 feet in the Pacific—would create a current so difficult to navigate that a tidal lock would have to be constructed on the Pacific side. The cost of the conversion would be enormous and the time for making it cannot be estimated. As the whole proposition is an economic one, the United States would not be justified in undertaking it."

Could larger locks be added to the present ones in case the size of vessels should be so increased as to demand it? To this question General Goethals replied: "Yes; this could be done without disturbing the present arrangements. We of the Canal Commission put the question of the width of the locks up to the navy in 1908, offering to go to 125 feet, which we then found was the limit for mitering lock gates. The General Board of the navy decided on 110 feet. A larger lock could be added outside and adjoined to the existing locks at Gatun, Pedro Miguel, and Miraflores. It has been suggested that instead of placing it adjacent to those at Gatun it might be placed at the site of the spillway in the Gatun Dam, using the old outlet of the Chagres River as passage to the ocean. If additional locks were constructed it would be necessary to increase the water-supply by erecting a dam at Alhajuela, in the Chagres River, about 9 miles above Gamboa, thus creating a reservoir at that point. This method of increasing the capacity of the canal, by additional and larger locks, could be secured more quickly and at greatly less cost than by conversion to sea-level."

WATER-SUPPLY ADEQUATE

One other question is frequently asked: Is there sufficient water-supply in Gatun Lake to meet all demands that may be made upon the present canal as the shipping of the world grows in volume? It is the opinion of competent authorities that the supply is ample. It should be borne in mind that during eight or nine months of the year the lake is kept full to overflowing by the prevailing rains. A supply needs to be stored for only three, or at most four, months. At the beginning of every dry season the lake is at its maximum stage of 87 feet. At the close of an abnormally long dry season in 1920 the lake had fallen through lockages, evaporation, and usage of water for the Gatun hydroelectric plant to 81.77 feet. With the water at 79 feet there is 39 feet in the cut, which is ample depth for navigation. The usual surplus for a dry season is more than 7 feet, which is ample for 41 lockages a day, using the locks at their full length, or 58 a day when the partial length is used. Each lock is divided by middle gates into two chambers, one of 400 feet and the other of 600. As 95 per cent of the vessels plying the high seas are under 600 feet in length, two or more can be handled in a lock at the same time. It is possible also to save about one-third of the water in a lock by passing it through the centre wall to the duplicate lock, for all locks are in pairs. In the calendar year of 1920 the total number of ships passed through was about 3,000, or about eight a day. Concerning the capacity of the locks, Colonel Jay J. Morrow, the present governor, wrote to the vice-president and general manager of the San Francisco

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Balboa Heights.

Ancon.

Beautiful homes in tropical gardens.

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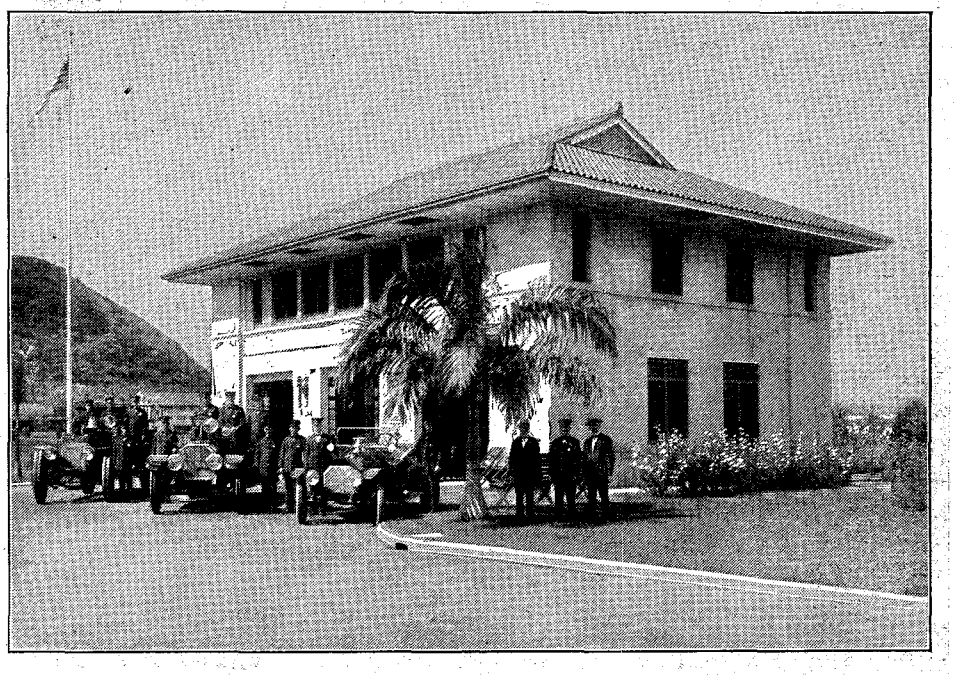
Chamber of Commerce on February 10, 1921: "Considering the sizes of the ships which pass through the canal with their effect on the possibility of handling two or more vessels together in a lockage, the number of lockages which can be completed in a day, the factor of operating efficiency, and the necessity of closing one of the twin flights from time to time for overhaul, repairs, etc., the computed theoretical maximum under normal conditions is 16,550 ships in a year." That is, about 45 a day.



Fire station in model village of New Balboa, with crew and equipment.

On the question of a supply of water adequate to meet lockage demands, Governor Harding wrote in his annual report of 1920: "Nothing in the results following the abnormal dry season of this year has indicated the necessity for many years to come, if at all, of the creation of an additional reservoir by the construction of Alhajuela Dam."

THE CANAL IN THE GREAT WAR

When the European War broke out in August, 1914, General Goethals was in office as first governor of the canal. The day after the outbreak of hostilities four merchant vessels of the Hamburg American Line entered the harbor of Cristobal, at the Atlantic entrance to the canal, and were interned. On the day following their arrival the U. S. Radio Station on the Isthmus detected messages which were sent out from the wireless apparatus on the vessels, and reported the fact to Governor Goethals. He at once notified the masters of the vessels that this was an infraction of the strict neutrality which it was his official duty to preserve, and must cease. The masters assured him that it would cease, but a few hours later additional messages were detected. Governor Goethals sent word to the masters that they must dismantle their wireless outfits at once, declaring that if they did not he should send a force on board to dismantle them. They were dismantled by the masters without parley or delay.

The same four ships were in Cristobal harbor in February, 1917, when it became certain that the United States would declare war against Germany in the near future. In the absence of Colonel Chester Harding, who had succeeded General

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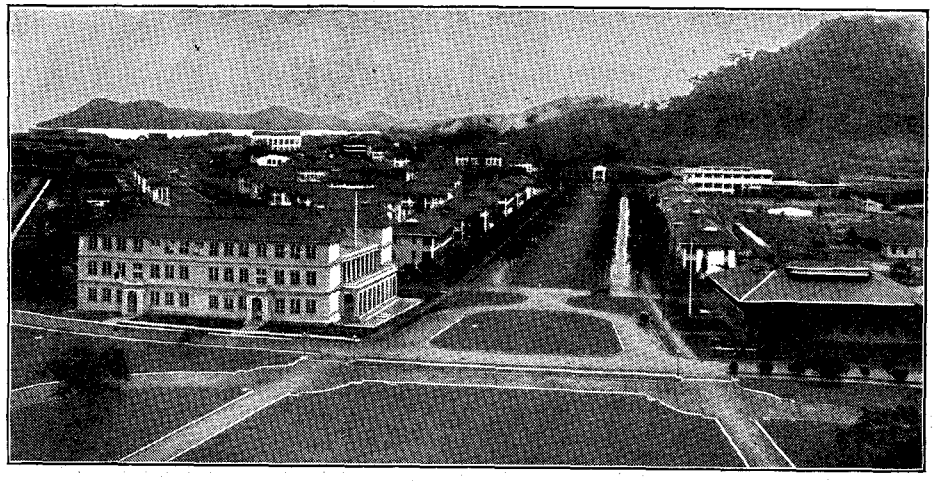
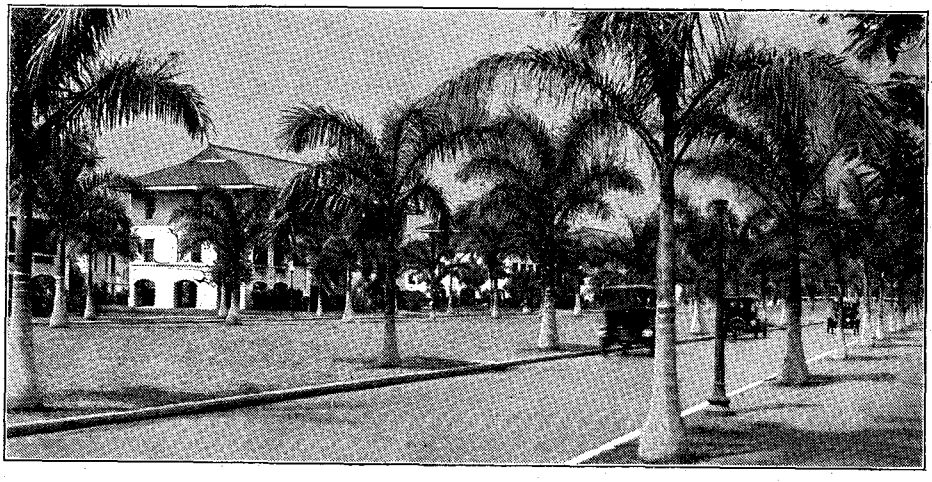
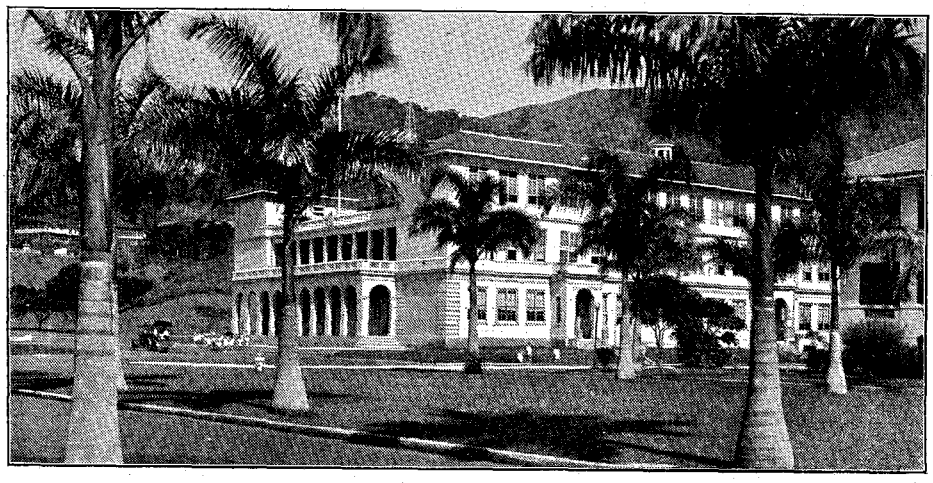


View of the model village of New Balboa from the Administration Building.



Nearer view of the prado, or central avenue.



The school-building.

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Goethals as governor of the canal, Lieutenant-Colonel Jay J. Morrow, of the Corps of Engineers, was acting governor. Knowing that the officers and crews of the ships were Germans, some of them members of the German reserve, he was quick to realize that the presence of the ships under such control was a menace to the canal. Their officers might raise steam and ram the lock gates, or might sink the vessels in the prism of the canal entrance and block it completely. He had information which led him to believe that preparation for moving the ships had begun. Without asking for advice or instructions from Washington, Colonel Morrow, on the day relations were severed with Germany, removed the officers and crews, made provision for their living under surveillance ashore, and took charge of the vessels. This prompt action was later approved by the Secretary of War on the ground that, as a civil procedure, the governor of the canal had ample authority to regulate the movement of ships in canal waters and to remove from a vessel any of its personnel whose presence thereon was a source of danger to the canal.

After war was declared by the United States with Germany, the four ships, by direction of the Secretary of War, were put in operating condition at the dry-dock shops of the canal and placed in the service of the Panama Railroad under the names of *General G. W. Goethals*, *General W. C. Gorgas*, *General O. H. Ernst*, and *General H. F. Hodges*. They are believed to have been the first German merchant ships put into the United States service after the declaration of war. Writing in December, 1918, to the Secretary of War about the part played by the canal in the war, Governor Harding said: "The fact that these four ships were available for our service after the declaration of war, free of damage to hull or machinery, while German ships in our harbors elsewhere and in harbors of neutral countries suffered extensive damage at the hands of their officers and crews, is evidence of the wisdom of the energetic act of the acting governor. Furthermore, the actions of Germans similarly situated elsewhere furnished ample justification for the belief that if opportunity had presented itself the German officers would not have hesitated to inflict damage to the canal at the sacrifice of their vessels."

When the United States entered the war the period of neutrality ended and the canal became an instrument of the highest value to the Allies. Through it passed great quantities of war material, as the following table of such shipments for the period between April, 1917, and November 1, 1918, shows:

	TONS
Nitrates	3,644,443
Borax	21,376
Cotton (crude)	46,501
Explosives	24,429
Iodine	1,380
Lead	67,806
Tungsten (ore)	1,881
Wolfram (ore)	27,421

Nitrates, the largest item in the list, were absolutely necessary for the manufacture of explosives for ourselves and the Allies, and without the canal these could not have been obtained in sufficient quantities to prosecute effectively the war. The Muscle Shoals nitrate plant was not constructed and there was no source of supply adequate for the pressing needs except in Chile. The canal route became so important that, when it was threatened with blockade by slides, steps were taken in Washington to arrange for the expediting of nitrates across the Isthmus by rail in case of such a contingency. Happily it did not arise. The scarcity of ships made it impossible to resort to the long journey around the horn. The service which the canal rendered in this field alone was sufficient to justify its construction.

In addition to the items in the above list there were carried through the canal great cargoes of foodstuffs from California and Oregon, meats from Australia and New Zealand, and rice from the Orient. The canal administration and all the workers took just pride in the fact that no vessel was delayed a minute at Panama with its precious cargo. From 500 miles out in the Pacific a ship would send a wireless message that it was in need of certain repairs. As soon as it came in sight of land a gang of mechanics

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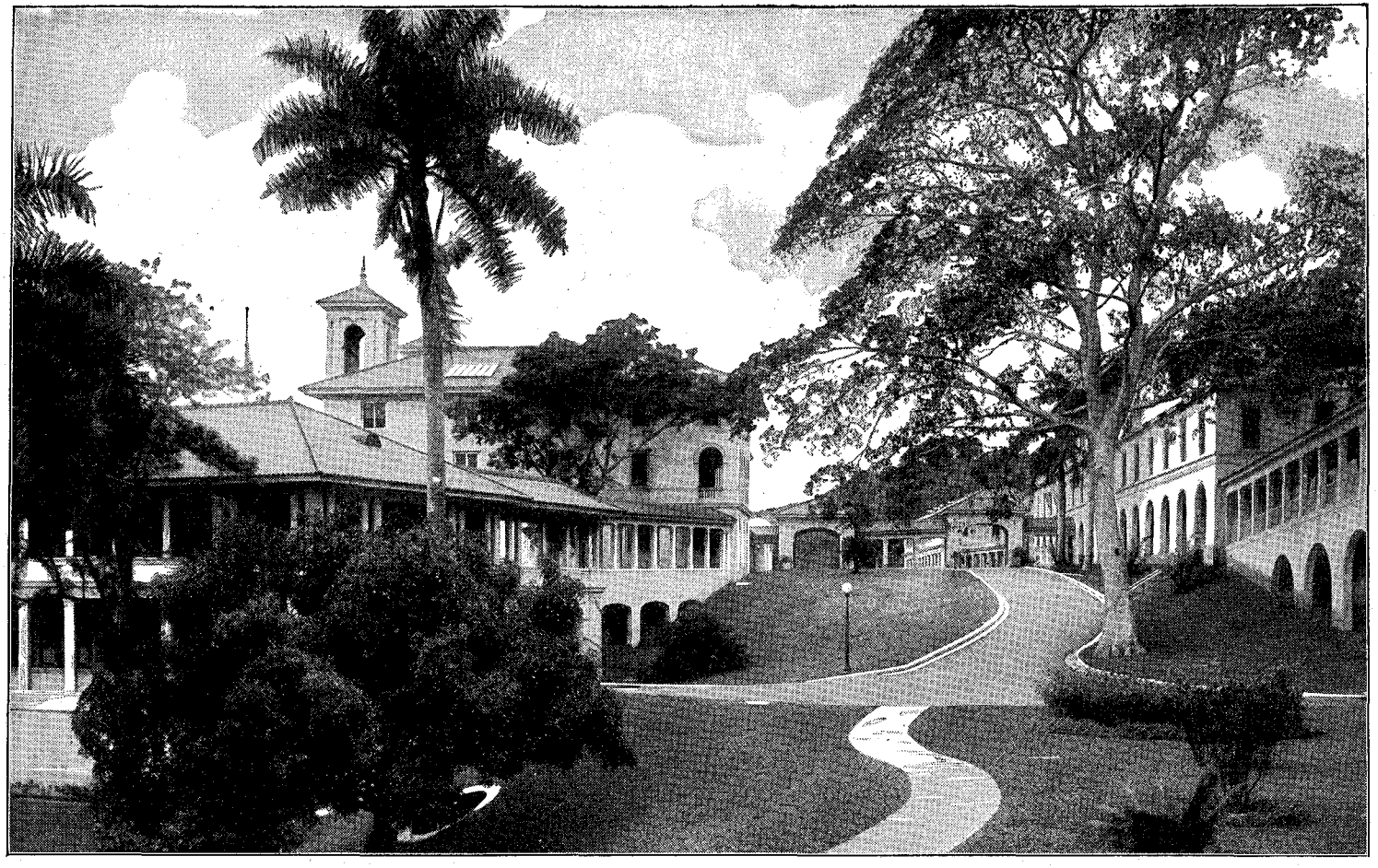

Scene in Ancon Hospital grounds.

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from the canal-shops boarded it, and the necessary repairs were made while it was steaming through the canal, the repair gang leaving it as it passed out into the Atlantic through the breakwaters in Colon Bay. At all times the ships of the Allies found, in the canal storehouses and commissaries, abundant supplies of food, fuel, and other necessities.

CANAL TRAFFIC AND REVENUE

Is the canal a paying institution? So far as excess of receipts over expenditures is concerned it is, as the following table shows:

FISCAL YEAR	NUMBER OF COMMERCIAL TRANSITS	TOLLS AND OTHER REVENUES	CURRENT EXPENSES OF OPERATION AND MAINTENANCE
1915..	1,072	$4,343,383.69	$4,123,128.09
1916..	700	2,558,542.38	6,909,750.15
1917..	1,806	5,808,398.70	6,788,047.60
1918..	2,068	6,411,843.98	5,920,342.94
1919..	2,028	6,354,016.98	6,112,194.77
1920..	2,478	8,935,871.57	6,548,272.43

Commenting on these figures in his annual report of 1920, Governor Harding says: "The revenue of the canal exceeded the current expense for its operation and maintenance by $2,387,599.14 for the fiscal year 1920, and the total current expense of operation and maintenance for the six-year period since 1914 exceeded the total revenues by the amount of $2,231,091.61. This excess will be more than overcome by the revenues of 1921. The year in which the expenses exceeded the revenues in the greatest amount was 1916, during which traffic was suspended for six months on account of the great slides at Culebra, and the expenses were increased by the cost of removing them.

"The canal in its present state represents a capital expenditure by the United States of $366,650,000, exclusive of expenditures for its military and naval defense. The investment, from one point of view, may be regarded as having been made and justified in the creation of an invaluable element of national defense. If this be true, the canal has an additional value in rendering useful service in time of peace, and in returning to the Federal Treasury revenue more than sufficient to defray the expense of its operation and maintenance. It is capable of doing more than this; and it is not an idle prediction to state that, with proper management directed along the lines of a large business enterprise, it will within a reasonable period of normal world conditions earn an actual profit on the cost. From an analysis made under reasonable assumptions as to amortization, depreciation, obsolescence, and interest, it is estimated that with an annual revenue of three times that of 1920 the canal will make a financial return on the investment."

The chief users of the canal are the United States and Great Britain, as the following table of vessels shows:

FISCAL YEAR	UNITED STATES	GREAT BRITAIN	ALL OTHER NATIONS
1915.....	470	465	153
1916.....	238	358	191
1917.....	464	780	632
1918.....	628	699	803
1919.....	786	602	637
1920.....	1,129	753	596

BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS AND VILLAGES

The canal is not the only marvel that has been wrought on the Isthmus. A model state has been established there with an architectural beauty of equipment and an exotic natural beauty of setting rarely equalled anywhere. No one who has not visited Panama can have any conception of this. Grouped upon two sides of Ancon Hill at the Pacific end are villages which are the show-places of the Isthmus. The one on the southern slope, overlooking Panama City, was the site of the French hospitals and was later made the temporary administration centre of American canal work. The one on the northern slope, named Balboa Heights, overlooking the Pacific entrance to the canal, was selected as the permanent administration centre of canal operations, and the erection of its buildings was begun shortly before the end of canal construction. It was then virtually a barren tract. Behold the miracle that seven years have wrought! To-day both villages are nestled in groves of stately royal palms, among the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, trees in the world.

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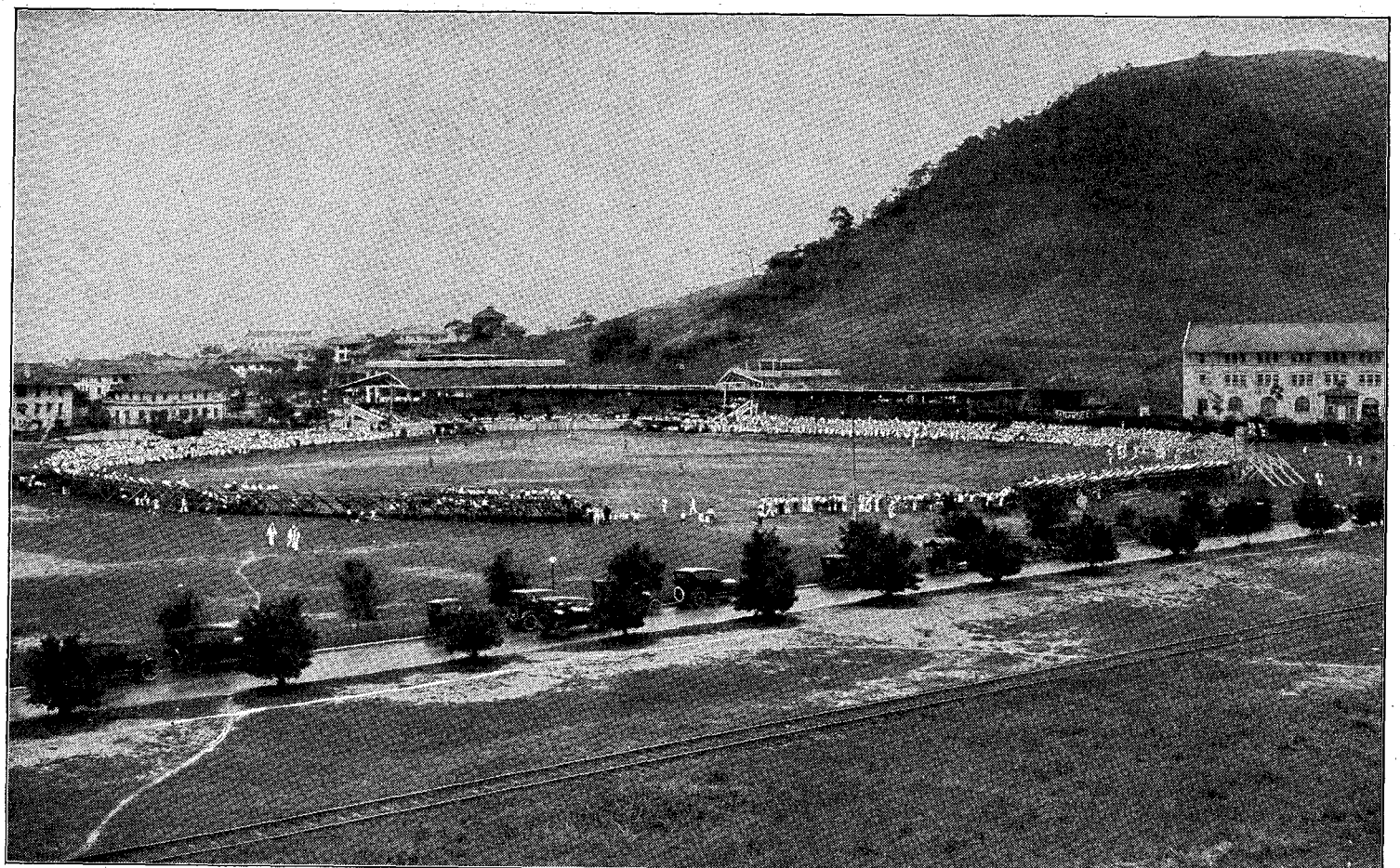

The athletic field of the model village of New Balboa during a baseball game between the navies of the Atlantic and Pacific fleets.

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Hedges of the ever-flowering and many-hued hibiscus and the gorgeous Bougainvillea, with its huge masses of color, hide and overrun the houses, converting the entire settlement into a tropical garden of surpassing loveliness. The photographs reproduced herewith give only a faint idea of its wonderful beauty, for they lack the vivid coloring of the tropics.

At the foot of the northern slope on which the village of Balboa Heights stands, there is placed on a knoll, overlooking the port of Balboa, the permanent canal headquarters, or Administration Building, and on a plain lying 75 feet below is a model village, called New Balboa, of concrete buildings with red-tiled roofs, which are the quarters for canal employees. Through the centre of this village runs a central avenue or prado, shaded with royal palms, on either side of which the buildings are ranged. They include, besides dwellings, a police station, post-office, chief sanitary office, fire station, dispensary, telephone-building, club-house, hotel, lodge hall, church, commissary, and schoolhouse. The accompanying photographs give a good idea of the plan of the town, and show some of its principal buildings, and also the athletic field or playground. The site of this model town was originally a swamp, and was raised to a height of 75 feet above sea-level by excavated material from Culebra Cut and hydraulic fill from the inner basin at the canal entrance. The royal palms shown in the photograph have a growth of only five years. The physical beauty of the town, with the gray concrete walls of its buildings and the red tiles of its roofs, is very striking.

Another marvel which confronted me after my seven years' absence was the transformation that had been wrought in the Ancon Hospital grounds. When I left the Isthmus the hospital work was carried on mainly in the old wooden buildings left by the French. To-day there stands in the place of these a collection of structures which have been declared by competent authorities to constitute the most beautiful hospital in the world and the largest in the western hemisphere. The material is the same as that used in the administration building and in the model town of New Balboa, and the style of architecture is the same in all, a modified Italian Renaissance, admirably suitable to the tropical surroundings. The hospital buildings cost about two million dollars and the equipment about one million more. There is a capacity for 838 beds which can be increased to 1,200 in emergency. The staff includes 33 physicians, 6 internes, a chief nurse, and 90 graduate nurses. The total admissions in 1920 were about 10,000 and the average number of persons treated a day is 880.

The question is often asked: Have mosquitoes been banished from the Canal Zone? The answer is emphatic and unequivocal: so far as the American occupation of the zone is concerned, they have. The visitor to the canal never sees or hears a mosquito, and very rarely a fly. On my recent visit I neither saw nor heard one of either species. The banishment is made permanent by rigid adherence to the methods put in practice at the outset of the canal construction. These are mainly—clearing of undergrowth of all kinds for a distance of 200 yards around settlements; not allowing grass in that area to grow more than a foot high; draining all marshes and swamps, and oiling all stagnant ponds to kill mosquito larvæ.

The cost of making and keeping the Isthmus a healthful place of living has been and is a large item in the total expenditure. The total cost from the time of American occupation in 1904 down to the completion of the canal in 1914 was about $20,000,000. This included work done not only in the Canal Zone, but in the cities of Panama and Colon, which is ultimately to be repaid in water rates. Since 1915 the annual cost—that is, the excess of expenditures over receipts, has been about $600,000. This includes everything pertaining to health—hospitals, sanitation proper, quarantine, etc.

Since 1914 army posts have been built at the Atlantic and Pacific entrances in proximity to the batteries and hangars which they serve, and two infantry posts have been built, one near the locks on the Pacific side and one near those on the Atlantic. The largest post is known as Fort Amador, which is at the Pacific entrance and occupies a space of 25 acres

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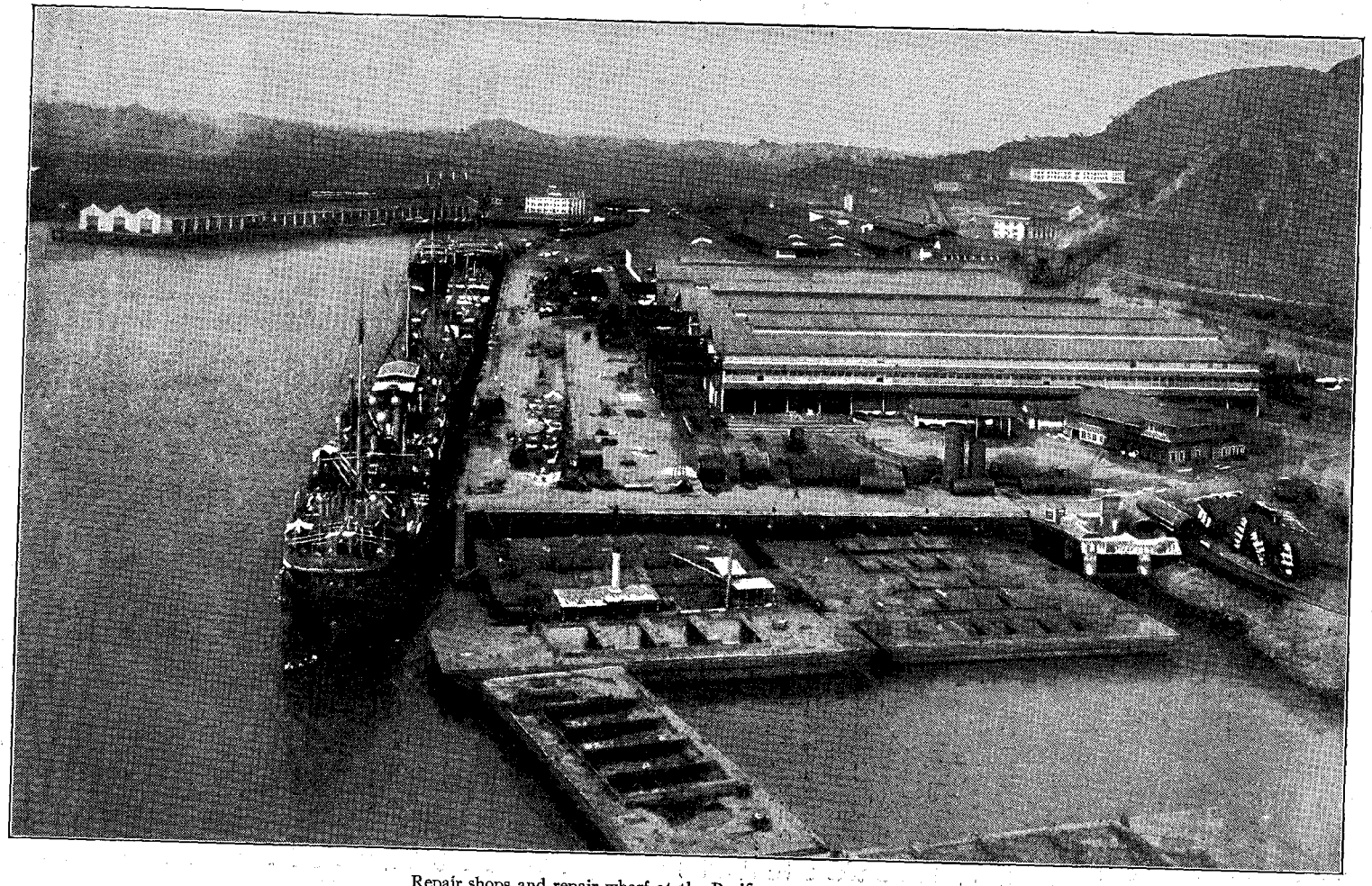

Repair shops and repair wharf at the Pacific entrance to the canal.

Near by but not visible in the picture is the great dry dock, 1,000 feet long and 110 feet wide, the same dimensions as the locks. The large white structure at the extreme upper right hand is the Administration Building.

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of land made in Panama Bay with excavated material from Culebra Cut during the construction period. The buildings are of concrete, two and three stories in height, and are arranged around a quadrangle in which there are a baseball diamond, recreation ground, and a small golf links. In all, about $6,000,000 has been spent on army quarters and the average force is about 10,000 men.

Like the canal itself, all its appurtenances and surroundings are the result of carefully thought-out plans completed in detail during the closing years of the construction period. The sites for the permanent official buildings and of the permanent towns were selected at that time by General Goethals and his associates of the Canal Commission, and the style of architecture was adopted by them after prolonged consultation with eminent American architects. Even the palm-trees were provided by the establishment of nurseries for their supply. The harmonious and pleasing outcome bears eloquent testimony to the sagacity and good taste which inspired the plans.

THE SECRET OF IT ALL

How has it come about that the admirable results I have enumerated have been achieved? The explanation is very simple—from the very beginning of the work till the present moment politics, political influences, have had no voice or part in the control of it. For this beneficent exclusion supreme credit must be given to President Roosevelt, for in selecting men to have charge of the enterprise he made expert fitness and efficiency the sole tests, and the standard he fixed at the outset has been maintained till the present time. This was his first great service; the second was scarcely less valuable and far-reaching in its influence. Having found the right man to take the leadership, he bestowed upon him absolute authority and full responsibility. In doing this he was accused of exercising powers which were not given him by law, but in the end his course obtained the full approval of Congress, which by formal enactment made his conduct legal.

The model state, which I have said has been created at Panama, dates its origin from January, 1908, when President Roosevelt, becoming convinced that a commission of seven members was an obstacle rather than an aid to progress, issued an executive order placing absolute authority in the hands of Colonel Goethals, chairman and chief engineer. At the same time, with characteristic frankness, he informed the colonel that he had given him all the power that he could, and that, if he needed more, he should exercise it and he (Roosevelt) would approve his acts. From the moment that this order was issued Colonel Goethals became autocrat of the canal and the Canal Zone. He used his great powers so wisely and with such success, in building the canal, that when the time came to enact a law for its operation and for the permanent government of the Canal Zone, Congress embodied in it the policy of autocratic rule which he had been administering. Under that law the governor of the canal, in addition to operating the canal, has official control and jurisdiction over the Canal Zone, performing all executive and administrative duties in connection with its civil government.

A brief summary of the governor's duties will be sufficient to show the wide range of knowledge necessary for their satisfactory performance. He must meet and solve all problems arising from the maintenance of the canal, the Panama Railroad, and other auxiliaries, involving the practice of civil engineering in all its branches, including sanitation; the operation of the canal, requiring technical knowledge of all the engineering features of the canal and of its navigation; the conduct of a great business enterprise of unusually varied ramifications which the auxiliaries of the canal constitute; and the government of the Canal Zone, involving the administration of civil laws affecting persons living within the Canal Zone or entering upon it. The responsibility and authority of the governor in all these matters is complete. The total civil population of the zone is about 20,000, and the military about 10,000. The average working force of the canal is about 21,000, of which about 4,500 are Americans and the others mainly West Indians. The working force is divided approximately as follows: for the operation and maintenance of the canal, 9,500;

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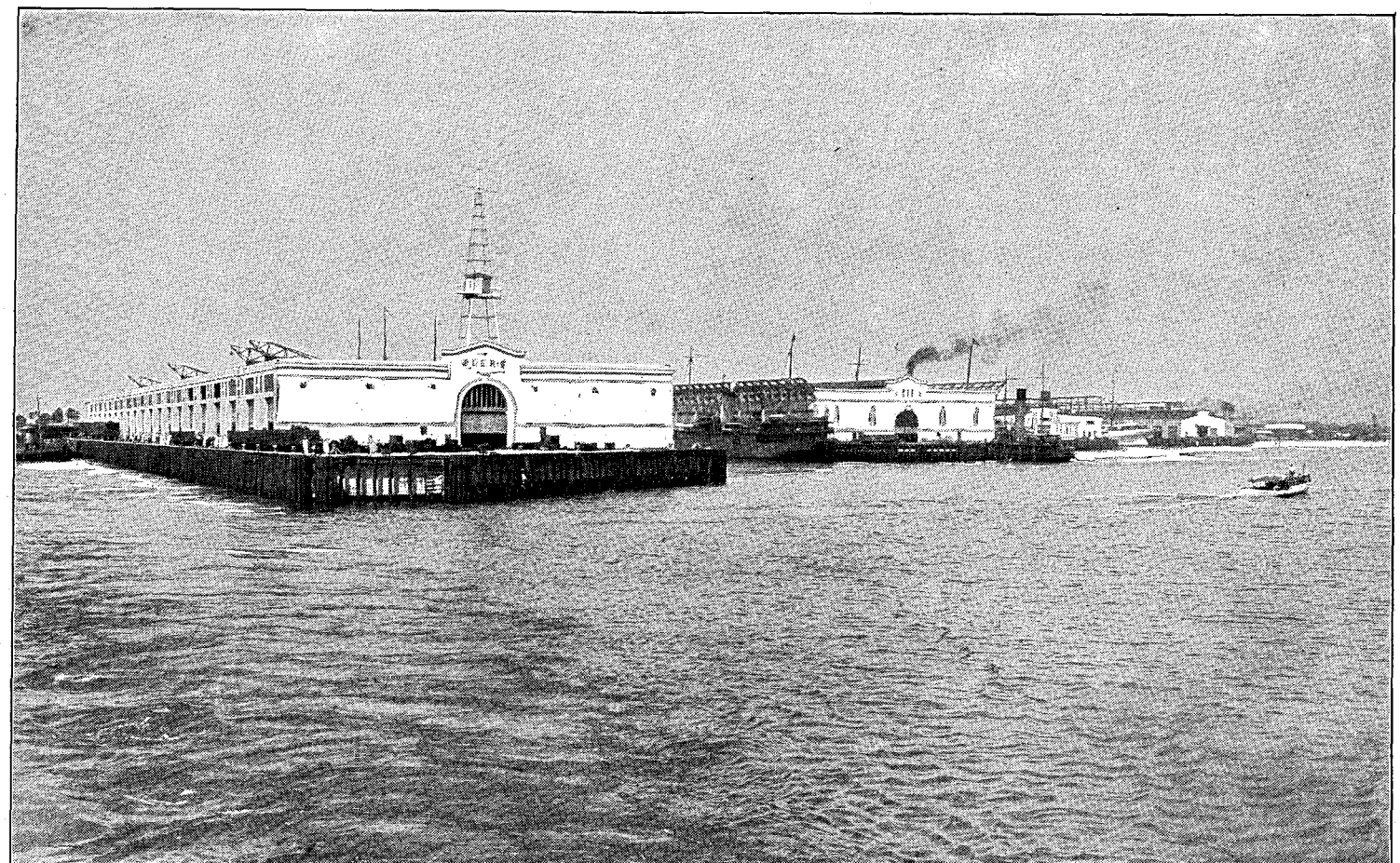

New piers of steel and concrete, with all modern unloading equipment, at the Atlantic terminus of the canal.
The one in the foreground is 2,490 feet long, 201 feet wide, and has an area of 234,600 feet. It cost over $2,000,000.

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supply department, including commissaries, 7,500; Panama Railroad and coaling stations, 4,000. The apparent discrepancy between the figures of the Canal Zone population and the working force is explained by the fact that many of the West Indian employees live in the cities of Panama and Colon, which are outside the Canal Zone. There is a police force of about 200, and a fire force of about 300. There are nine public schools, two high and seven grade, in which 4,400 pupils are enrolled, of whom 2,278 are white and the rest colored. The regular school work is conducted according to the highest standards in schools in the United States. The permanent schoolhouses, as shown in the accompanying photographs, compare favorably in beauty of design with those that can be found elsewhere. These items will serve to give an idea of the many-sided civil activities over which the governor has jurisdiction.

The great business enterprises which the canal auxiliaries have grown to be can best be shown by the citation of a few of the largest figures. The business of the commissary branch, which supplies food, clothing, and other necessaries of all kinds to passing ships, as well as to employees, is approximately ten million dollars a year. Receipts from coal supplied to ships in 1920 amounted to over $6,000,000; from oil and other supplies about $1,275,000; and from repairs to vessels nearly $4,000,000. The conduct of all these and many other like auxiliary enterprises is within the jurisdiction of the governor.

The standard and quality of autocratic rule established and administered by General Goethals, both during the period of canal construction and during the three succeeding years in which he was governor, has been strictly maintained by his successors in the governorship, Colonel Chester Harding (now Brigadier-General, retired) and Colonel Jay J. Morrow. This autocracy conforms more nearly to ideal rule by a "benevolent despot" than any other that the world has seen. Its basic principle was the "square deal" of President Roosevelt, that is, equal and exact justice for all, and justice tempered with kindness and mercy. The policy followed by General Goethals of hearing all complaints personally has been continued by his successors. It won for Goethals not merely the loyal support but the affection of the men under him, stimulated their activity, thereby increasing their efficiency, and spread among them a general spirit of cheerfulness and contentment. The same effects are discernible in the canal force to-day. General Goethals knew his man when he recommended Colonel Harding as his successor, for he showed himself to be a ruler of his own kind. Like General Goethals, Colonel Harding won for himself, during his four years in the governorship, the confidence and affection of all members of the force.

The advantages of having a man of military as well as engineering training in the office of governor of the canal, are many and compelling. In no way has this been shown more clearly than by the prompt and decisive action which General Goethals and Colonel Morrow took in regard to the German ships in Cristobal harbor at the outbreak of the European war. Few civilians would have acted as these two West Pointers did not hesitate to act in those emergencies. They had been trained to take responsibility and they were not afraid to take it when the occasion arose. It is men of the Goethals, Harding, and Morrow type that the canal needs for its most efficient operation and control. Its condition to-day affords ample and incontestable evidence on that point. The experience of the past should be the guide for the future, and is the only safe guide. Politics should be kept out in the future as in the past, and from the members of the Engineering Corps of the United States army should be chosen the governors of the canal. President Harding recognized these self-evident truths when he appointed Colonel Morrow to succeed Governors Goethals and Harding.

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She did not ask, as Mary would have done, "how far it was."—Page 54.

THE TRAGEDY ON THE UPPER SNAKE RIVER

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy

Illustrations by Oliver Kemp

I

WHEN Isaac of Caranac married, the woods laughed. Even the old otter who had lost a claw in one of his traps smiled sardonically at the sight of Maggie's skirt on the Upper Snake River. Caranac heard the news with undisguised satisfaction; for the taciturn, self-contained man had been brought low and reduced to the level of ordinary humanity.

Curiosity to see the woman who had proved Isaac to be no exception was rampant. Others had set snares for him, piqued by his aloofness, and failed. But curiosity had been balked. Isaac had come in from camp at dusk, paid a brief visit to the justice of the peace, and departed as he came, silently, with a maid changed to wife and a fresh supply of bacon and tobacco.

Rumor, however, was as plentiful in Caranac as blackbirds in its neglected orchards. Of these rumors the most absorbing concerned a maid to the lady of the camp on Faraway Lake—one Mary, a foolish little moth whose wings had been singed in Isaac's candle. She was a timid thing, affrighted by the hoot of an owl. She wore a gown to which every brier and thorn clung lovingly. She was the only occupant of Isaac's canoe who had ever succeeded in upsetting it, insisting later that he had saved her from death in a fathomless depth which Isaac sarcastically described as "scurce two foot o' water"; and in the fervor of her gratitude had played upon his fondness for literature by reading to him during gun-cleaning—the last straw on the back of Maggie's jealousy.

What took place that evening when Maggie, ablaze with indignation, strode into the firelight, is a matter of record. One of the guides, awakened by Mary's sobbing, attested to the amazing fact that

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Maggie slept that night in Isaac's lean-to, covered by Isaac's blanket, and that Isaac had sat staring into the fire till the dogs yawned and shook the pine-needles from their flanks at daybreak.

Maggie's invasion, however, had begun before this final incident. Its negative character masked its insidiousness. She minded her own business. Isaac had infinite patience, born of many fruitless visits to traps and anxious dealings with wary trout in deep pools. But he disliked all interference. Maggie let him alone. She asked no foolish questions, as Mary did. Her very aloofness attracted.

Isaac knew the habits of every animal in the Caranac woods. Like Maggie they avoided him, and in his cautious way he began to study Maggie, to pursue her in thought, unconsciously, from force of habit, as he did his four-footed enemies. He observed that her camp kitchen bore no resemblance to the slovenly back doors in Caranac, and while Isaac wore no ruffles he loved clear-running water and re-made his balsam bed religiously once a week. Nor did ever any one in Caranac sing as Maggie did while scouring pots—not "perky like," as did Alexina at the church sociables, but "just nat'ral and unconsarned," as the thrush sings at nightfall, heedless of audience. He likened it to the brook that sang to nobody, hurrying to the lazy reaches of the Upper Snake River. Lord and master of the trails as he was, of the art of artlessness he had no knowledge. Insensibly Maggie took possession of him as a natural right. She made it plain, when sewing the patch on his corduroys, that she thought lightly of his needlework. But in humbling him she did not rub it in. There was nothing triumphant in Maggie's superiority.

Everywhere in the wild was one law, that the hunter should be hunted. But in that long night of watching, while Maggie slept under his blanket, it was the joy of the hunter, not the fear of the hunted, which filled Isaac's soul.

His canoe was laden deep the evening of the journey to the Upper Snake River, but his paddle was strong. From time to time, in a race of quick water, he sounded a note of caution. Maggie heard in silence. She did not ask, as Mary would have done, "how far it was," or "was he afraid of bears." The dogs, at moments uneasy, gave her no concern. He had run the rapids with other passengers without thought of his strength or skill. To-night there was pride in the sweep of his paddle, in the service of this captive whose dark figure stood out against the stars when the woods grew thin.

Dawn broke as the landing was reached. Maggie did not "stand round" while he unloaded. She made no remark on the beauty of the scenery, nor inquired the way. She took her pack of feminine trappings, which Isaac lifted with awe to her shoulder, and followed the dogs up the path in silence. And Isaac was content. A pack was the symbol of reasonable service. Maggie was coming home.

Scrawled in red chalk on the rude door of the cabin was the notice:

Help yourself to matches.

Wanderers in the Upper Snake country read prohibitions into this generous invitation and forbore to trespass further on Isaac's liberality—save in dire straits, when borrowed supplies were paid for in cash or skins conspicuously deposited in the exact spot from which the supplies had been abstracted.

With Isaac's retirement gossip in Caranac languished. That he had given up his position as chief guide to the party on Faraway Lake, that, always scrupulously honest, he had engaged old Sabattis and his wife to fill the vacancies created by his matrimonial venture, that he and the avenging angel of slighted womanhood had vanished in the dusk of the river after their brief interview with the justice of the peace, was gradually forgotten, and over the honeymoon on the Upper Snake silence brooded like the fog in its valley.

II

Of all the cabins in the Caranac woods Isaac's was the only one which possessed a book-shelf. Former patrons had bequeathed to him the literary treasures taken into the woods as solace, with the result that in cover and content his library reflected as many tastes as there were colors in the legendary coat of Joseph.

Isaac was a man of method. Not till

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Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

A pack was the symbol of reasonable service.—Page 54.

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every claim of gun and rod, of moccasin and saucepan had been conscientiously discharged did the book-shelf come into its own with the hour of the fresh log on the fire, the refilled pipe and the spectacles skilfully supported by a leather shoestring. The quiver of a leaf at a hundred yards could not escape Isaac's small slit of an eye. The printed page was another matter. In the wood trail his step was confident and sure. Not so in the wilderness of words. To see him standing before his book-shelf, spectacles on nose and thumb on title, was to see a man in the agony of choice. There were dog-eared paper volumes teeming with lords and ladies, knights and villains. He loved them as the child loves Punch and Judy—loved them, but did not believe in them. They were his theatre, stage puppets strutting through a brief existence. At the time he took them seriously, paid his entrance-fee of a tallow dip, and surrendered himself to the world of fantasy—but cautiously, with many mental reservations. Deeply as he sympathized with the beleaguered heroine, her passivity under persecution vexed his soul. If the "foolish crittur" had but opened her window and shouted for the sheriff, all her woes would have been over; and when Jessica's life was threatened, he warned her audibly of her peril in ejaculations whispered or explosive, as circumstances demanded.

There were also adventures in Darkest Africa, and while the nearest relative in Caranac woods to the denizens of the jungle was a small black bear, contemptuously designated by Isaac as a "varmint," the gilded picture of a mane or tusk on the cover was a magnet to his outstretched hand.

Interspersed among these tales of adventure were also stories of homely characters of the common sort. They were not common to Isaac's experience. His earliest recollections did not reach back to a mother. But something within him responded to these gentler apparitions, and their presence in even purely literary forms had given to the lonely cabin on the Upper Snake River the illusive atmosphere of home.

But of all the magnets on the shelf above the smoke-stained fireplace the most potent were certain ponderous volumes left by a patron of meditative tendencies who had proved as much of an enigma as the legacy left on departure. The Caranac woods were Isaac's Wall Street—a place to make one's living. To resort to them without gun or line, to be deaf to their day and night call, to weight a pack with books and not a single cartridge, was to earn the epithet of "the curiousest cuss I ever see." Isaac had pondered over this human phenomenon long and deep. Its incomprehensibility awed him. So did the incomprehensible books the Enigma left behind him. There was a "Genealogy of Morals," an "Essay on Woman," and, most alluring of all, "The Ego and His Own." Many a page had Isaac thumbed without comprehending a line.

To understand the spell of the book-shelf it must be remembered that such bare, naked events as birth, marriage, death, common in Caranac as elsewhere, were more common than books. Unadorned common things did not interest Isaac. He did the common things necessary to be done, as oiling his rifle or skinning a rabbit; the others, not directly in his path, did not concern him. If romance existed in Caranac, as undoubtedly it did, it was as an invisible undertow, obscured by the surface agitation of a monotonous life chiefly devoted to keeping the body warm and fed, and escaping the onset of black flies and midges. But books disclosed horizons hidden by Caranac woods, and emotions unknown to its hand-to-mouth inhabitants. Were they realities or phantoms? What the devil was the Ego anyway!

III

With Maggie's advent Reality crowded fiction from the place of honor and the lure of the book-shelf dwindled. Heretofore the loneliest spot on the Snake River was the interior of Isaac's cabin. Pleasure, Joy, Companionship dwelt in the wild. And now these dwelt with Maggie and the wild was a dreary waste.

That Maggie fell in with the ways of her new world must be set down to her credit. She was not afraid of a gun, as Mary was. She could sit straight in a

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canoe and did not despise moccasins. Little by little her first short excursions on sunny days lengthened, till her smaller footprints became as familiar to the wary followers of the trail as those of her master. All through the autumn she sang on the Upper Snake as at Faraway, though she had no need to, from force of habit, and Isaac drank deeper at the wells of contentment. For the labor of life had been divided by two, its joy doubled, and this division of toil and multiplication of comfort was fast becoming an economic necessity. He had been a lonely man. He still loved silence and solitude. But in respect to Maggie he was growing gregarious. On that fateful night when she deserted Faraway Lake she was glad of the darkness. The triumph in her shining eyes was for Mary, not for the silent figure bending to the sweep of the paddle, revelling in the illusions of man's aggressiveness.

Then the winter settled down with a grasp of iron, Isaac made pilgrimages to still lonelier places to set his traps in the wood lanes and waterways of the four-footed world, and the north wind tugged at Maggie's heart-strings and her pæan of victory disappeared with that of feathered creation. It was about this time that she turned to the neglected book-shelf and heard above the call of the wild the call of the world. With the breaking up of the ice the hold of winter loosened, the snow ran out of the creek, and down in Caranac the cows were turned out in search of scanty pasturage. Despite temporary relapses into freezing weather, the sap climbed higher, the willows grew more pliant, the buds swelled in their sheaths, the black flies arrived, smudges in the camps on Faraway sent up their blurs of smoke, and when the birds came Maggie sang again the irrepressible song of the Will to Live.

In his own reticent way Isaac also was dreaming. He had a secret, a momentous project, formed with his habitual prudence and deliberation. The season had been a prosperous one, as the pile of skins in the corner attested; and under the oak block serving as anvil were bank-notes of unusual denominations. All this accumulation of wealth, the fruit of toiling years, once destined to a future of rheumatism and failing eyesight, was to be laid at Maggie's feet. Memories of the book-shelf came to him as he trudged through the swamp—visions of strange lands, of palms and snow-clad peaks and cities. That he would be unhappy in cities he foresaw; palms were of doubtful reality, as bearing no resemblance to a real tree, and barren snow peaks were of no use to man or beast. But Maggie should see them, walk under the palms like the ladies in the picture, clothed in raiment of her own selection. Generous in his project, he was a miser with his secret. Not till leaves were falling, when Maggie's courage should falter, would he reveal it. Meanwhile, as day by day tired Nature yielded to the numbing touch of the north wind, the ferment of anticipation worked in Isaac's veins and the wine of the Indian summer mounted to Maggie's brain.

IV

Dusk was falling when after a long and last absence Isaac's canoe rounded the bend above the cabin. He had been away a week. Every trap had been collected, every pelt converted into cash. He was winding up his affairs. With every twist of his paddle's blade the beat of his sturdy heart quickened. Secrets of mighty import were to see the firelight before another sun rose.

Then his heart stood still.

From far away came the voice of Spot, always left behind to keep Maggie company. Every accent of inarticulate speech Isaac knew. Spot was on no trail of fox, had treed no coon. His cry was the cry of the lost, the forsaken. In the long centuries of man's companionship Spot had lost touch with his kin. Instinct was in the service of the master on whom, in spite of his canine teeth and carnivorous lineage, he depended for food as well as sympathy. Crouched at Isaac's feet, the ears of his fellow stiffened, his back bristling. Isaac listened.

Something had happened to Maggie!

Swift as an arrow the canoe leaped forward with the current. Overhead a flicker screamed. A muskrat plunged in the rushes. The wings of the fleeing duck beat on the water.

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Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

Wind and rain and sun had left neither sob nor tear in the wizened body.—Page 59.

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As the keel grounded on the strip of sand beside the rude landing-stage improvised for Maggie's convenience, Isaac stood up, his eye fixed on the spot where the other canoe should be.

It was not there.

A former patron, bred to worldly wisdom, had once remarked in Isaac's hearing that he believed nothing he heard and half of what he saw. Dependent on sight and hearing, Isaac believed implicitly in both. Maggie's canoe was gone. Maggie had gone up-stream to meet him. Maggie had gone to Caranac. Nothing had happened to Maggie.

He stepped ashore, hauling the canoe to safety. "Be still," he said to Spot, whining deliriously at his feet.

Slowly bewilderment was succeeding to belief; reason, stubborn, returning. It was impossible to have missed Maggie on the narrow reach of the river. Maggie had never gone to Caranac alone.

Without unloading he went up the path, the dogs barking joyously. At the top of the rise he stood still. The window was dark, the chimney cold. At the shut door the dogs sniffed suspiciously. Isaac laughed—a short, defiant laugh flung in the face of fear, knowing neither why he laughed nor why he feared—pushed open the door and struck a match.

No red-checked cloth covered a table spread for supper. On the hearth were Maggie's moccasins, side by side, symbols of a service finished. The shelf where her shoes had stood was bare. So were the pegs where once-discarded finery hung. From the nail on the wall the clock stared at him, silent. Maggie wound it Saturdays. To-day was Wednesday. Maggie had been gone four days. Isaac saw these objects, registering themselves mechanically on his brain, in a kind of stupor. Then suddenly, with the last flicker of the match, a dumb rage seized him—the rage of primitive man bent on killing.

Nothing had happened to Maggie.

With the touch of Spot's rough tongue on his hand this reversion to primitive incarnations vanished. He groped to the cupboard, found the stump of candle, cut the string from which hung the bone of venison, built the fire and sat down in the chair where so often, wet and tired, he had warmed his cramped hands before Maggie took the kettle from the hook. Growling at every approach of his mate, Spot crunched his bone greedily.

Minute followed minute. Past and present mingled confusedly in Isaac's brain. Opposite stood Maggie's chair—on the hearth her moccasins—ghosts of a former existence. From time to time he moved uneasily, haunted by a thought of which he was ashamed. At last, unresisting, he went to the oak block and uncovered the flat stone beneath. Maggie had played fair. Only the little moleskin bag in which she kept her own savings was missing. That was right and proper.

He sat down again before the fire, as once he sat when Maggie slept in his lean-to at Faraway. Spot looked up inquiringly at the silent, immobile face. Wind and rain and sun had left neither sob nor tear in the wizened body. Satisfied, Spot stretched himself at a prudent distance from the blaze and closed his eyes.

One evening in late November, when summer had made its last protest against the inevitable, a voice from the circle gathered about the stove in Caranac's grocery remarked Isaac was late in getting in his stock of winter provisions.

A tall, lank stranger from the lumber camp over the divide spoke.

"You won't see Isaac this season. He's gone up north country."

"Warn't there no woman with him?" queried another.

The stranger laughed.

"I didn't see none—nuthin' but two dogs."

After a silence, refilling his pipe, the stranger spoke again.

"Say, he must have been a queer cuss. I stopped at his ranch up the Snake comin' down. What d'ye think was writ on the door?

Help yourself!

I looked in a bit. There warn't nuthin' there to speak of—only an old pair of moccasins."

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BARRETT WENDELL

SOME MEMORIES OF A FORMER STUDENT

By William Richards Castle, Jr.

Formerly Editor of "Harvard Graduates' Magazine," Author of "Hawaii, Past and Present," etc.

ILLUSTRATION FROM A PORTRAIT

A FEW years ago a distinguished scholar, now dead, wrote an erudite and important book, a real contribution to our knowledge of English literature. In talking with him a few weeks later I congratulated him on the enthusiastic review which Barrett Wendell had written. "Yes," he said, "it was more than kind. It will make many read the book. But, although Wendell was only generous in his comments, the review made me feel personally insignificant. My book was the result of years of patient study. Every theory was tested by the theories of other students; every conclusion was laboriously worked out; but the great figures in the book move in a vacuum, the poems which they produced were sung in solitude. Barrett Wendell read in two or three hours the result of my years of study and grasped the meaning of the whole period, the vital meaning which I had failed to see. My book, I think, is a worthy example of the work of a patient but uninspired scholar. The review was a work of genius."

In a sketch of this kind it is impossible even to touch on many of the characteristics, intellectual or personal, of Wendell's extraordinarily vivid personality, but this perhaps salient characteristic, brought out in the conversation recorded, is the epitome of his peculiar genius. He had the amazing faculty of seeing and of making others see the essential meaning of things. He always saw life as a whole and recognized literature as a part of life. He interpreted literature by history and history by literature. Homer was not merely a poet, the greatest of all ages, who happened to be of Greek blood; he was the voice of Greek civilization. Dante was not merely the greatest of Italian poets; he was the spokesman of the passionate spiritual life of the Middle Ages. Shelley was not merely the writer of exquisite lyrics; his poems were the expression of the revolt of a generation that saw visions, and crashed through all the barriers of formalism to realize them. Barrett Wendell is not the only professor who has realized this interdependence of literature and life. Everybody admits it, theoretically, but he made it the heart of his teaching. Therefore his teaching was vital. He was no word-grubber, no student of historical grammar, although he had a surprisingly accurate knowledge of the technicalities of his profession. By interpreting literature as a part of life he made it live in his lectures and in his books.

Whatever the man saw he saw vividly. An historical period was to him like a great picture, full of minute details all of which fitted naturally into the composition, all leading the eye and the mind to the dominant figure or meaning of the whole. These pictures were all, it must be remembered, compositions in the technical sense of the word. They were never mere agglomerations of figures, independent and placed at haphazard. Every figure, on the contrary, had its definite place and its definite meaning in the whole. Wendell's mind was orderly, and, vividly as he saw each detail, he never saw it except as part of the whole, one element that made the meaning of the whole clear and vital, either as an integral though subordinate part, or through contrast. Life is never completely logical. If it were it would be completely dull, and the honest student of life values the occasional contradiction and the obtrusive paradox. I think that few men have possessed a literary-historical mental picture-gallery so extensive, so vivid, and so true.

But to possess such a gallery is one

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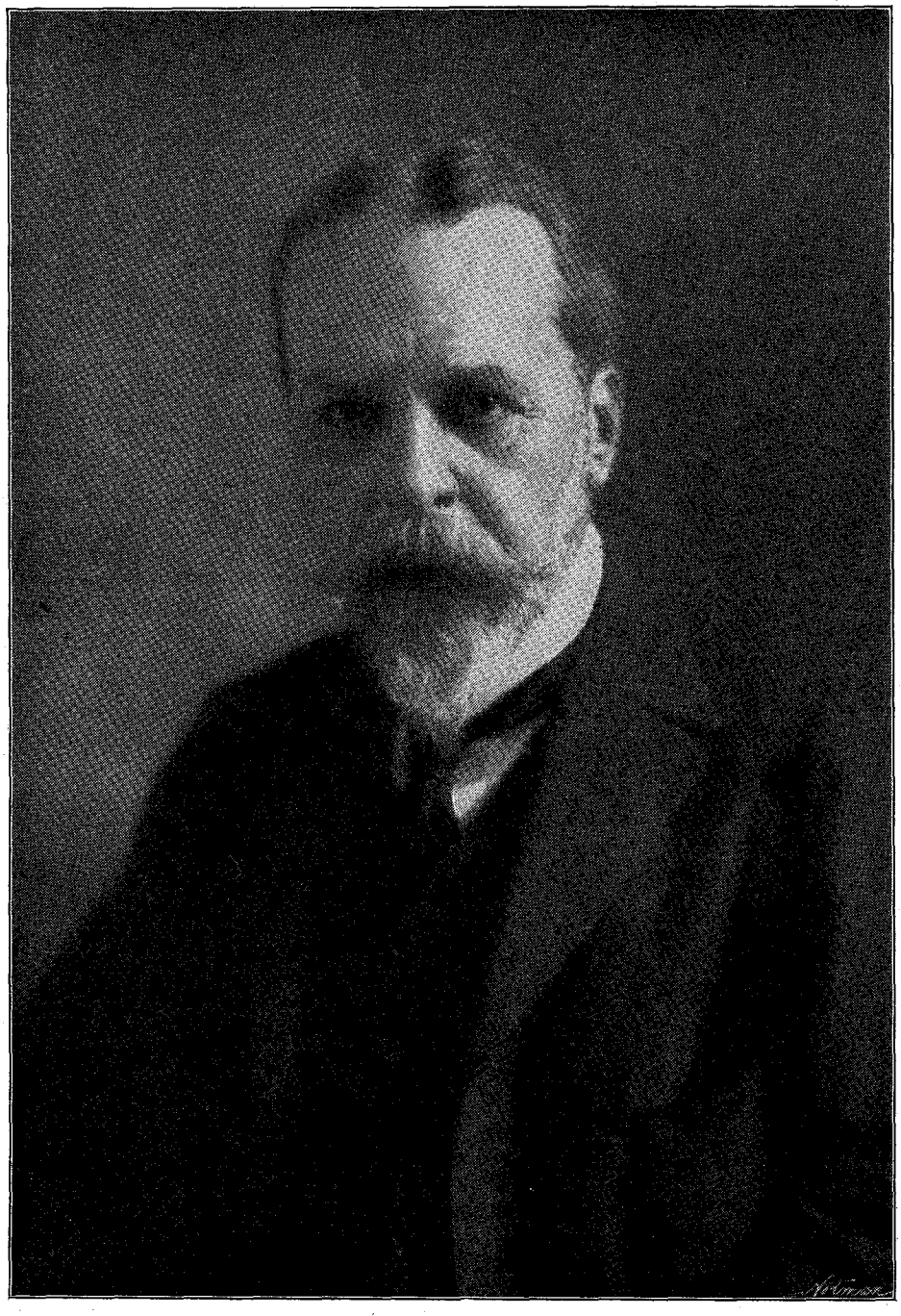

1 January 1917 Barrett Wendell To W. S. W.

Autographed photograph presented by Barrett Wendell to his son, January 1, 1917.

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thing. To be able to exhibit it is quite another. Wendell could describe as vividly as he saw, could impart as clearly as he himself realized. The reason for this was that he considered language to be used successfully in accord with the measure of its success in interpreting thought. He had no use for verbal decoration that was not structural. It was as ugly, he said, as the jig-saw work on mid-Victorian sideboards. His own language was simple, and at the same time careful. He used adjectives sparingly but chose them with the utmost niceness. Every word was expressive and the total effect was therefore impressive. Above all he never wrote except when he had something that he thought worth saying, whether it were a moral to enforce or a scene to describe.

One of the most vivid pictures I have in my own mind, quite as vivid as any memory of a personal experience, is that of a calm young Buddhist priest, dressed in a vivid green robe, sitting quietly in the shadow of a temple near Bombay but roused to sudden and delighted vitality at the mention of Professor Lanman, a distant and personally unknown American who was, however, like the priest, a student and a lover of Sanscrit. The man was pictured in a casual sentence Wendell wrote me from India, but he has forever become a part of my gallery of life. Just as clear, moreover, are the great and small figures of seventeenth-century England, now long dead even to the imagination of most twentieth-century Americans, but not so to those of us who studied English literature under Wendell. Cromwell and Archbishop Laud and Milton and John Donne are, to us, not only real people but, what is still more extraordinary, they typify the course of human thought. As their words were interpreted by Professor Wendell we, his students, lived in their time, understood, according to our several intelligences, what they were, why they existed, and why just those men were inevitable at that particular period of time.

I have often wished that he had followed in Landor's footsteps and written another series of "Imaginary Conversations." They would have been less fine only because they would have appeared to be imitative. The characters would have been living and real. Of this I am sure because I never knew any one who could so completely adopt the point of view of the man whom he was trying to interpret. But this he always did with the purpose of making others understand. He presented a thesis accurately and fully whether he agreed with it or not because he wanted to play fair. To him there was no amusement in setting up puppets to knock down. In brilliantly interpreting a period, therefore, he made his students or his readers see the issues as clearly as he saw them himself. In support of an historical or a moral thesis he neither asked nor gave quarter. An excellent example of this is the chapters concerning Puritanism in "The Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature." Wendell's sympathies were naturally with the Cavaliers; he believed —to use his own words—that "rights" were supremely worth preserving because they were the result of normal human traditions and the normal human instinct, and that they could never be replaced by "right" arbitrarily imposed on society by self-constituted interpreters of the divine will. Yet no Roundhead could have more convincingly expounded the Puritan view of life. This fair play, this lucid and forceful presentation of the other side, made his defense of his own position absorbingly interesting both in his books and in his lectures.

The ability to see from the other fellow's point of view, however, never made Wendell vacillating in his own position. This was the result of inheritance, training, surroundings, and independent thinking. He was as truly a product of his own time and place as were Pope and Thackeray of theirs. Some, who disagreed with him, said that he should have lived a century ago, that he was old-fashioned, but this was generally because they found his simple and straightforward philosophy inconveniently difficult to refute. His thinking was robust and he detested weak and watery thinking in others. Sometimes this made him appear an unsympathetic teacher, and it is only fair to say that where he suspected sham he was unsympathetic. I have seen students come from a conference with him

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hardly able to hold back their angry tears, but if these students had good stuff in them they reacted as he had intended; they swept the shams from their own mental habitations, thoroughly cleaned house and went to work, as one boy put it "to install bomb-proof furniture."

It would not be true to say that all students liked Professor Wendell as a teacher, yet as a teacher he probably exerted his greatest influence. Young men of flabby intellect generally gained comparatively little from his lectures. Prigs were shocked. A very few never recovered from the first surprise at his high-pitched voice and explosive speech, his nervous manner as he strode heavily up and down the platform, twirling his watch-chain. They chose to consider him affected, thereby missing at the start one of the profoundest realities of the man —his contempt for affectation. I have watched class after class as it became accustomed to him, the first general attention, based on nothing more than interest in the eccentricities of a new teacher, giving place to individual reaction in the various types of student. The plodders took notes with indefatigable zeal, a little bewildered at the paucity of mere book facts and pleasant platitudes such as fill the pages of all too many lecture note-books. The mentally lazy frankly gave it up, settled themselves as comfortably as possible for an hour, and tried to think about other things. Sometimes they went to sleep. Wendell did not like this, and when it occurred he stopped his lecture abruptly and stared at the offender. When the dead silence at last woke the delinquent, he laughed aloud, the class invariably joining in his mirth, and then the lecture proceeded. But not all boys who sat under him were dull or lazy. It was a joy to watch the others as they sat quietly, their note-books often closed, listening intently, sometimes agreeing, sometimes struggling not to agree, but thinking for themselves, thinking hard and constructively. To such students he was an inspiration; to all but an insignificant few he was a vitalizing influence because he taught them how to use their own brains. He never filled their minds with useless lumber to be checked, filed, brought out at examination time and then forgotten. On the contrary, he taught them one of the vital facts of education—that knowledge must be a part of life, that it must be used, wrought into the texture of being and become the source of impulse. Wendell once left college in the middle of the winter, and it fell to my lot to complete one of his larger courses. I think that perhaps the humblest moment of my life occurred when a good but plodding and unimaginative student said to me, as the course was nearing its end: "I like your lectures better than Mr. Wendell's. You give us so many more facts." Without doubt this estimable person is now telling other unfortunate and bored students that Alexander Pope was born in 1688, died in 1744, composed the "Essay on Man" and "The Rape of the Lock," and wrote in heroic couplets. I am not sure whether he could have imparted this important information without turning to the Dictionary of National Biography, had the regular lecturer not gone away, but I am quite sure that in his mind there would somehow have remained a very vivid picture of a little, deformed, soured, satirical genius who dominated, in a literary sense, the period of the dowdy and worthy Queen Anne, and the recklessly extravagant period of the German George I; who managed to restore sanity and a sense of values to English literature by reason of his platitudinous but exquisitely expressed common sense. Wendell tutored the imagination as well as the intellect.

No form of literature, so long as it was truly expressive of life, appeared to him negligible, but he considered of the greatest importance that literature which most deeply affected life. This was the reason that in his teaching such preponderant emphasis was placed on the drama. In the time of Euripides and Sophocles, of Plautus and Terence, of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, of Racine and Molière, even to the much later period of Goethe and Schiller, the drama was perhaps the greatest single force in creating standards of art and morality. It was not merely a mirror of the times; it helped to mould society. Without in any way underestimating the power of the novel and of the daily press Wendell believed that in our modern times the drama might again

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become a mighty force because its varied appeal so far transcends that of the printed page. He detested the trash, sentimental or pernicious or merely silly, that is supposed to "rest the tired business man," and insisted that this pampered individual would quickly respond to the appeal of something better. Real rest is not caused by anæsthesia of the intellect. Believing, therefore, in the drama as a potent social force, and in willingness on the part of his fellow human beings to respond cordially to the best that can be given them, he did not confine study of the drama to the explanation of ancient texts, but preached and taught the upbuilding of a worthy modern drama. He believed that even the play in verse was rather sleeping than dead, and if his own worthy attempt to revive the form in "Raleigh in Guiana" was not welcomed by theatrical managers, he still lived to see other modern plays in verse make a success on Broadway. Professor Baker, who has so enthusiastically adopted the idea of dramatic regeneration and so successfully taught the technic of play-writing, would be the last to deny that his inspiration came originally from his former teacher and senior in the Harvard faculty.

In estimating his own achievements no man was ever more modest than Wendell. I have heard him say that all his years of effort to teach young men how to write were pure waste. He believed this because he was acutely conscious of the failures and because he sometimes forgot the mental immaturity of the men under him. He said always that a man could not write unless he had something to say, and forgot that many boys of twenty literally have nothing to say, because they have thought nothing out or else are too shy to try to express their budding thoughts. It was often long after these boys had left Harvard College that the effect of the teaching became evident. "The best style," Wendell always said, "is that which most completely expresses the thought." He ruthlessly excised the pretty words that were designed to hide the poverty of matter, cut down exuberance to the bare bones of truth, laughed his students out of their conceits and their attempts at fine writing. At the same time he gave sincerest praise where praise was due. It was praise that made his students glow with satisfaction because they knew he never stooped to flattery. Many a man, years later, when he has written something that he had to say because he believed it true, and therefore worth saying, has read it over with the silent question: "Would Mr. Wendell think this well done?" If it was honest work, if the language was the medium for the expression of clear thinking, he knew the answer would be in the affirmative. If, on the contrary, he was candid enough to admit that the language was a veil to hide shoddy thinking, his knowledge of Wendell's contemptuous condemnation was often sufficiently vivid still to make him tear the manuscript in two. I say this from personal experience, and I have heard many another make the same admission. Wendell's book on English composition set new and saner standards; his influence as a teacher has prevented the publication of much that was meretricious, and has improved the standard of much that has been put into print.

There was no undue pride in authorship, for Wendell's modesty extended to his estimate of his own writing. Only a few weeks before his death he said that his last splendid book, that finely discriminating study of the sources of English literature, was bound to be a failure, that he had lost his grip. He had not then seen the enthusiastic reviews which brought a surprised happiness into the last days of his life. Of his literary work, he said that he had tried too many different forms to be completely successful in any. "If you must write novels," he said to me one day, "stick to novels and do not try anything else. You may gain the imagination that you lack now and that I lacked when I tried my hand at novels. I have let myself be enticed by too many subjects." This was perhaps fortunate, since he probably would not have become a novelist of the first rank—at least not one with popular appeal. I say this at the risk of being misunderstood because, to be the author of a "best-seller" is not considered in literary circles to be a sign of eminence. Wendell, I think, took the right view of popularity. He despised the man who "wrote down"

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to popular standards, above all the man who sold great numbers of books through a conscious lowering of popular standards by reason of pruriency or false play on the emotions, but at the same time he despised the man who wrote to please himself only, who preferred to cater to a little group of seekers after the unusual rather than say what he had to say to the larger world. He always claimed that, within certain limits, the value of a writer could be estimated by the number of his readers, not inversely to the number of his readers, as is suggested by much literary cant of the day. His own work was too thoughtful to appeal to American readers of novels. It was therefore fortunate that he chose to express his thoughts in other forms, since he thus reached an actually wider and certainly a more intelligent public. Probably not one man in ten, among moderate readers, will admit having read one of Wendell's books, but five out of ten have heard some of his ideas, whether or not they have associated the ideas with his name, have been pleased or irritated but in any case stimulated by his thoughts. The reason for this is that those who have read his books are impelled to talk about them, to discuss what they have to say, with or without reference to the author. The influence of these books has consequently been wider than their author himself realized, far wider than his semiannual royalty checks would have indicated. Most thinking people have been affected consciously or unconsciously by something in "Liberty, Union, and Democracy," or in "The Mystery of Education," or in "The Privileged Classes," and therefore, judged even by the dangerous standard of popularity, their author has succeeded.

As teacher and as author Barrett Wendell made a great place for himself, but it is the man who will live most vividly in the memory of his friends. One had an affection for him that was deep and abiding, that death cannot quench. I could hardly speak or write of him now, so soon after the suffering of the past few years has quietly ended, were it not that the memories of him are so happy. Many years ago, soon after my college days, a woman made a sarcastic remark about him in my hearing. It brought a spontaneous response more vigorous than polite. "Perhaps I was wrong," she said; "a man who can inspire such loyalty must have great good in him." He inspired loyalty because he was himself so superbly loyal. One knew that behind one's back he would never say an unkind word about one. He would discuss people, of course, would admit their faults, but always pointed out their good qualities as well. He had a wide charity. Even a dull man can pick flaws in people, and possibly be rather amusing in so doing. It takes a brilliant man to be equally entertaining in exhibiting the lovable qualities of his fellow human beings. Wendell could paint faults and virtues to perfection, but if he was painting the faults one always knew that his last word would portray the good that waits in every human soul for the discerning eye to find. Even in speaking of Germans—and there was little that appealed to him in the German character—he always lauded their sense of discipline. This was before the war. After 1914 he analyzed more clearly the difference between blind obedience and discipline.

Somebody said of him on the day of his funeral: "He was the last great Tory gentleman." The phrase was true—and sad. We need in America, especially since the war, these great Tory gentlemen to link us with the amenities and the graces of the past, to keep us sane in our mad rush after the novelties, intellectual and moral, of the hurried present. He held fast, in his own personality, to the manners of his forefathers. He reminded one, somehow, of the English gentleman of Georgian times, a little brusque, a little intolerant, careless of his dress, fond of good food and good drink, but at the same time kind, insisting on his right to think as he pleased but never demanding acquiescence in his views, too fine to care how he looked, since the dignity of his character made that of no importance, glad to eat lentils and to drink water with men of his own intellectual stature; and withal there never was a sounder or more patriotic American.

As Wendell surveyed literature, greatly and vividly because so calmly, so also he looked at life. He turned instinctively

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toward that which is beautiful and away from that which is ugly. But he saw the ugly things and described them, as was fit, with ugly words. He called a spade a spade, and thereby sometimes shocked those who live in terror of intellectual as well as of physical nudity. He used the ugly word consciously, because he wanted to bring out the realization of the repulsiveness of the thing. This never meant, as stupid boys sometimes thought at first, any pleasure in playing with mud. Rather was it the counter expression of an exquisite moral fastidiousness. Hating vulgarity, he never mistook casual vulgarity of expression for vulgarity of soul. He recognized in the loose words of college boys the same thoughtless naïveté that an older and more sophisticated world mistakes for pruriency in the abounding vitality of Greek literature. He made vice and vulgarity as ugly as he made virtue and refinement beautiful.

This power of making the nature of things unmistakable grew also out of his wonderful sense of humor. This was no modern wit that delights in jokes. It was deep-lying, a consciousness of the eternal humor in contrasts and similarities; in life, the pageant and the stern reality. The humor was elemental, but it often expressed itself in a delicate play of words and ideas that was worthy of Charles Lamb or of Laurence Sterne—when Sterne was not being consciously dirty. This quality came out best in conversation. In France itself, the home of brilliant talk, there was never more memorable conversation than that at luncheon at the Colonial Club in Cambridge when Wendell and Farlow and Bartlett and Hill—all dead, alas—were at their best. We almost forgot to eat, we little folk; and we spoke only to loose once more that play of wit, that keen discussion of academic or national questions, carried on so lightly, yet, as one looks back on it, so profoundly. We acquired the virtue then of being good listeners because it was such a joy to listen.

People called Wendell local. A Chicago woman once said to me: "Professor Wendell would never go down in the Middle West." I made the obvious retort that certain people from Chicago would not go down in New England, but that Boston and Chicago were equally American and equally necessary for America. Wendell was local because he was a product of his own time and place, but his New England terminology was used to express fundamental truths. His feet were planted in Boston and the ancestral home in Portsmouth; he spoke the inherited language of New England; his thoughts had the vigor and hardiness that is bred along the rocky shores of Massachusetts Bay; but his vision reached out to include humanity. Ambassador Jusserand said that no American had ever understood the French people as he understood them and explained them in his book, "The France of Today." Yet physically and intellectually Boston and Paris are far apart. It was because he was true to his own traditions that he could appreciate so truly the traditions of others. He was local as all honest men are local; national and international as are those who have high-soaring vision.

In letters and in the hearts of men Barrett Wendell made a lasting place for himself. He was an optimist because he believed unalterably in the good that is in mankind and the sound common sense. He strove to perpetuate in modern days the fine and the beautiful that lies hidden in the past, to hold fast to the principles of evolution as opposed to revolution. He preached justice and charity and reverence and propriety, strove to make progress sane. We who knew him admired him for his courageous insistence on principle; we loved him for the man he was.

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TO LET

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATION BY C. F. PETERS

PART III

I

OLD JOLYON WALKS

TWOFOLD impulse had made Jolyon say to his wife at breakfast: "Let's go up to Lord's!"

"Wanted"—something to abate the anxiety in which those two had lived during the sixty hours since Jon had brought Fleur down. "Wanted"—too, that which might assuage the pangs of memory in one who knew he might lose them any day!

Fifty-eight years ago Jolyon had been an Eton boy, for old Jolyon's whim had been that he should be canonized at the greatest possible expense. Year after year he had gone to Lord's from Stanhope Gate with a father whose youth in the eighteen-twenties had been passed without polish in the game of cricket. Old Jolyon would speak quite openly of swipes, full tosses, half and three-quarter balls; and young Jolyon with the guileless snobbery of youth had trembled lest his sire should be overheard. Only in this supreme matter of cricket he had been nervous, for his father—in Crimean whiskers then—had ever impressed him as the beau ideal. Though never canonized himself, Old Jolyon's natural fastidiousness and balance had saved him from the errors of the vulgar. How delicious, after howling in a top hat and a sweltering heat, to go home with his father in a hansom cab, bathe, dress, and forth to the "Disunion" Club, to dine off whitebait, cutlets, and a tart, and go—two "swells," old and young, in lavender kid gloves—to the opera or play. And on Sunday, when the match was over, and his top hat duly broken, down with his father in a special hansom to the "Crown and Sceptre," and the terrace above the river—the golden sixties when the world was simple, dandies glamourous, Democracy not born, and the books of Whyte Melville coming thick and fast.

A generation later, with his own boy Jolly. Harrow-buttonholed with cornflowers—by old Jolyon's whim his grandson had been canonized at a trifle less expense—again Jolyon had experienced the heat and counter-passions of the day, and come back to the cool and the strawberry beds of Robin Hill, and billiards after dinner, his boy making the most heartbreaking flukes and trying to seem languid and grown-up. Those two days each year he and his son had been alone together in the world, one on each side—and Democracy just born!

And so, he had unearthed a grey top hat, borrowed a tiny bit of light-blue ribbon from Irene, and gingerly, keeping cool, by car and train and taxi, had reached Lord's Ground. There, beside her in a lawn-colored frock with narrow black edges, he had watched the game, and felt the old thrill stir within him.

When Soames passed, the day was spoiled. Irene's face was distorted by compression of the lips. No good to go on sitting here with Soames or perhaps his daughter recurring in front of them, like decimals. And he said:

"Well, dear, if you've had enough—let's go!"

That evening Jolyon felt exhausted. Not wanting her to see him thus, he waited till she had begun to play, and stole off to the little study. He opened the long window for air, and the door, that he might still hear her music drifting in; and, settled in his father's old armchair, closed his eyes, with his head against the worn brown leather. Like that passage of the César Franck Sonata—so had been his life with her, a

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divine third movement. And now this business of Jon's—this bad business! Drifted to the edge of consciousness, he hardly knew if it were in sleep that he smelled the scent of a cigar, and seemed to see his father in the blackness before his closed eyes. That shape formed, went, and formed again; as if in the very chair where he himself was sitting, he saw his father, black-coated, with knees crossed, glasses balanced between thumb and finger; saw the big white moustaches, and the deep eyes looking up below a dome of forehead and seeming to search his own; seeming to speak. "Are you facing it, Jo? It's for you to decide. She's only a woman!" Ah! how well he knew his father in that phrase; how all the Victorian Age came up with it!— And his answer "No, I've funked it—funked hurting her and Jon and myself. I've got a heart; I've funked it." But the old eyes, so much older, so much younger than his own, kept at it: "It's your wife, your son; your past. Tackle it, my boy!" Was it a message from walking spirit; or but the instinct of his father living on within him? And again came that scent of cigar smoke—from the old saturated leather. Well! he would tackle it, write to Jon, and put the whole thing down in black and white! And suddenly he breathed with difficulty, with a sense of suffocation, as if his heart were swollen. He got up and went out into the air. Orion's Belt was very bright. He passed along the terrace round the corner of the house, till, through the window of the music-room, he could see Irene at the piano, with lamp-light falling on her powdery hair; withdrawn into herself she seemed, her dark eyes staring straight before her, her hands idle. Jolyon saw her raise those hands and clasp them over her breast. 'It's Jon, with her,' he thought; 'all Jon! I'm dying out of her—it's natural!'

And, careful not to be seen, he stole back.

Next day, after a bad night, he sat down to his task. He wrote with difficulty and many erasures.

"My dearest Boy,

"You are old enough to understand how very difficult it is for elders to give themselves away to their young. Especially when—like your mother and myself, though I shall never think of her as anything but young—their hearts are altogether set on him to whom they must confess. I cannot say we are conscious of having sinned exactly—people in real life very seldom are, I believe—but most persons would say we had, and at all events our conduct, righteous or not, has found us out. The truth is, my dear, we both have pasts, which it is now my task to make known to you, because they so grievously and deeply affect your future. Many, very many years ago, as far back indeed as 1885, when she was only twenty-two, your mother had the great and lasting misfortune to make an unhappy marriage—no, not with me, Jon. Without money of her own, and with only a stepmother—closely related to Jezebel—she was very unhappy in her home life. It was Fleur's father that she married, my cousin Soames Forsyte. He had pursued her very tenaciously and to do him justice was deeply in love with her. Within a week she knew the fearful mistake she had made. It was not his fault; it was her error of judgment—her misfortune."

So far Jolyon had kept some semblance of irony, but now his subject carried him away.

"Jon, I want to explain to you if I can—and it's very hard—how it is that an unhappy marriage such as this can so easily come about. You will of course say: 'If she didn't really love him how could she ever have married him?' You would be quite right if it were not for one or two rather terrible considerations. From this initial mistake of hers all the subsequent trouble, sorrow, and tragedy have come, and so I must make it clear to you if I can. You see, Jon, in those days and even to this day—indeed, I don't see, for all the talk of enlightenment, how it can well be otherwise—most girls are married ignorant of the sexual side of life. Even if they know what it means they have not *experienced* it. That's the crux. It is this actual lack of experience, whatever verbal knowledge they have, which makes all the difference

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and all the trouble. In a vast number of marriages—and your mother's was one—girls are not and *cannot* be certain whether they love the man they marry or not; they do not know until after that act of union which makes the reality of marriage. Now, in many, perhaps in most doubtful cases, this act cements and strengthens the attachment, but in other cases, and your mother's was one, it is a revelation of mistake, a destruction of such attraction as there was. There is nothing more tragic in a woman's life than such a revelation, growing daily, nightly clearer. Coarse-grained and unthinking people are apt to laugh at such a mistake, and say 'what a fuss about nothing!' Narrow and self-righteous people, only capable of judging the lives of others by their own, are apt to condemn those who make this tragic error, to condemn them for life to the dungeons they have made for themselves. You know the expression: 'She has made her bed, she must lie on it!' It is a hard-mouthed saying, quite unworthy of a gentleman or lady in the best sense of those words; and I can use no stronger condemnation. I have not been what is called a moral man, but I wish to use no words to you, my dear, which will make you think lightly of ties or contracts into which you enter. Heaven forbid! But with the experience of a life behind me I do say that those who condemn the victims of these tragic mistakes, condemn them and hold out no hands to help them, are inhuman or rather they would be if they had the understanding to know what they are doing. But they haven't! Let them go! They are anathema to me; but then, of course, I'm anathema to them. I have had to say all this, because I am going to put you into a position to judge your mother, and you are very young, without experience of what life is. To go on with the story. After three years of effort to subdue her shrinking—I was going to say her loathing and it's not too strong a word for shrinking soon becomes loathing under such circumstances—three years of what to a sensitive, beauty-loving nature like your mother's, Jon, was torment, she met a young man who fell in love with her. He was the architect of this very house that we live in now, he was building it for her and Fleur's father to live in, a new prison to hold her, in place of the one she inhabited with him in London. Perhaps that fact played some part in what came of it. But in any case she, too, fell in love with him. I know it's not necessary to explain to you that one does not precisely choose with whom one will fall in love. It comes. Very well! It came. I can imagine—though she never said much to me about it—the struggle that then took place in her, because, Jon, she was brought up strictly and was not light in her ideas—not at all. However, this was an overwhelming feeling, and it came to pass that they loved in deed as well as in thought. Then came a fearful tragedy. I must tell you of it because if I don't you will never understand the real situation that you have now to face. The man whom she had married—Soames Forsyte, the father of Fleur—one night, at the height of her passion for this young man, forcibly reasserted his rights over her. The next day she met her lover and told him of it. Whether he committed suicide or whether he was accidentally run over in his distraction, we don't know; but so it was. Think of your mother as she was that evening when she heard of his death. I happened to see her. Your grandfather sent me to help her if I could. I only just saw her, before the door was shut against me by her husband. But I have never forgotten her face, I can see it now. I was not in love with her then, nor for twelve years after, but I have never forgotten. My dear boy—it is not easy to write like this. But you see, I must. Your mother is wrapped up in you, utterly, devotedly. I don't wish to write harshly of Soames Forsyte. I don't think harshly of him. I have long been sorry for him; perhaps I was sorry even then. As the world judges she was in error, he within his rights. He loved her—in his way. *She was his property.* That is the view he holds of life—of human feelings and hearts—property. It's not his fault—so was he born! To me it is a view that has always been abhorrent—so was I born! Knowing you as I do, I feel it cannot be otherwise than abhorrent to you. Let me go on with the story. Your mother fled from his house that night; for ten years she lived quietly alone

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without companionship of any sort, until, in 1899 her husband—you see, he was still her husband, for he did not attempt to divorce her, and she of course had no right to divorce him, became conscious, it seems, of the want of children, and commenced a long attempt to induce her to go back to him and give him a child. I was her trustee then, under your Grandfather's Will, and I watched this going on. While watching, I became attached to her, devotedly attached. His pressure increased, till one day she came to me here and practically put herself under my protection. Her husband, who was kept informed of all her movements, attempted to force us apart by bringing a divorce suit, or possibly he really meant it, I don't know; but anyway our names were publicly joined. That decided us, and we became united in fact. She was divorced, married me, and you were born. We have lived in perfect happiness, at least I have, and I believe your mother also. Soames, soon after the divorce, married Fleur's mother, and she was born. That is the story, Jon. I have told it you, because by the affection which we see you have formed for this man's daughter you are blindly moving toward what must utterly destroy your mother's happiness, if not your own. I don't wish to speak of myself, because at my age there's no use supposing I shall cumber the ground much longer, besides, what I should suffer would be mainly on her account, and on yours. But what I want you to realize is that feelings of horror and aversion such as those can never be buried or forgotten. They are alive in her to-day. Only yesterday at Lord's we happened to see Soames Forsyte. Her face, if you had seen it, would have convinced you. The idea that you should marry his daughter is a nightmare to her, Jon. I have nothing to say against Fleur save that she *is* his daughter. But your children, if you married her, would be the grandchildren of Soames, as much as of your mother, of a man who once owned your mother as a man might own a slave. Think what that would mean. By such a marriage you enter the camp which held your mother prisoner and wherein she ate her heart out. You are just on the threshold of life, you have only known this girl two months, and however deeply you think you love her, I appeal to you to break it off at once. Don't give your mother this rankling pain and humiliation during the rest of her life. Young though she will always seem to me, she is fifty-seven. Except for us two she has no one in the world. She will soon have only you. Pluck up your spirit, Jon, and break away. Don't put this cloud and barrier between you. Don't break her heart! Bless you, my dear boy, and again forgive me for all the pain this letter must bring you—we tried to spare it you, but Spain—it seems—was no good.

Ever your devoted father

JOLYON FORSYTE."

Having finished his confession, Jolyon sat with a thin cheek on his hand, rereading. There were things in it which hurt him so much, when he thought of Jon reading them—that he nearly tore the letter up. To speak of such things at all to a boy—his own boy—to speak of them in relation to his own wife and the boy's own mother, seemed dreadful to the reticence of his Forsyte soul. And yet without speaking of them how make Jon understand the reality, the deep cleavage, the ineffaceable scar? Without them, how justify this stifling of the boy's love? He might just as well not write at all!

He folded the confession, and put it in his pocket. It was—thank heaven!—Saturday; he had till Sunday evening to think it over; for even if posted now it could not reach Jon till Monday. He felt a curious relief at this delay, and at the fact that, whether sent or not, it was written.

In the rose garden, which had taken the place of the old fernery, he could see Irene snipping and pruning, with a little basket on her arm. She was never idle, it seemed to him, and he envied her now that he himself was idle nearly all his time. He went down to her. She held up a stained glove and smiled. A piece of lace tied under her chin concealed her hair, and her oval face with its still dark brows looked very young.

"The green fly are awful this year, and yet it's cold. You look tired, Jolyon."

Jolyon took the confession from his

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pocket. "I've been writing this. I think you ought to see it."

"To Jon?" Her whole face had changed, in that instant, becoming almost haggard.

"Yes; the murder's out."

He gave it her, and walked away among the roses. Presently, seeing that she had finished reading and was standing quite still with the sheets of the letter against her skirt, he came back to her.

"Well?"

"It's wonderfully put. I don't see how it could be put better. Thank you, dear."

"Is there anything you would like left out?"

She shook her head.

"No; he must know all, if he's to understand."

"That's what I thought, but—oh!—I hate it!"

He had the feeling that he hated it more than she—to him sex was so much easier to mention between man and woman than between man and man; and she had always been more natural and frank, not deeply secretive like his Forsyte self.

"I wonder if he will understand, even now, Jolyon? He's so young; and he shrinks from the physical."

"He gets that shrinking from my father, he was as fastidious as a girl in all such matters. Would it be better to rewrite the whole thing, and just say you hated Soames?"

Irene shook her head.

"Hate's only a word. It conveys nothing. No, better as it is."

"Very well. It shall go to-morrow."

She raised her face to his, and in sight of the big house's many creepered windows, he kissed her.

II

CONFESSION

LATE that same afternoon, Jolyon had a nap in the old armchair. Face down on his knee was *La Rotisserie de la Reine Pedauque*, and just before he fell asleep he had been thinking: "As a people shall we ever really like the French? Will they ever really like us?" He himself had always liked the French, feeling at home with their wit, their taste, their cooking. Irene and he had paid many visits to France before the war, when Jon had been at his private school. His romance with her had begun in Paris—his last and most enduring romance. But the French—no Englishman could like them who could not see them in some sort with a detached æsthetic eye! And with that melancholy conclusion he had nodded off.

When he woke he saw Jon standing between him and the window. The boy had evidently come in from the garden and was waiting for him to wake. Jolyon smiled, still half asleep. How nice the chap looked—sensitive, affectionate, straight! Then his heart gave a nasty jump; and a quaking sensation overcame him. Jon! That confession! He controlled himself with an effort. "Why, Jon, where did you spring from?"

Jon bent over and kissed his forehead.

Only then he noticed the look on the boy's face.

"I came home to tell you something, Dad."

With all his might Jolyon tried to get the better of the jumping, gurgling sensations within his chest.

"Well, sit down, old man. Have you seen your mother?"

"No." The boy's flushed look gave place to pallor; he sat down on the arm of the old chair, as, in old days, Jolyon himself used to sit beside his own father, installed in its recesses. Right up to the time of the rupture in their relations he had been wont to perch there—had he now reached such a moment with his own son? All his life he had hated scenes like poison, avoided rows, gone on his own way quietly and let others go on theirs. But now—it seemed—at the very end of things, he had a scene before him more painful than any he had avoided. He drew a visor down over his emotion, and waited for his son to speak.

"Father," said Jon slowly, "Fleur and I are engaged."

'Exactly!' thought Jolyon, breathing with difficulty.

"I know that you and Mother don't like the idea. Fleur says that Mother was engaged to her father before you married her. Of course I don't know what happened, but it must be ages ago. I'm devoted to her, Dad, and she says she is to me."

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Jolyon uttered a queer sound, half laugh, half groan.

"You are nineteen, Jon, and I am seventy-two. How are we to understand each other in a matter like this, eh?"

"You love Mother, Dad; you must know what we feel. It isn't fair to us to let old things spoil our happiness, is it?"

Brought face to face with his confession, Jolyon resolved to do without it if by any means he could. He laid his hand on the boy's arm.

"Look, Jon! I might put you off with talk about your both being too young and not knowing your own minds, and all that, but you wouldn't listen, besides, it doesn't meet the case—Youth, unfortunately, cures itself. You talk lightly about 'old things like that,' knowing nothing—as you say truly—of what happened. Now, have I ever given you reason to doubt my love for you, or my word?"

At a less anxious moment he might have been amused by the conflict his words aroused—the boy's eager clasp, to reassure him on these points, the dread on his face of what that reassurance would bring forth; but he could only feel grateful for the squeeze.

"Very well, you can believe what I tell you. If you don't give up this love affair, you will make Mother wretched to the end of her days. Believe me, my dear, the past, whatever it was, can't be buried—it can't indeed."

Jon got off the arm of the chair.

'The girl—' thought Jolyon—'there she goes—starting up before him—life itself—eager, pretty, loving!'

"I can't, Father; how can I—just because you say that? Of course I can't!"

"Jon, if you knew the story you would give this up without hesitation; you would have to! Can't you believe me?"

"How can you tell what I should think? Father, I love her better than anything in the world."

Jolyon's face twitched, and he said with painful slowness:

"Better than your mother, Jon?"

From the boy's face, and his clenched fists Jolyon realized the stress and struggle he was going through.

"I don't know," he burst out, "I don't know! But to give Fleur up for nothing—for something I don't understand, for something that I don't believe can really matter half so much, will make me—make me——"

"Make you feel us unjust, put a barrier—yes. But that's better than going on with this."

"I can't. Fleur loves me, and I love her. You want me to trust you; why don't you trust *me*, Father? We wouldn't want to know anything—we wouldn't let it make any difference. It'll only make us both love you and Mother all the more."

Jolyon put his hand into his breast pocket, but brought it out again empty, and sat, clucking his tongue against his teeth.

"Think what your mother's been to you, Jon! She has nothing but you; I shan't last much longer."

"Why not? It isn't fair to— Why not?"

"Well," said Jolyon, rather coldly, "because the doctors tell me I shan't; that's all."

"Oh! Dad!" cried Jon, and burst into tears.

This downbreak of his son, whom he had not seen cry since he was ten, moved Jolyon terribly. He recognized to the full how fearfully soft the boy's heart was, how much he would suffer in this business, and in life generally. And he reached out his hand helplessly—not wishing, indeed not daring to get up.

"Dear man," he said, "don't—or you'll make me!"

Jon smothered down his paroxysm, and stood with face averted, very still.

"What now?" thought Jolyon; "what can I say to move him?"

"By the way, don't speak of that to Mother," he said; "she has enough to frighten her with this affair of yours. I know how you feel. But, Jon, you know her and me well enough to be sure we wouldn't wish to spoil your happiness lightly. Why, my dear boy, we don't care for anything but your happiness—at least, with me it's just yours and Mother's and with her just yours. It's all the future for you both that's at stake."

Jon turned. His face was deadly pale; his eyes, deep in his head, seemed to burn.

"What is it? *What is it?* Don't keep me like this!"

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Drawn by C. F. Peters.

But now—it seemed—at the very end of things, he had a scene before him more painful than any he had avoided.—Page 71.

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Jolyon, who knew that he was beaten, thrust his hand again into his breast pocket, and sat for a full minute, breathing with difficulty, his eyes closed. The thought passed through his mind: 'I've had a good long innings—some pretty bitter moments—this is the worst!' Then he brought his hand out with the letter, and said with a sort of fatigue: "Well, Jon, if you hadn't come to-day, I was going to send you this. I wanted to spare you—I wanted to spare your mother and myself, but I see it's no good. Read it, and I think I'll go into the garden." He reached forward to get up.

Jon, who had taken the letter, said quickly: "No, I'll go"; and was gone.

Jolyon sank back in his chair. A blue-bottle chose that moment to come buzzing round him with a sort of fury; the sound was homely, better than nothing. . . . Where had the boy gone to read his letter? The wretched letter—the wretched story! A cruel business—cruel to her—to Soames—to those two children—to himself! . . . His heart thumped and pained him. Life—its loves—its work—its beauty—its aching, and—its end! A good time; a fine time in spite of all; until—you regretted that you had ever been born. Life—it wore you down, yet did not make you want to die—that was the cunning evil! Mistake to have a heart! Again the blue-bottle came buzzing—bringing in all the heat and hum and scent of summer—yes, even the scent—as of ripe fruits, dried grasses, sappy shrubs, and the vanilla breath of cows. And out there somewhere in the fragrance Jon would be reading that letter, turning and twisting its pages in his trouble, his bewilderment and trouble—breaking his heart about it! The thought made Jolyon acutely miserable. Jon was such a tender-hearted chap, affectionate to his bones, and conscientious, too—it was so unfair, so damned unfair! He remembered Irene saying to him once: "Never was any one born more loving and lovable than Jon." Poor little Jon! His world gone up the spout, all of a summer afternoon! Youth took things so hard! And stirred, tormented by that vision of Youth taking things hard Jolyon got out of his chair, and went to the window. The boy was nowhere visible. And he passed out. If one could take any help to him now—one must!

He traversed the shrubbery, glanced into the walled garden—no Jon! Nor where the peaches and the apricots were beginning to swell and color. He passed the Cupressus trees, dark and spiral, into the meadow. Where had the boy got to? Had he rushed down to the coppice—his old hunting-ground? Jolyon crossed the rows of hay. They would cock it on Monday and be carrying the day after, if rain held off. Often they had crossed this field together—hand in hand, when Jon was a little chap. Dash it! The golden age was over by the time one was ten! He came to the pond, where flies and gnats were dancing over a bright reedy surface; and on into the coppice. It was cool there, fragrant of larches. Still no Jon! He called. No answer! On the log seat he sat down, nervous, anxious, forgetting his own physical sensations. He had been wrong to let the boy get away with that letter; he ought to have kept him under his eye from the start! Greatly troubled, he got up to retrace his steps. At the farm-buildings he called again, and looked into the dark cow-house. There in the cool, and the scent of vanilla and ammonia, away from flies, the three Alderneys were chewing the quiet cud; just milked, waiting for evening, to be turned out again into the lower field. One turned a lazy head, a lustrous eye; Jolyon could see the slobber on its gray lower lip. He saw everything with passionate clearness, in the agitation of his nerves—all that in his time he had adored and tried to paint—wonder of light and shade and color. No wonder the legend put Christ into a manger—what more devotional than the eyes and moon-white horns of a chewing cow in the warm dusk! He called again. No answer! And he hurried away out of the coppice, past the pond, up the hill. Oddly ironical—now he came to think of it—if Jon had taken the gruel of his discovery down in the coppice where his mother and Bosinney in those old days had made the plunge of acknowledging their love. Where he himself, on the log seat the Sunday morning he came back from Paris, had realized to the full that Irene had become the world to him. That would have

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been the place for Irony to tear the veil from before the eyes of Irene's boy! But he was not here! Where had he got to? One must find the poor chap!

A gleam of sun had come, sharpening to his hurrying senses all the beauty of the afternoon, of the tall trees and lengthening shadows, of the blue, and the white clouds, the scent of the hay, and the cooing of the pigeons; and the flower shapes standing tall. He came to the rosery, and the beauty of the roses in that sudden sunlight seemed to him unearthly. "Rose, you Spaniard!" Wonderful three words! There she had stood by that bush of dark red roses; had stood to read and decide that Jon must know it all! He knew all now! Had she chosen wrong? He bent and sniffed a rose, its petals brushed his nose and trembling lips; nothing so soft as a rose-leaf's velvet, except her neck —Irene! On across the lawn he went, up the slope, to the oak-tree. Its top alone was glistening, the sudden sun was away over the house; the lower shade was thick, blessedly cool—for he was greatly overheated. He paused a minute with his hand on the rope of the swing—Jolly, Holly—Jon! The old swing! And, suddenly, he felt horribly—deadly ill. 'I've overdone it!' he thought: 'by Jove. I've overdone it—after all!' He staggered up toward the terrace, dragged himself up the steps, and fell against the wall of the house. He leaned there gasping, his face buried in the honeysuckle that he and she had taken such trouble with that it might sweeten the air which drifted in. Its fragrance mingled with awful pain. 'My Love!' he thought; 'the boy!' And with a great effort he tottered in through the long window, and sank into old Jolyon's chair. The book was there, a pencil in it; he caught it up, scribbled a word on the open page. . . . His hand dropped. . . . So it was like this—was it? . . .

There was a great wrench; and darkness. . . .

III

IRENE!

When Jon rushed away with the letter in his hand, he ran along the terrace and round the corner of the house, in fear and confusion. Leaning against the creepered wall he tore open the letter. It was long—very long! This added to his fear, and he began reading. When he came to the words: "It was Fleur's father that she married," everything seemed to spin before him. He was close to a window, and entering by it, he passed, through music-room and hall, up to his bedroom. Dipping his face in cold water, he sat on his bed, and went on reading, dropping each finished page on the bed beside him. His father's writing was easy to read—he knew it so well, though he had never had a letter from him one quarter so long. He read with a dull feeling—imagination only half at work. He best grasped, on that first reading, the pain his father must have had in writing such a letter. He let the last sheet fall, and in a sort of mental, moral helplessness began to read the first again. It all seemed to him disgusting —dead and disgusting. Then, suddenly, a hot wave of horrified emotion tingled through him. He buried his face in his hands. His mother! Fleur's father! He took up the letter again, and read on mechanically. And again came the feeling that it was all dead and disgusting; his own love so different! This letter said his mother—and her father! An awful letter!

Property! Could there be men who looked on women as their property? Faces seen in street and countryside came thronging up before him—red, stock-fish faces; hard, dull faces; prim, dry faces; violent faces; hundreds, thousands, of them! How could he know what men who had such faces thought and did? He held his head in his hands and groaned. His mother! He caught up the letter and read on again: "horror and aversion —alive in her to-day . . . your children . . . grandchildren . . . of a man who once owned your mother as a man might own a slave. . . ." He got up from his bed. This cruel shadowy past, lurking there to murder his love and Fleur's, was true, or his father could never have written it. 'Why didn't they tell me the first thing,' he thought, 'the day I first saw Fleur? They knew I'd seen her. They were afraid, and—now—I've—got it!' Overcome by misery too acute for thought or reason, he crept into a dusky corner of

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the room and sat down on the floor. He sat there, like some unhappy little animal. There was comfort in dusk, and the floor—as if he were back in those days when he played his battles sprawling all over it. He sat there huddled, his hair ruffled, his hands clasped round his knees, for how long he did not know. He was wrenched from his blank wretchedness by the sound of the door opening from his mother's room. The blinds were down over the windows of his room, shut up in his absence, and from where he sat he could only hear a rustle, her footsteps crossing, till over the bed he saw her standing before his dressing-table. She had something in her hand. He hardly breathed, hoping she would not see him, and go away. He saw her touch things on the table as if they had some virtue in them, then face the window—gray from head to foot like a ghost. The least turn of her head, and she must see him! Her lips moved: "Oh! Jon!" She was speaking to herself; the tone of her voice troubled Jon's heart. He saw in her hand a little photograph. She held it toward the light, looking at it—very small. He knew it—one of himself as a tiny boy, which she always kept in her bag. His heart beat fast. And, suddenly, as if she had heard it, she turned her eyes and saw him. At the gasp she gave, and the movement of her hands pressing the photograph against her breast, he said:

"Yes, it's me."

She moved over to the bed, and sat down on it, quite close to him, her hands still clasping her breast, her feet among the sheets of the letter which had slipped to the floor. She saw them, and her hands grasped the edge of the bed. She sat very upright, her dark eyes fixed on him. At last she spoke.

"Well, Jon, you know, I see."

"Yes."

"You've seen Father?"

"Yes."

There was a long silence, till she said:

"Oh! my darling!"

"It's all right." The emotions in him were so violent and so mixed that he dared not move—resentment, despair, and yet a strange yearning for the comfort of her hand on his forehead.

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

There was another long silence, then she got up. She stood a moment, very still, made a little movement with her hand, and said: "My darling boy, my most darling boy, don't think of me—think of yourself." And, passing round the foot of the bed, went back into her room.

Jon turned—curled into a sort of ball, as might a hedgehog—into the corner made by the two walls.

He must have been twenty minutes there before a cry roused him. It came from the terrace below. He got up, scared. Again came the cry: "Jon!" His mother was calling! He ran out and down the stairs, through the empty dining-room into the study. She was kneeling before the old armchair, and his father was lying back quite white, his head on his breast, one of his hands resting on an open book, with a pencil clutched in it—more strangely still than anything he had ever seen. She looked round wildly, and said:

"Oh! Jon—he's dead—he's dead!"

Jon flung himself down, and reaching over the arm of the chair, where he had lately been sitting, put his lips to the forehead. Icy cold! How could—how could Dad be dead, when only an hour ago—His mother's arms were round the knees; pressing her breast against them. "Why—why wasn't I with him?" he heard her whisper. Then he saw the tottering word "Irene" pencilled on the open page, and broke down himself. It was his first sight of human death, and its unutterable stillness blotted from him all other emotion; all else, then, was but preliminary to this! All love and life, and joy, anxiety, and sorrow, all movement, light and beauty, but a beginning to this terrible white stillness. It made a dreadful mark on him; all seemed suddenly little, futile, short. He mastered himself at last, got up, and raised her.

"Mother! don't cry—Mother!"

Some hours later, when all was done that had to be, and his mother was lying down, he saw his father alone, on the bed, covered with a white sheet. He stood for a long time gazing at that face which had never looked angry—always whimsical, and kind. "To be kind and keep your end up—there's nothing else in

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it," he had once heard his father say. How wonderfully Dad had acted up to that philosophy! He understood now that his father had known for a long time past that this would come suddenly—known, and not said a word. He gazed with an awed and passionate reverence. The loneliness of it—just to spare his mother and himself! His own trouble seemed small while he was looking at that face. The word scribbled on the page! The farewell word! Now his mother had no one but himself! He went up close to the dead face—not changed at all, and yet completely changed. He had heard his father say once that he did not believe in consciousness surviving death, or that if it did it might be just survival till the natural age-limit of the body had been reached—the natural term of its inherent vitality; so that if the body were broken by accident, excess, violent disease, consciousness might still persist till, in the course of Nature uninterfered with, it would naturally have faded out. It had struck him because he had never heard any one else suggest it. When the heart failed like this—surely it was not quite natural! Perhaps his father's consciousness was in the room with him. Above the bed hung a picture of his father's father. Perhaps his consciousness, too, was still alive; and his brother's—his half-brother, who had died in the Transvaal. Were they all gathered round this bed? Jon kissed the forehead, and stole back to his own room. The door between it and his mother's was ajar; she had evidently been in—everything was ready for him, even some biscuits and hot milk, and the letter no longer on the floor. He ate and drank, watching the last light fade. He did not try to see into the future—just stared at the dark branches of the oak-tree, level with his window, and felt as if life had stopped. Once in the night, turning in his heavy sleep, he was conscious of something white and still, beside his bed, and started up.

His mother's voice said:

"It's only I, Jon dear!" Her hand pressed his forehead gently back; her white figure disappeared.

Alone! He fell heavily asleep again, and dreamed he saw his mother's name crawling on his bed.

IV

SOAMES COGITATES

THE announcement in *The Times* of his cousin Jolyon's death affected Soames quite simply. So that chap was gone! There had never been a time in their two lives when love had not been lost between them. That quick-blooded sentiment hatred had run its course long since in Soames' heart, and he had refused to allow any recrudescence, but he considered this early decease a piece of poetic justice. For twenty years the fellow had enjoyed the reversion of his wife and house, and—he was dead! The obituary notice, which appeared a little later, paid Jolyon—he thought—too much attention. It spoke of that "diligent and agreeable painter whose work we have come to look on as typical of the best late-Victorian water-color art." Soames, who had almost mechanically preferred Mole, Morpin, and Caswell Baye, and had always sniffed quite audibly when he came to one of his cousin's on the line, turned *The Times* with a crackle.

He had to go up to Town that morning on Forsyte affairs, and was fully conscious of Gradman's glance sidelong over his spectacles. The old clerk had about him an aura of regretful congratulation. He smelled, as it were, of old days. One could almost hear him thinking: "Mr. Jolyon, ye-es—just my age, and gone—dear, dear! I dare say she feels it. She was a naice-lookin' woman. Flesh is flesh! They've given 'im a notice in the papers. Fancy!" His atmosphere in fact caused Soames to handle certain leases and conversions with exceptional swiftness.

"About that settlement on Miss Fleur, Mr. Soames?"

"I've thought better of that," answered Soames shortly.

"Aoh! I'm glad of that. I thought you were a little hasty. The times do change."

How this death would affect Fleur had begun to trouble Soames. He was not certain that she knew of it—she seldom looked at the paper, never at the births, marriages, and deaths.

He pressed matters on, and made his way to Green Street for lunch. Winifred

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was almost doleful. Jack Cardigan had broken a splashboard, as far as he could make out, and would not be "fit" for some time. She could not get used to the idea.

"Did Profond ever get off?" he said suddenly.

"He got off," replied Winifred, "but where—I don't know."

Yes, there it was—impossible to tell anything! Not that he wanted to know. Letters from Annette were coming from Dieppe, where she and her mother were staying.

"You saw that fellow's death, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Winifred. "I'm sorry for—for his children. He was very amiable." Soames uttered a rather queer sound. A suspicion of the old deep truth—that men were not judged in this world by what they *did*, but by what they *were*—crept and knocked resentfully at the back door of his mind.

"I know there was a superstition to that effect," he muttered.

"One must do him justice now he's dead."

"I should like to have done him justice before," said Soames; "but I never had the chance. Have you got a 'Baronetage' here?"

"Yes; in that bottom row."

Soames took out a fat red book, and ran over the leaves.

"Mont—Sir Lawrence, 9th. Bt. cr. 1620. e. s. of Geoffrey 8th. Bt. and Lavinia daur. of Sir Charles Muskham Bt. of Muskham Hall, Shrops: marr. 1890 Emily, daur. of Conway Charwell Esq. of Condaford Grange, co. Oxon; 1 son, heir Michael Conway, b. 1895, 2 daurs. Residence: Lippinghall Manor, Folwell, Bucks: Clubs: Snooks: Coffee House: Aeroplane. See Bidlicott."

"H'm!" he said; "did you ever know a publisher?"

"Uncle Timothy."

"Alive, I mean."

"Monty knew one at his Club. He brought him here to dinner once. Monty was always thinking of writing a book, you know, about how to make money on the turf. He tried to interest that man."

"Well?"

"He put him on to a horse—for the Two Thousand. We didn't see him again. He was rather smart, if I remember."

"Did it win?"

"No; it ran last, I think. You know Monty really was quite clever in his way."

"Was he?" said Soames. "Can you see any connection between a sucking baronet and publishing?"

"People do all sorts of things nowadays," replied Winifred. "The great stunt seems not to be idle—so different from our time. To do nothing was the thing then. But I suppose it'll come again."

"This young Mont that I'm speaking of is very sweet on Fleur. If it would put an end to that other affair I might encourage it."

"Has he got style?" asked Winifred.

"He's no beauty; pleasant enough, with some scattered brains. There's a good deal of land, I believe. He seems genuinely attached. But I don't know."

"No," murmured Winifred; "it's very difficult. I always found it best to do nothing. It *is* such a bore about Jack; now we shan't get away till after Bank holiday. Well, the people are always amusing, I shall go into the Park and watch them."

"If I were you," said Soames, "I should have a country cottage, and be out of the way of holidays and strikes when you want."

"The country bores me," answered Winifred, "and I found the railway strike quite exciting."

Winifred had always been noted for sang-froid.

Soames took his leave. All the way down to Reading he debated whether he should tell Fleur of that boy's father's death. It did not alter the situation except that he would be independent now, and only have his mother's opposition to encounter. He would come into a lot of money, no doubt, and perhaps the house—the house built for Irene and himself—the house whose architect had wrought his domestic ruin. His daughter—mistress of that house! That would be poetic justice! Soames uttered a little mirthless laugh. He had designed that house to re-establish his failing union, meant it for the seat of his descendants,

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if he could have induced Irene to give him one! Her son and Fleur! Their children would be, in some sort, offspring of the union between himself and her!

The theatricality in that thought was repulsive to his sober sense. And yet—it would be the easiest and wealthiest way out of the *impasse*, now that Jolyon was gone. The juncture of two Forsyte fortunes had a kind of conservative charm. And she—Irene—would be linked to him once more. Nonsense! Absurd! He put the notion from his head.

On arriving home he heard the click of billiard-balls; and through the window saw young Mont sprawling over the table. Fleur, with her cue akimbo, was watching with a smile. How pretty she looked! No wonder that young fellow was out of his mind about her. A title—land! There was little enough in land, these days; perhaps less in a title. The old Forsytes had always had a kind of contempt for titles, rather remote and artificial things—not worth the money they cost, and having to do with the Court. They had all had that feeling in differing measure—Soames remembered. Swithin, indeed, in his most expansive days had once attended a Levee. He had come away saying he shouldn't go again—"all that small fry." It was suspected that he had looked too big in knee-breeches. Soames remembered how his own mother had wished to be presented because of the fashionable nature of the performance, and how his father had put his foot down with unwonted decision. What did she want with that peacocking—wasting time and money; there was nothing in it!

The instinct which had made and kept the British Commons the chief power in the State, a feeling that their own world was good enough and a little better than any other because it was *their* world, had kept the old Forsytes singularly free of "flummery," as Nicholas had been wont to call it when he had the gout. Soames' generation, more self-conscious and ironical, had been saved by a sense of Swithin in knee-breeches. While the third and the fourth generation, as it seemed to him, laughed at everything.

However, there was no harm in the young fellow's being heir to a title and estate—a thing one couldn't help. He entered quietly, as Mont missed his shot. He noted the young man's eyes, fixed on Fleur bending over in her turn; the adoration in them almost touched him.

She paused with the cue poised on the bridge of her slim hand, and shook her crop of short dark chestnut hair.

"I shall never do it."

"'Nothing venture.'"

"All right." The cue struck, the ball rolled. "There!"

"Bad luck! Never mind!"

Then they saw him, and Soames said:

"I'll mark for you."

He sat down on the raised seat beneath the marker, trim and tired, furtively studying those two young faces. When the game was over Mont came up to him.

"I've started in, Sir. Rum game, business, isn't it? I suppose you saw a lot of human nature as a solicitor."

"I did."

"Shall I tell you what I've noticed: People are quite on the wrong track in offering less than they can afford to give; they ought to offer more, and work backward."

Soames raised his eyebrows.

"Suppose the more is accepted?"

"That doesn't matter a little bit," said Mont; "it's much more paying to abate a price than to increase it. For instance, say we offer an author good terms—he naturally takes them. Then we go into it, find we can't publish at a decent profit and tell him so. He's got confidence in us because we've been generous to him, and he comes down like a lamb, and bears us no malice. But if we offer him poor terms at the start, he doesn't take them, so we have to advance them to get him, and he thinks us damned screws into the bargain."

"Try buying pictures on that system"; said Soames, "an offer accepted is a contract—haven't you learned that?"

Young Mont turned his head to where Fleur was standing in the window.

"No," he said, "I wish I had. Then there's another thing. Always let a man off a bargain if he wants to be let off."

"As advertisement?" said Soames dryly.

"Of course it *is;* but I meant on principle."

"Does your firm work on those lines?"

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"Not yet," said Mont, "but it'll come."

"And they will go."

"No, really, Sir. I'm making any number of observations, and they all confirm my theory. Human nature is consistently underrated in business, people do themselves out of an awful lot of pleasure and profit by that. Of course, you must be perfectly genuine and open, but that's easy if you feel it. The more human and generous you are the better chance you've got in business."

Soames rose.

"Are you a partner?"

"Not for six months, yet."

"The rest of the firm had better make haste and retire."

Mont laughed.

"You'll see," he said. "There's going to be a big change. The possessive principle has got its shutters up."

"What?" said Soames.

"The house is to let! Good-bye, Sir; I'm off now."

Soames watched his daughter give her hand, saw her wince at the squeeze it received, and distinctly heard the young man's sigh as he passed out. Then she came from the window, trailing her finger along the mahogany edge of the billiard-table. Watching her, Soames knew that she was going to ask him something. Her finger felt round the last pocket, and she looked up.

"Have you done anything to stop Jon writing to me, Father?"

Soames shook his head.

"You haven't seen, then?" he said. "His father died just a week ago to-day."

"Oh!"

In her startled, frowning face, he saw the instant struggle to apprehend what this would mean.

"Poor Jon! Why didn't you tell me, Father?"

"I never know!" said Soames slowly; "you don't confide in me."

"I would, if you'd help me, dear."

"Perhaps I shall."

Fleur clasped her hands. "Oh! darling—when one wants a thing fearfully, one doesn't think of other people. Don't be angry with me."

Soames put out his hand, as if pushing away an aspersion.

"I'm cogitating," he said. What on earth had made him use a word like that! "Has young Mont been bothering you again?"

Fleur smiled. "Oh! Michael! He's always bothering; but he's an awfully good sort—I don't mind him."

"Well," said Soames, "I'm tired; I shall go and have a nap before dinner."

He went up to his picture-gallery, lay down on the couch there, and closed his eyes. A terrible responsibility this girl of his—whose mother was—ah! what was she? A terrible responsibility! Help her—how could he help her? He could not alter the fact that he was her father. Or that Irene—! What was it young Mont had said—some nonsense about the possessive instinct—shutters up— To let? Silly!

The sultry air, charged with a scent of meadow-sweet, of river and roses, closed on his senses, drowsing them.

(To be continued.)

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MY BROTHER THEODORE ROOSEVELT

HOME LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

Author of "Service and Sacrifice," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

[SIXTH PAPER]

IN writing of my brother in the White House various scenes stand out with special clearness. The first night he spent there comes back with a tender aroma of his love for his sisters and his loyal memory of his father.

The deed of the cowardly assassin had done its work; William McKinley was dead. The young Vice-President had made the hazardous flying trip from the heart of the Adirondack Mountains, had taken the solemn oath in Buffalo, had followed the body of his late chief to its final resting-place, and had returned to Washington. From Washington he telegraphed to my husband and myself—with the love and thought which he always showed—and told us that as Mrs. Roosevelt was attending to last important matters at Sagamore Hill she could not be with him the day he was to move into the White House, and that he was very anxious that not only my sister Mrs. Cowles and her husband but that we also should dine with him the first night that he slept in the old mansion. So we went on to Washington and shared with him that first meal in the house for which he had such romantic attachment because it had sheltered the hero of his boyhood and his manhood, Abraham Lincoln. As we sat around the table he turned and said: "Do you realize this is the birthday of our father, September 22? *I* have realized it, as I signed various papers all day long, and I feel that it is a very good omen that I should begin my duties in this house on this day. I feel as if my father's hand were on my shoulder, and as if there were a special blessing over the life I am to lead here."

Almost as he finished this sentence the coffee was passed to us, and at that time it was the habit at the White House to pass, with the coffee, a little boutonnière to each gentleman. As the flowers were passed to the President, the one given to him was a yellow saffronia rose for his buttonhole. His face flushed, and he turned again and said: "Is it not strange! This is the rose we all connect with my father." And my sister and I responded eagerly that over and over again in the past we had seen our father pruning the rose-bush of saffronia roses with special care. He always picked one for his buttonhole from that bush; and whenever we gave him a rose we gave him one of that kind. Again my brother said with a very serious look on his face: "I think there *is* a blessing connected with this." And surely it did seem as if there were a blessing connected with those years of Theodore Roosevelt in the White House, those merry, happy years of family life, those ardent, loving years of public service, those splendid peaceful years of international amity. A blessing there surely was over that house.

Nothing could have been harder to the temperament of Theodore Roosevelt than to have come "through the cemetery," as Peter Dunne said in his prophetic article, a few months before, to the high position of President of the United States. What he had achieved in the past had been absolutely through his own merits; what he would have wished to achieve in the fu-

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ture would not, with his will, have come to him "through dead men's shoes." During the early years of his occupancy of the White House he strove in every possible way to fulfil the policies of his predecessor, retaining the former's appointees, and working with conscientious loyalty as much as possible along the lines followed by the martyred President. In April, 1903, however, he started upon a great trip, and at that time felt that as the years of his inherited incumbency were drawing to a close he could preach his own gospel.

After that exhausting trip, replete with many thrilling experiences, he returns to Oyster Bay for a little rest, and writes spontaneously in September of the beautiful family life which was always led there. My boy Stewart was with him at the time, and he speaks of him affectionately in connection with his own "Ted," who was Stewart's intimate friend.

"Stewart, Ted, and I took an hour and a half bareback ride all together this morning. Ted is always longing that Stewart should go off on a hunting trip with him. I should be delighted to have them go now. Although I have no doubt they would get into scrapes, I have also no doubt that they would get *out* of them. We have had a lovely summer, as lovely a summer as we have ever passed. . . . All the children have enjoyed their various activities, and we have been a great deal with the children, and in addition to that, Edith and I have ridden on horseback much together, and have frequently gone off for a day at a time in our little rowboat, not to speak of the picnics to which everybody went.

"In the intervals I have chopped industriously. I have seen a great many people who came to call upon me on political business. I have had to handle my correspondence of course, and I have had not a few wearing matters of national policy, ranging from the difficulties in Turkey to the scandals in the Post Office. But I have had three months of rest, of holiday, by comparison with what has gone before. Next Monday I go back to Washington, and for the thirteen months following, there will be mighty little letup to the strain. But I enjoy it to the full.

"What the outcome will be as far as I am personally concerned, I do not know. It looks as if I would be renominated; whether I shall be re-elected I haven't the slightest idea. I know there is bitter opposition to me from many sources. Whether I shall have enough support to overcome this opposition, I cannot tell. I suppose few Presidents can form the slightest idea whether their policies have met with approval or not. Certainly *I* cannot. But as far as I can see, these policies have been right, and I hope that time will justify them. If it doesn't, why I must abide the fall of the dice, and that is all there is to it.

Ever yours, T. R."

That letter is very characteristic of his attitude. Strain—yes; hard work—yes; but equally "I enjoy it to the full!" Equally also is he willing to abide by the "fall of the dice," having done what he fully believed to have been the right thing for the country.

That December, the day after Christmas, he writes again:

"Darling Sister: I so enjoyed seeing you here, but I have been so worried about you. I am now looking forward to Stewart's coming, and to seeing Helen and Ted. But I do wish you would take a rest.

"We had a delightful Christmas yesterday, just such a Christmas as thirty or forty years ago we used to have under Father's and Mother's supervision in 20th St. and then 57th Street. At seven all the children came in to open the big, bulging stockings in our bed; Kermit's terrier, Allan, a most friendly little dog, adding to the children's delight by occupying the middle of the bed. From Alice to Quentin, each child was absorbed in his or her stocking, and Edith certainly managed to get the most wonderul stocking toys. . . . Then after breakfast we all went into the library, where the bigger toys were on separate tables for the children. I wonder whether there ever can come in life a thrill of greater exaltation and rapture than that which comes to us, say between the ages of six and fourteen, when the library doors are thrown open and one walks in to see all the gifts, like

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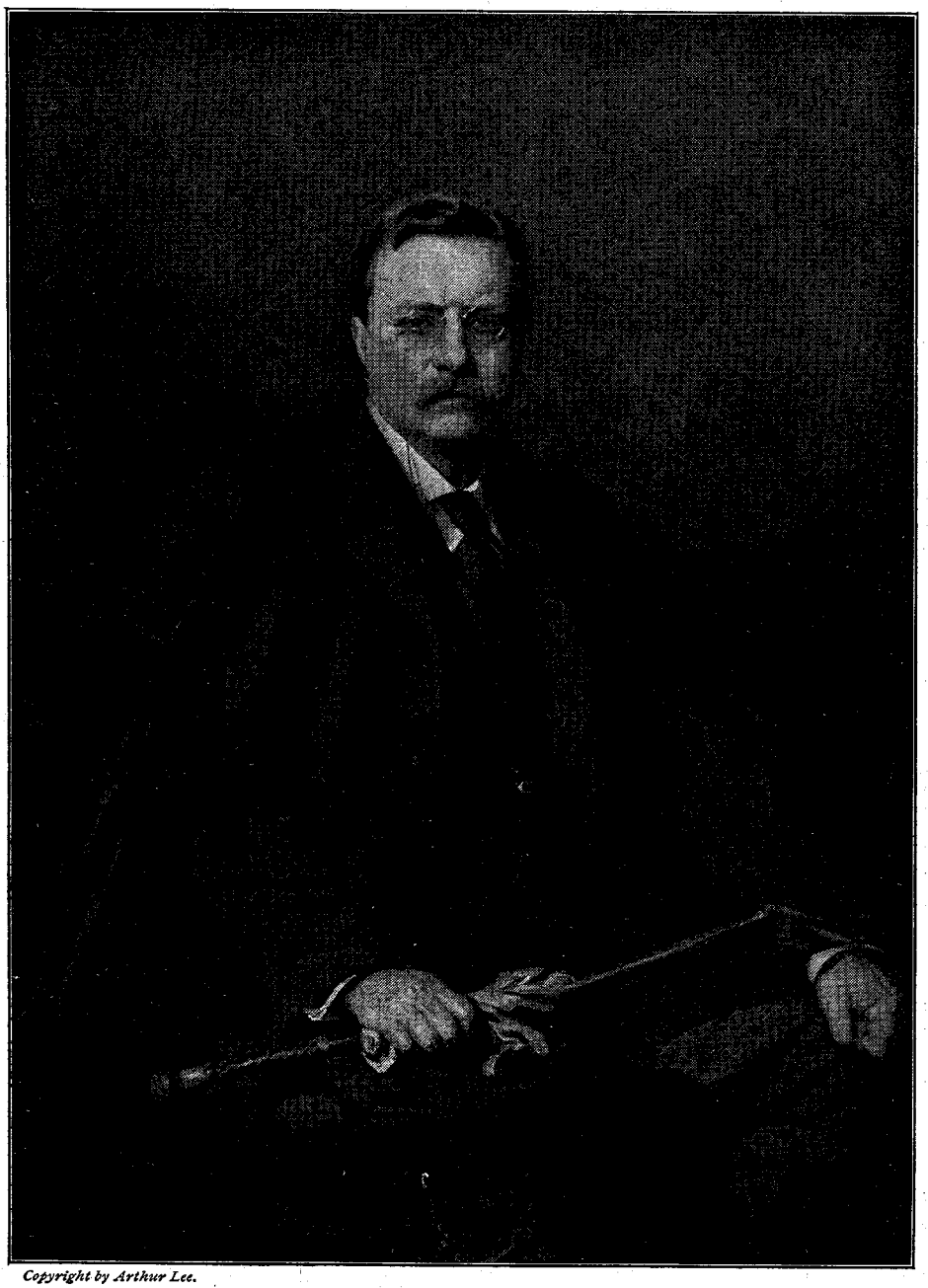

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Theodore Roosevelt.

From a painting by Philip de László, in the possession of Lord Lee of Fareham.

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a materialized fairyland arrayed on one's own special table.

"We had a most pleasant lunch at Bamie's [our sister Mrs. Cowles]. She had given a delightful Christmas tree to the children the afternoon before; and then I stopped in to see Cabot and Nannie [Senator and Mrs. Lodge]. It was raining so hard that we could not walk or ride with any comfort, so later Roly Fortescue, Ted and I played 'single stick' in the study. All of our connections and all of the Lodge connections were at dinner with us, twenty-two in all. After the dinner we danced in the East Room, closing with the Virginia Reel,—Edith looking as young and as pretty, and dancing as well as ever.

"It is a clear, cold morning, and Edith and I and all the children (save Quentin) and also Bob Ferguson and Cabot are about to start for a ride.

Your loving brother."

Such were all Christmases at the White House; such was the spirit of the White House in those days. During the early years of my brother's presidency, before he and Mrs. Roosevelt bought a small place in Virginia where they then went for Thanksgiving, my husband and I always spent Thanksgiving at the White House, and joined in festivities very much like the Christmas ones, including the gay Virginia reel, which was also always part of the Thanksgiving ceremony.

On October 18 again my brother writes: "Of course I am excited about the election, but there really isn't much I can do about it, and I confine myself chiefly to the regular presidential work. Nobody can tell anything about the outcome. At the present time it looks rather favorable to me." And again to my husband on October 25: "As for the result, the Lord only knows what it will be. Appearances look favorable, but I have a mind steeled for any outcome!"

In spite of his mind steeled against any outcome, the great ambition of Theodore Roosevelt's life was to be at that time *on his own merits* the choice of the people of the United States for President. He longed for the seal of approval on the devoted service which he had rendered to his country, and one of my clearest memories is my conversation with him on Election Day, 1904, when I met him at Newark, New Jersey, on his way back from voting at Oyster Bay, and went with him as far as Philadelphia. In his drawing-room on the train he opened his heart to me and told me that he had never wanted anything in his life quite as much as the outward and visible sign of his countrymen's approval of what he had done during the last three and a half years. I honestly do not, in any way, feel that this great desire was because of any overweening ambition, but to the nature of Theodore Roosevelt it had always been especially difficult to have come into the high position which he held through the calamity to another rather than through his own popularity with the people of the United States. His temperament was such that he wished no favor which he had not himself won. Therefore it seemed to him a crucial moment in his life when, on his own merit, he was about to be judged as fit or unfit to be his own successor. Not only for those reasons did he wish to be elected, but for the same reasons as caused his desire to serve a second term as Governor of New York State. He had initiated many reforms, made many appointments, and he wished to carry those reforms through, and to back up those appointments with his own helpfulness and prestige. When we parted in Philadelphia, I to return to my country home in Orange, and he to go on to meet the crucial moment of his career, I remember feeling a poignant anxiety for the result of the election; and it is easy to understand the joy with which, that evening, when the news was overwhelmingly in favor of his re-election, we received a telegram from the White House in answer to our telegram sent earlier in the evening, saying: "Was glad to hear from you. Only wish you were both with us this evening."

The next morning I received a letter, only a few lines but infinitely characteristic, penned by my brother almost immediately after his arrival at the White House, after parting with me at Philadelphia. In this letter, written before any returns of the election had been sent to him, he describes his sudden reaction from the condition of nervous excite-

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ment from which he had suffered all day. He says: "As I went up the White House steps Edith came to meet me at the door, and I suddenly realized that, after all, no matter what the outcome of the Election was, my *happiness* was assured,—that even though my ambition to have the seal of approval put upon my administration might not be gratified, my *happiness* was assured,—for my life with Edith and my children constitutes my happiness." This little note posted to me on the eve of his great victory showed more than any other his sense of proportion and his knowledge of true values.

On November 11, 1904, he writes again: "Darling Corinne: I received your letter. I have literally but one moment in which to respond, for I am swamped with letters and telegrams. We have received between eight and ten thousand. I look forward with keen eagerness to seeing you and Douglas."

And so the great moment was over, and by a larger majority than had ever before been known, the man of destiny had come into his own, and Theodore Roosevelt, acclaimed by all the people whom he had served so faithfully, was, in his own right, by the choice of the people, President of the United States.

November 12, 1904, he writes to my husband: "If you and Corinne could come on with us to the St. Louis Fair, it would be the greatest possible delight. Now, for Heaven's sake, don't let anything interfere with both of you coming."

Needless to say, we accepted the invitation joyfully, and the trip to the St. Louis Fair was one of our most unique experiences. Coming as it did almost immediately after the great victory of his overwhelming election, wherever the train stopped he received a tremendous ovation, and my memory of him during the transit is one of cheering groups and swarming delegations.

In spite of the noise and general excitement, whenever he had a spare moment of quiet I noticed that he always returned to his own special seat in a corner of the car and became at once completely absorbed in two large volumes which were always there for him. The rest of us would read irrelevantly perhaps, talk equally irrelevantly, and the hours sped past; but my brother, when he was not actually receiving delegations or making an occasional impromptu speech at the rear end of the car to the patient, waiting groups who longed to show him their devotion, always returned to his corner and settled himself in the most detached and focussed manner to the books in which he absorbed himself.

Our two days at St. Louis were the type of days only led by a presidential party at a fair. Before experiencing them I had thought it would be rather grand to be a President's sister accompanying her brother when as President he opened a great fair. "Grand" it certainly was, but the exhaustion outbalanced the grandeur. I ran steadily for forty-eight hours without one moment's intermission. My brother never seemed to walk at all; and my whole memory of the St. Louis Fair is a perpetual jog trot, interrupted only by interminable receptions, presentations of gifts, lengthy luncheons and lengthier evening banquets, and I literally remember no sleep at all. Whether we never went to bed during the time we were at the fair, or exactly what happened to the nights after twelve o'clock, is more than I can say. At the end of the time allotted for the fair, after the last long banquet, we returned to our private car, and I can still see the way in which my sister-in-law (she was not *born* a Roosevelt) fell into her stateroom. I was about to follow her example (it was midnight) when my brother turned to me in the gayest possible manner and said: "Not going to bed, are you?" "Well," I replied, "I *had* thought of it." "But, no," he said; "I told my stenographer this morning to rest all day, for I knew that I would need her services to-night, and now she is perfectly rested." I interrupted him: "But, Theodore, you never told *me* to rest all day. I have been following *you* all day—" He laughed, but firmly said: "Sit right down here. You will be sorry if you go to bed. I am going to do something that is very interesting. James Ford Rhodes has asked me to review his second and third volumes of the 'History of the United States.' You may have noticed I was reading those volumes on the way from Washington. I feel just like doing it now. The stenographer is

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rested, and as for you, it will do you a great deal of good, because you don't know as much as you should about American history." Smilingly he put me in a chair and began his dictation.

Lord Morley said, after his visit to the United States, when asked what he thought most interesting in our country, that there were two *great* things in the country—one was Niagara; the other was Theodore Roosevelt! As I listened to my brother that night I thought of Lord Morley's words, for it seemed as if, for once, the two great things were combined in one. Such a Niagara as flowed from the lips of Theodore Roosevelt would have surprised even the great English statesman. He never once referred to the books themselves, but he ran through the whole gamut of their story, suggesting here, interpolating there, courteously referring to some slight inaccuracy, taking up occasionally a full page of a chapter (referring to the special page without ever glancing at the book), and finally at 5 A. M., with a satisfied aspect, he turned to me and said: "That is all about Rhodes's history."

I rose feebly to my feet and said: "Good night, Theodore." But not at all. Still gaily, as if he had just begun a day's work instead of having reached the long and littered end of twenty-four hours, he said once more: "Don't go to bed. I must do one other piece of work, and I think you would be specially interested in it. Peter Dunne—'Dooley,' you know—has sent me an article of his on the Irish question, and wants a review on that. I am very fond of Dunne, and really feel I should like to give him my opinions, as they do not entirely agree with his in this particular article. I feel like doing this now. Sit down again." He never asked me to do anything with him that I ever refused to do, were it in my power to assent to his suggestion. How I rejoice to think that this was the case, and there was no exception made to my usual rule at 5 A. M. that November morning! I sat down again, and sure enough in a few moments all fatigue seemed to vanish from me, as I listened with eager interest to his masterly review of Peter Dunne's opinions on the Irish situation at that moment. It was a little late, or perhaps one might say a little early, to begin so complicated a subject as the Irish question, and my final memories of his review are confused with the fact that at about 7 A. M. one of the colored porters came in with coffee, and shortly after that I was assisted to my berth in a more or less asphyxiated condition of fatigue, from which I never roused again until our train reached the station at Washington.

That was the way in which Theodore Roosevelt worked. I have often thought that if some of the rest of us always had the book at hand that we wanted to read instead of wasting time in looking for it, always had clearly in our minds the extra job we wanted to do and the tools at hand with which to do it, we, too, might accomplish in some small degree work along the line of the vast numbers of things he accomplished because of *preparedness*.

As early as December 19, 1904, my sister-in-law wrote me: "Theodore says that he wants you and Douglas under his roof for the Inauguration." I always felt a deep appreciation of the fact that both my brother and his wife made us so welcome at the most interesting moments of their life in the White House.

In January of the next year he came to stay with me in New York to speak at several dinners, and a most trying incident occurred, an incident which he met with his usual sunny and unselfish attitude. We had had a large luncheon for him at my home, and when the time came for him to dress in the evening for the dinner at which he was to speak I suddenly heard a call from the third story, a pitiful call: "I don't think I have my own dress coat." I ran up-stairs, and sure enough the coat laid out with his evening clothes when he tried to put it on was so tight across his broad shoulders that whenever he moved his hands it rose unexpectedly almost to his ears. I called my butler, who insisted that he had taken the President's coat to brush it and had brought it back again to his room. This, however, proved untrue, for the awful fact was soon divulged that the extra waiter engaged for the luncheon, but who had already left the house, had apparently confused the President's coat,

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which was in the basement to be pressed, with his own and had taken away the President's coat! No one knew, at this man's house, where he had gone. There seemed no method of tracing the coat. We dressed my brother in my husband's coat, but that was even worse, for my husband's coat fell about him in folds, and there seemed nothing for it but to send him to the large public dinner with a coat that unless most cleverly manipulated insisted upon rising unexpectedly above his head. No one but my brother would have taken this catastrophe with such good humor, but he started off apparently perfectly contented, rather than give me a more dejected feeling than I already had about the misfortune. I myself was to go later to the dinner to hear from one of the boxes his speech, and I shall never forget my trepidation when as he rose and began to speak I saw the coat slowly rising higher and higher. At the most critical moment, when it seemed about to come over his head, a messenger boy, flurried and flushed with exertion, ran upon the stage with a package in his hand. The recalcitrant waiter had been found by my butler, and the President's coat had been torn from his back! Excusing himself for a moment, with a laughing gesture which brought the coat completely over his head, he retired into the wings of the platform, changed the article in question, and on his return brought down the whole house by his humorous account of the reason for his retirement!

On March 3, 1905, as guests of my cousin Emlen Roosevelt, who took a special car for the occasion, the members of my family, my husband, and myself started for the inauguration of Theodore Roosevelt as President. Memories crowd upon me when I think of those days at the White House. The atmosphere was one of great family gaiety; but combined with that gaiety there was an underlying seriousness on the part of my brother, who fully realized the solemn duties which he was now to assume as the chosen leader of the nation.

What a day it was, that inaugural day! As usual, the "personal" came so much into it. The night before, Mr. John Hay sent him a ring with a part of the lock of Lincoln's hair which he, John Hay, had cut from the martyred President's brow. I have never known my brother to receive a gift for which he cared so deeply. To wear that ring on the day of his own inauguration as President of the United States, elected to the office by the free will of the great American people, was to him, perhaps, the highest fulfilment of his desires. The day dawned sombre and clouded, but with sunlight filtering through the clouds, and the ceremonies were fraught, to those of us who loved him so dearly, with the deepest solemnity. The Vice-President taking his oath in the Senate Chamber, the arrival of the Supreme Court in that chamber, the glittering uniforms of the foreign ambassadors and their suites, the appearance of the President-elect, and our withdrawal to the porch of the Capitol, from which he was to make his inaugural address—all of this remains indelibly impressed upon my mind. His solemn, ardent words as he dedicated himself afresh to the service of the country, the great crowd straining to hear each sentence, the eager attitude of his guard of honor—his beloved Rough Riders—made a poignant picture never to be forgotten. An eye-witness of the scene wrote as follows: "Chief Justice Fuller with his beautiful white hair and his long, judicial gown administered the oath, and Roosevelt repeated it so loudly that he could be heard in spite of the wind. In fact the wind rather added to the impressiveness than otherwise, as it gave the President a chance to throw back his shoulders to resist it, and that gave you a wonderful feeling of strength that went splendidly with the speech itself. The speech was short, and was mainly a plea for the 'Peace of Justice' as compared with the 'Peace of the Coward.' It was very stirring. The applause was tremendous."

I would have my readers remember that when Theodore Roosevelt plead for such a peace it was in 1905, nine years before peace was broken by the armies of the Huns, and during those long years he never once failed to preach that doctrine, and to the last moment of his life abhorred and denounced "the peace of the coward."

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Following quickly on his inaugural speech came a merry luncheon at the White House, at which intimate friends from New York were almost as cordially welcomed as were Bill Sewall's large family from the Maine woods, and Will Merrifield, who, as I have said before, brought the greetings of the State of Montana. After lunch we all went out on the reviewing-stand. The President stood at the front of his box, his hat always off in response to the salutes. The great procession lasted for hours—West Pointers and naval cadets, followed by endless State organizations, governors on horseback, cowboys waving their lassoes and shouting favorite slogans. They even lassoed a couple of men, en passant. Chief Joseph, the grand old man of the Nez Percé tribe, gorgeously caparisoned, his fine head-dress waving in the wind, and a body of Indians following him, only a shade less superb in costume, then a hundred and fifty Harvard fellows in black gowns and caps—and how they cheered for the President as they passed the stand! Surely never has there before been such an inauguration of any President in Washington. Never has there been such a feeling of personal devotion in so many hearts. Other Presidents have had equal admiration, equal loyalty perhaps, but none has had that loyalty and admiration given by so liberal and varied a number of his fellow countrymen.

It was dark before we left the stand, and soon inside of the White House followed a reception to the Rough Riders. What a happy time the President had with them, recalling bygone adventures, while the Roosevelt and Robinson children ran merrily about listening to the wonderful stories, and feeding the voracious Rough Riders. Later the President went, bareheaded, to the steps under the porte-cochère and received the cowboys, who rode past one after another, leaning from their prancing ponies, and joyfully shaking hands with their old chief, ready with some joke for his special benefit, to which there was always a repartee. It was a unique scene as they cheered the incoming magnate under the old porte-cochère, and one never to be repeated. And then the Harvard men filed past to shake hands.

Needless to say, dinner was rather late, though very merry, and we were all soon off again, this time to the Inaugural Ball. It was a beautiful sight, the hall enormous, with two rows of arches and pillars, one above the other, along each side. The floor was absolutely crowded with moving people, all with their faces straining up at our box. Ten thousand people bought tickets.

Mr. Matthew Hale, then tutor to my nephew Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., described it as follows: "The whole room was beautifully decorated with lights and wreaths and flowers. As I stood looking down on the great pageant I felt as though I were in some other world—as though these people below there and moving in and out were not real people, but were all part of some great mechanism built for our special benefit. And then my feeling would change to the other extreme when I thought of each one of those men and women as individuals, each one thinking, and feeling and acting according to his own will—that each one just for that one night came together for a common purpose—to see the President. Soon an open place appeared in the throng before us, and the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and behind them Vice-President and Mrs. Fairbanks walked to the other end of the hall and back, while the people cheered and cheered."

Back to the White House after the ball, and then, best of all, what we used to call a "back-hair" talk in Theodore and Edith's bedroom. What fun, in comfortable dishabille, we had as we talked the great day over. A small round bottle of old wine was found somewhere by Mrs. Roosevelt, and the family drank the President's health. And we talked of old times and childhood days, and of the dear ones whose hearts would have glowed so ardently had they lived to see that day. We laughed immoderately over all kinds of incongruous happenings, and we could hardly bear to say good night, for we still felt so gay, so full of life and fun, so invigorated and stimulated by the deeper thoughts and desires, which, however, only took the form that night of increasing hilarity!

Shortly after that March inauguration my daughter Corinne, just eighteen, was asked by her kind aunt to pay a visit at the White House, and I impressed upon

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her the wonderful opportunity she would have of listening to the great men of the world at the informal luncheons which were a feature of my brother's incumbency. "Do not miss a word," I said to my daughter. "Uncle Ted brings to luncheon all the great men in Washington —almost always several members of the Cabinet, and always any one of interest who is visiting in Washington. Be sure and listen to everything. You will never hear such talk again." When she returned home from that visit I eagerly asked her about the wonderful luncheons at the White House, where I had so frequently sat spellbound. My somewhat irreverent young daughter said: "Mother, I laughed internally all the way through my first luncheon at the White House. Uncle Ted was perfectly lovely to me, and took me by the hand and said: 'Corinny, dear, you are to sit at my right hand today, and you must have the most delightful person in the room on your other side.' With that he glanced at the distinguished company who were surrounding him waiting to be assigned to their seats, and picking out a very elderly gentleman with a long white beard he said with glowing enthusiasm: 'You shall have John Burroughs, the great naturalist.' I confess I had hoped for some secretary in the Cabinet, but, no, Uncle Ted did not think there was any one in the world that compared in thrilling excitement to the wonderful lover of birds. Even so, I thought mother would wish me to learn all about natural history, and I shall hear marvellous ornithological tales, even if politics must be put aside. Even in that ambition, however, I was doomed to disappointment, for at the very beginning of luncheon Uncle Ted leaned across me to Mr. Burroughs and said: 'John, this morning I heard a chippy sparrow, and he sang twee twee right in my ear.' Mr. Burroughs, with a shade of disapproval on his face, said: 'Mr. President, you must be mistaken. It was not a *chippy* sparrow if it sang twee, twee. The note of the *chippy* sparrow is twee, twee, twee.' From that moment on the great affairs of our continent, the international crises of all kinds were utterly forgotten, while the President of the United States and his esteemed guest, the great naturalist, discussed with a good deal of asperity whether *that* chippy sparrow had said 'twee, twee,' or 'twee, twee, twee.' We rose from the table with the question still unsettled." My brother always loved to hear my daughter tell this story, although his face always assumed a somewhat sheepish expression as she dilated on the difference between her mother's prognostications of what a luncheon at the White House would mean from an intellectual standpoint, and what the realization of the prophecy actually turned out to be.

In spite of my daughter's experience, however, I can say with truth that there never were such luncheons as those luncheons at the White House during my brother's life there. The wonderful knowledge, the pregnant wit, and quiet, brilliant sarcasm of the Secretary of State, Mr. Root, the gay smile of the Secretary of War, Mr. Taft, the charming culture and universal kindliness of that delightful member of the Cabinet, the Attorney-General, Mr. Moody, the intellectual acumen and scholarly erudition of my brother's most intimate friend and constant companion, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, all combined to make these luncheons the most delightful of occasions, and always the most distinguished visitors in Washington from whatever country or from whatever State of our own country would be brought in with informal hospitality and received for the time being by President and Mrs. Roosevelt into the bosom of the family. The whole Cabinet would occasionally adjourn from one of their most important meetings to the lunch-table, and then the President and Mr. Root would cap each other's stories of the way in which this or that question had been discussed during the Cabinet meeting. I doubt if ever there were such cabinet meetings as those held between the years 1901 and 1909.

That spring Mr. Robinson and I took my daughter to Porto Rico to visit Governor and Mrs. Beekman Winthrop. My brother believed strongly in young men, and having admired the excellent record of young Beekman Winthrop as Circuit Judge in the Philippines, he decided to make him governor of Porto Rico. He was only twenty-nine, and his charming wife still younger, but they made a most ideal couple as administrators of the beau-

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tiful island. After having been with them in the old palace for about a week, and having enjoyed beyond measure all the pleasures so graciously arranged for us, Governor Winthrop came to me and told me that he was much distressed at the behavior of a certain official; that he felt sure that the President would not wish the man to remain in office, did he know that he was actually a disgrace to the United States. "Mrs. Robinson," he said, "will you not go to the President on your return and tell him that I am quite sure he would not wish to retain this man in office? I know the President likes us to work with the tools which have been given us, and I dislike beyond measure to seem not to be able to do so, but I am convinced that this is no man to represent the United States in this island." "Have you your proofs of his inefficiency, Beekman?" I asked. "I should not be willing to approach my brother with any such criticism without accurate proofs." "I most assuredly have them," he answered, and sure enough he *did* have them, and I shortly afterward sailed with them back to New York.

Immediately upon my arrival I telegraphed my brother as follows: "Would like to see you on Porto Rican business. When shall I come?" One of Theodore Roosevelt's most striking characteristics was the rapidity with which he answered letters or telegrams. One literally felt that one had not posted a letter or sent the telegram rushing along the wire before the rapid answer came winging back again, and the answer to this telegram was no exception to the rule. I rather hoped for a week in which to get settled after my trip to Porto Rico, but not so. The rapid-fire answer read as follows: "Come to-morrow." Of course there was nothing for me to do but go "to-morrow." It was late in April, and as I drove up to the White House from the station I thought how lovely a city was Washington in the springtime. The yellow forsythias gave a golden glow to the squares, and the white and hanging petals of the fringe trees waved in the soft air. I never drove under the White House porte-cochère without a romantic feeling of excitement at the realization that it was *my* brother, lover of America, lover of Lincoln, who lived under that roof which symbolized all that America meant. As I went up the White House steps he blew out of the door, dressed for his ride on horseback. His horse and that of a companion were waiting for him. He came smilingly toward me, welcomed me, and said, "Edie has had to go to Philadelphia for the night to visit a cousin, so we are all alone," and then he continued: "I have ordered dinner out on the back porch, for it is so warm and lovely and there is a full moon, and I thought we could be so quiet there. I have so much to tell you. All sorts of political things have happened during your absence, and besides that I have learned several new poems of Kipling and Swinburne, and I feel like reciting them to you in the moonlight." "How perfectly lovely!" I replied, "and when shall I see you about Porto Rico?" A slight frown came over his face and he said fiercely: "Certainly not to-night. You have your appointment at nine o'clock to-morrow morning in the office to discuss business matters." Then with a returning smile: "I will be back pretty soon. Good-by." And he jumped on his horse and clattered away toward Rock Creek.

It all came true, although it almost seemed like a fairy-tale. We *had* that lovely dinner on the portico at the back of the White House looking toward the Washington Monument—that portico which was so beautifully reproduced by Sargent's able brush for Mrs. Roosevelt later—and under the great, soft moon, with the scent of shrub and flower in the air, he recited Kipling and Swinburne, and then, breaking into more serious happenings, gave me a vivid description of some difficulty he had had with Congress, the members of which had refused to receive a certain message which he had sent them, and during the interval between the sending of it and their final decision to receive it how he had shut himself up in his library, glad for a moment of unexpected leisure, and had written an essay which he had long desired to write on the Irish sagas!

The moon had waned and the stars were brighter and deeper before we left the portico. We never *could* go to bed when we were together, and I am so glad that we never did!

The next morning I knocked at his door

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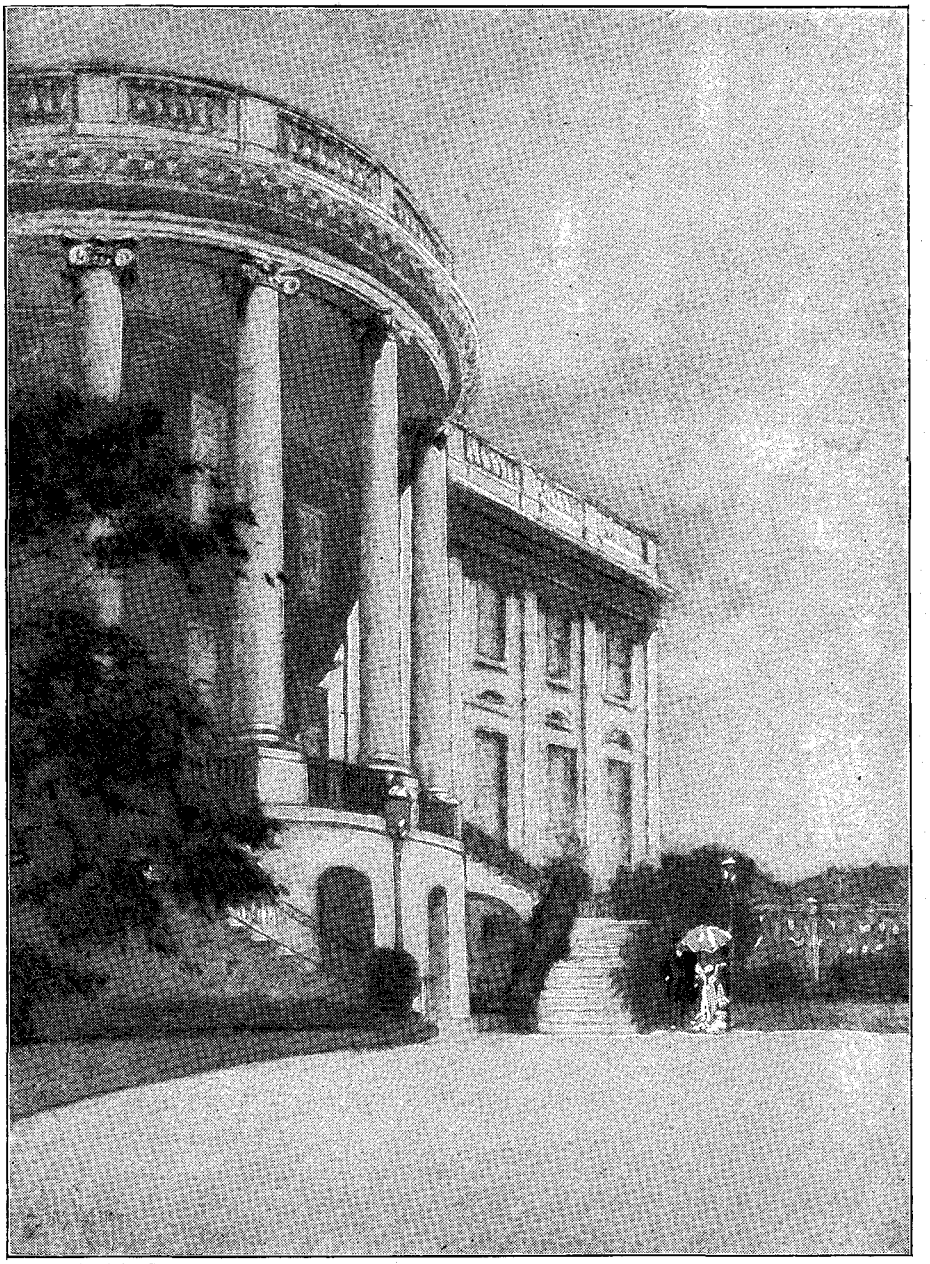

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

We *had* that lovely dinner on the portico at the back of the White House looking toward the Washington Monument.—Page 90.

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at eight, to go down to the early breakfast with the children, which was one of the features, quite as much as were the brilliant lunches, of home life in the White House. He came out of his dressing-room radiant and smiling, ready for the day's work, looking as if he had had eight hours of sleep instead of five, and rippling over with the laughter which he always infused into those family breakfasts. As we passed the table at the head of the staircase, at which later in the day my sister-in-law's secretary wrote her letters, the telephone-bell on the table rang, and with spontaneous simplicity—*not* ringing a bell for a menial to answer the telephone-call—he picked up the receiver himself as he passed by. His face assumed a listening look, and then a broad smile broke over his features. "No," he said. "No, I am not Archie, I am Archie's father." A minute passed and he laughed aloud and then said: "All right, I will tell him; I won't forget." Hanging up the receiver he turned to me half-sheepishly but very much amused. "That's a good joke on any President," he said. "You may have realized that there was a little boy on the other end of that wire, and he started the conversation by saying, 'Is that you, Archie?' and I replied, 'No, it is Archie's father.' Whereupon he answered with evident disgust: 'Well, you'll *do*. Be sure and tell Archie to come to supper. Don't forget.' 'How the creatures order one about!' " he quoted from our favorite volume, "Alice in Wonderland," and proceeded to run at full speed down to the breakfast-room. There the children greeted us vociferously, and the usual jolly meal ensued. For that half-hour he always belonged to the children. Questions and answers about their school life, their occupations outside of school, etc., etc., followed in rapid succession, interspersed with various fascinating tales told by him for their special edification.

After the young people had dispersed there was still a short half-hour left before he went to the office at nine o'clock, and whenever I visited the White House (my visits were rather rare, as my husband, being a tied-down business man in New York, could not often break away) that time was always given to me, and we usually walked around the great circle at the back of the White House. It was his most vigorous moment of the day, that hour from 8.30 to 9. He had not yet met the puzzling defeats and compromises necessitated by the conflicting interests that surrounded him, and he was fresh and vivid, interested in the problems that were to be brought to him for solution that day, and observant of everything around him. I remember that morning as we walked around the circle he was discussing a very serious problem that had to be decided within a few hours, and he held his forefinger straight up and said: "You know my temperament always wants to get *there*" [putting his other forefinger on the apex of the first]. "I naturally wish to reach the goal of my desire, but would I not be very blind and stupid if, because I couldn't get *there*, I decided to stay here [changing his right forefinger to the base of the left] rather than get here"—finishing his simile by placing the right finger to the third notch of the finger on his other hand.

Just as he was finishing this sentence his eye caught sight of a tiny object on the pathway, so minute a little brown spot that I should never have noticed it; but he stooped, picked up the small object, and held it between his forefinger and thumb, looking at it eagerly, and then muttering somewhat below his breath: "Very early for a fox-sparrow." He threw the tiny piece of fluff again upon the path. "How do you know that that was a feather from a fox-sparrow, Theodore?" I said in my usual astonishment at his extraordinary observation and information. "I can understand how you might know it was a sparrow, but how know it belonged to the fox-sparrow rather than to any of the other innumerable little creatures of that species?" He was almost deprecatory in his manner as he said in reply: "Well, you see I have really made a great study of sparrows." And then we were back at the entrance to the White House, and in a moment I leaned out of the dining-room window and watched him walk across the short space between that window and the office, his head thrown back, his shoulders squared to meet the difficulties of the day, and every bit of him alive, alert, and glowing with health and strength and power and mentality.

I myself went up-stairs, put on my

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"best bib and tucker," and proceeded to go around the other way to the front door of the offices. As I rang the bell the dear old man who always opened the door greeted me warmly and said: "Yes, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, your appointment is at nine. You are just on time." I went into the outer hall, where a number of the appointees of 9.15, 9.30, etc., were already waiting, to be on hand for their appointments, and in a moment or two Mr. Loeb opened the door of the private office of the President and came out into the hall and said in a rather impersonal way, "Mrs. Douglas Robinson's appointment," and I was shown into the room. My brother was seated at a large table, and on it was every imaginable paper marked "Porto Rico." As I entered he was still reading one of these papers. Looking up, I almost felt a shock as I met what seemed to be a pair of perfectly opaque blue eyes. I could hardly believe they were the eyes of the brother with whom I had so lately parted, the eyes that had glistened as he recited the great poems of Kipling and Swinburne, the eyes that had almost closed to see better the tiny breast fluff of the fox-sparrow. These were rather cold eyes, the eyes of a just judge, eyes that were turned upon his sister as they would have been turned upon any other individual who came to him in connection with a cause to which he must give his most careful attention. He waved me to a chair, finished the paper he was reading, and then, turning to me, his eyes still stern and opaque, he said: "I believe you have come to see me on business connected with Porto Rico. Kindly be as condensed as possible." I decided to meet him on his own ground, and made my eyes as much like his as possible, and *was* as condensed as possible. Having listened carefully to my short story, he said: "Have you proof of this?"—still rather sternly. Again I decided to answer him with much of his own manner. So I replied: "I should not be here, wasting your time or mine, did I not have adequate proof." With that I handed him the notes made by the governor of Porto Rico, and proceeded to explain them. He became a little less severe after reading them but no less serious, and turning to me more gently, said: "This is a very serious matter. I have got to be sure of the correctness of these statements. A man's whole future hangs upon my decision." For a moment I felt like an executioner, but realizing as I did the shocking and disgraceful behavior of the official in question, I knew that no sentimentality on my part should be allowed to interfere with the important decision to be made, and I briefly backed up all that the governor had written. I can still hear the sound of the President's pen as he took out the paper on which the man's name was inscribed, and with one strong stroke effaced that name from official connection with Porto Rico forever. That was the way that Theodore Roosevelt did business with his sister.

That same year, 1905, the old Provençal poet Frédéric Mistral sent him his poem called "Mireille," and in acknowledging the book my brother seems to me to express more than in almost any other letter the spirit which permeated his whole life. I close this chapter with this letter, feeling that it shows indisputably that though he had reached the apex of his desires, that though he was now a great President by the free choice of the people of a great country—perhaps the most powerful ruler at the moment of any country—his ideals for that country, just as his ideals for himself and for his own beloved home life, were what they had always been before the sceptre of a ruler had been clasped in his outstretched hand:

"White House, Washington,
December 15, 1904.

"MY DEAR M. MISTRAL:

"Mrs. Roosevelt and I were equally pleased with the book and the medal, and none the less because for nearly twenty years we have possessed a copy of Mireille. That copy we shall keep for old association's sake; though this new copy with the personal inscription by you must hereafter occupy the place of honour.

"All success to you and your associates! You are teaching the lesson that none need more to learn than we of the West, we of the eager, restless, wealth-seeking nation; the lesson that after a certain not very high level of material well-being has been reached, then the things that really count in life are the things of the spirit. Factories and railways are good up to a certain point, but

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courage and endurance, love of wife and child, love of home and country, love of lover for sweetheart, love of beauty in man's work and in nature, love and emulation of daring and of lofty endeavour, the homely work-a-day virtues and the heroic virtues—these are better still, and if they are lacking, no piled-up riches, no roaring, clanging industrialism, no feverish and many-sided activity shall avail either the individual or the nation. I do not undervalue these things of a nation's body; I only desire that they shall not make us forget that beside the nation's body there is also the nation's soul.

"Again thanking you on behalf of both of us, believe me,

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

"To M. Frederic Mistral."

PSYCHOLOGY GOLDBRICKS

CHARACTER ANALYSIS—"APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY"

BY HENRY FOSTER ADAMS

Associate Professor of Psychology, University of Michigan

[SECOND PAPER]

III

CHARACTER ANALYSIS *

A THIRD kind of psychology goldbrick is character analysis. The forms which it has taken have been so numerous that discussion will be limited to character analysis through the study of physiognomy and phrenology.

Surprisingly enough, the sponsors of these schemes have left untouched the only workable approach—inferring traits of character from actions and from the traces left as results of actions. Consequently, any method of reading character from structural peculiarities is opposed by orthodox psychology.

For instance, we are quite justified in saying that one who is sunburned has been out of doors; that the one who has an upward tilt at the corners of the mouth has either inherited a family peculiarity or has developed that expression through his habit of smiling. This method of approach through actions and through their results is entirely justifiable and may be used with comparative safety. On the other hand, the endeavor to diagnose mental peculiarities as a result of structural signs, *i. e.*, shape of the nose, size of the mouth, etc., has been attended by negligible success.

The hybrid mixture of phrenology and physiognomy appeared very early, an unverified statement places the earliest reference to them in a recently discovered Egyptian papyrus, which dates back to 2000 B. C. Early authentic instances are likewise contained in the Bible apropos of Gideon and his fight against the Midianites, and also in Homer, who is supposed to have written about 800 B. C. The following quotation from the "Iliad," as well as the story of Gideon, show, however, that the earliest examples are based definitely upon the activities of the individual rather than upon his static physical structures.

"For if a coward, his color keeps changing, nor does his spirit restrain him to sit quietly, but he shifts his knees and crouches upon both his feet, and in his breast his heart beats loudly, as he thinks on his doom, and there is a chatter of his teeth; but in the brave man the color changes not, nor is he sorely afraid, when once he sits down in an ambush of heroes, but he prays right quickly to win in the dread struggle."

Here the functional, rather than structural phase of physiognomy is obvious.

Socrates and Aristotle, living in the

* See "The Mythology and Science of Character Analysis," by the same author in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May.

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fourth century B. C., are supposed to have written on the topic. Below is given a quotation from the "Physiognomonica," attributed to Aristotle.

"For minds evidently change greatly under the influence of the affections of the body. And vice versa the body is obviously sympathetic with the affections of the soul in the matter of love, fear, pain, and pleasure. And moreover in the natural happenings one would better see that body and soul are so closely connected that they are each responsible for most of the affections of the other. For there has never been such a living thing as had the form of one animal and the mind of another; but the body and the soul are of the same animal, so that it is necessary that such and such a mind shall accompany such and such a body. And besides, those who are skilled judges of other animals are able to come to conclusions from the appearance, horsemen as to horses, hunters as to dogs. And if this is true it would be possible to practise the art of physiognomy.

2. "Previous physiognomists have attempted to work along three lines, each along one. For some read character from the genera of the living beings, setting down a certain appearance and mind for each genus of being. But others assumed in such matters that one who had a body like the body of another, had a soul like his also, and certain others did the same thing to be sure, but did not form their judgments from all living beings but from the human race itself, and dividing it by races, as many as differ in appearance and customs, *e. g.*, the Egyptians, the Thracians, and the Scythians, in a similar way they selected the sign. And certain ones took their sign from the characters that appear—what sort of disposition each character follows with, *e. g.*, one who is subject to anger, fear, libidinous passion, and each of the various affections. And it is possible to practise physiognomy by all of these methods and by others also, and to make the selection of signs in a different way."

It will be seen that these latter authors emphasize the structural side. Only in the last few years has there been the tendency to regard ACTION as symbolic of character in disregard of the structure.

Phrenology is the study whereby one infers traits of character from the configuration of the head. A bump is supposed to indicate some well developed trait, whereas a hollow is taken to mean the lack of it. Phrenology, as a definite system, began in the eighteenth century as a direct result of the studies of the physiologist, Gall. He had succeeded in his laboratory in determining certain of the sensory and motor functions of the brain. Generalizing from inadequate findings, he and his disciple Spurzheim attributed definite faculties to the different brain areas. In their effort they divided the brain into tiny rooms, each room being supposed to possess some faculty. As the room became more and more crowded by the development of the particular faculty, expansion was necessary, and the phrenologist inferred that outward force was exerted, displacing the bone of the skull which lay outside and so producing a bump.

There are two objections to this system of phrenology. The first is that it divides the brain into compartments and assigns to each a faculty. More recent study has shown that these faculties do not exist. There is no one specific honesty, but there are rather as many honesties as different situations call for.

With the abandonment of this structural theory the main claim of the phrenologist to credence was removed.

More ludicrous even is their later assumption, that bumps on the skull are indices of a certain well-developed trait. For surrounding the brain are three membranes, one of which is comparatively thick and rich in blood-vessels. These structures can usually adopt any change of shape of the brain below, without affecting the outer skull in any particular area.

From the common sense point of view there is no reason for assuming a relationship between any part of the brain and any particular trait of character. Possibly two or three examples will disclose the fundamental fallacy of phrenology better than pages of logical disproof. At the crown of the head there is located, by one system of phrenology, the "faculty" of reverence. Scientific studies of the function of the brain which underlies this portion show that it is concerned with the reception of muscular sensations from the feet and legs. Similarly the phrenologist

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endows an elevation just back of the ear with the significance of love of life. Actually, the underlying brain region there is given over to the association of auditory impressions from the opposite ear. Why there should be any strong relation between the ability to combine different sounds and the love of life is a question which should puzzle the practical phrenologist. Throughout the problem we find the teachings of phrenology to be out of accord with the demonstrated facts of brain physiology.

Even one of the most plausible of their statements, namely, that a high forehead is a sign of intelligence, has been definitely disproved by the painstaking studies of Karl Pearson. He demonstrated experimentally that the color of the hair, or its straightness or curliness, shows one's intelligence better than does a high forehead, although these are not offered either as good indices. In other words, there has been found no definite relationship between any single peculiarity of the shape of the head and any trait of character.

For many years an Italian criminologist, Lombroso, made a study of criminal structural peculiarities and their relationship to crime. He found well-marked tendencies for criminals to possess certain stigmata or signs, but unfortunately the signs of the criminal were found to be widely prevalent among those whose names had never been upon police blotters. It was his pet scheme to have all individuals who were marked by a peculiar sign watched by his detectives, thus preventing crime instead of merely punishing it after it had been committed. It was entirely impracticable, for the characteristic sign of a murderer was found in altogether too many tender-hearted individuals to make the scheme at all feasible.

All systems of similar nature, in which relationship has been sought between traits of character and peculiarity of the structure, have met about the same fate.

In physiognomy the goal is to find certain landmarks on the face or forehead which shall stand as universal signs of certain definite traits of character. Before venturing on a theoretical discussion it may be illuminating to mention the statement made by a colleague in a recent public lecture. He and his associates undertook a comparative study of the teachings of ten leading physiognomists. They started to prepare a gigantic graph wherein the relationship between the traits of character and the physical landmarks was shown. But they found so great a disagreement in the teachings of the ten authors that they decided to limit themselves to a study of the nose alone. When the chart was completed they discovered that frequently some structural peculiarity of the nose was assigned as an index to at least ten different traits of character. When experts at reading bumps and noses differ so widely among themselves, how are their poor ignorant fellows to decide anything? The very inconsistencies in the teachings of these ten chosen examples should afford the best possible proof of the futility of physiognomy as a "science."

In any scientific investigation it is absolutely necessary to distinguish between causal and accidental connection. When physiognomy teaches that the jutting jaw is a symptom of a strong will, it should tell us also whether strength of will is the cause of the jutting jaw or vice versa. So far as I have read, physiognomists do not endeavor to do this. One infers, therefore, that for them physical signs are really the cause of mental traits. Yet it would be more plausible, provided there is any causal connection between them, to believe that both were the result of some common cause.

A really scientific procedure for such an experiment would be as follows: Obtain an objective measure of strength of will, an objective measure of protrusion of jaw, then select a number of individuals at random, the more the better, and measure these two traits as possessed by each. The total number with weak will and retreating jaw, weak will and protruding jaw, strong will and retreating jaw, and strong will and protruding jaw would be recorded. The results of such a survey could be grouped in this manner.

	WEAK WILL	STRONG WILL
Retreating Jaw	*A*	*B*
Protruding Jaw	*C*	*D*

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If the majority of entries fall in squares *A* and *D*, it would be proof of a causal connection; if the majority appear in *B* and *C*, it would prove an inverse relationship; if *A* and *D* equal *B* and *C*, there would be no relationship at all.

So far as we can infer from the writings of physiognomists they take account of only two, *A* and *D*, of the four possible relationships, and look only for correspondence between strong will and strong jaw and weak will and slack jaw. And of course they find many cases which are accidentally, at least, in accord with their theory.

The second important objection to physiognomy is the practical impossibility of agreement upon the definition of a single trait of character. It has been pointed out earlier that with the abandonment of structural psychology and the development of the functional theory we are forced to abandon the idea of separate entities or faculties and are compelled to speak of doing and accomplishing rather than of the THING which does and accomplishes. In other words, we search for a higher unit rather than a lower one, the unit of action rather than the unit of structure. And this multiplies the number of units indefinitely. There is no one will entity, but rather as many different willings as there are different situations in which individuals can select and choose. We may well expect to be above the average in some of these relationships and below in a number of others. When we put them all together, the sum total for a number of individuals will probably not differ very widely. Exactly the same thing is true of honesty, trustworthiness, and a host of kindred qualities.

Another of the many faults of physiognomy is a subtle one, and certainly not at first sight apparent. To show where this inaccuracy lies, we shall make five assumptions, each one of which we believe to be self-evident.

First, all traits of character exist in contrary pairs, as for example, honesty-dishonesty, tenderness-cruelty, verboseness-conciseness, promptness-tardiness. No one is absolutely honest or sympathetic or prompt, so there is always in him some of the opposite trait. Therefore, you can say anything about a person, and it will be, to some extent, true.

Second, it follows that if you are looking for a trait in a person you can always find it to some degree.

Third, if you tell a person that he possesses a trait, he will go out of his way to demonstrate the soundness of your judgment by displaying that trait to you in a more than average degree. He will also be convinced that he does possess it to an unusual extent, for he will be watching for it and prompt to note its every manifestation. This is due to the fact that his attention has been directed to focus on it, whereas before, he was more or less unconscious of its presence.

Fourth, both you and the person under consideration are led to believe in and anticipate certain traits because of our traditional physiognomy which has augmented its hold upon popular fancy as a result of stage tradition, descriptions by writers of fiction, and portraits of prominent men.

Fifth, as was shown above, the anticipation or expectation of a trait leads to its being emphasized, for our attention is all set for it and we notice it on every possible occasion. Therefore, physical sign is not the cause of the trait nor the result of it, but is the cause of the expectation of that trait. The expectation, in its turn, is the cause not of the trait but of our finding and exaggerating it.

To illustrate, let us assume that prominent eyes are a sign of linguistic ability. There are obviously varying degrees of this. No normal person is absolutely perfect in this respect nor absolutely defective. Because we have heard the tradition, when we see prominent eyes we look for one who is a language artist. Because that is our anticipation, any well-turned phrase which falls from his lips, or any words of foreign origin which adorn his conversation, lead us to believe that he really is a superior linguist. The ability is emphasized simply because we are looking for it.

Taking up another system which claims a scientific basis, we find that the fundamental assumption does have definite scientific value. Dividing human beings on biological grounds into two classes, blonds and brunettes, and inferring that

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certain traits are the result of environmental condition is justifiable. William James says that mind and the world have been evolved together, and consequently are something of a mutual fit.

The fallacy involved in this so-called scientific system lies in the lack of consideration of what happens when blonds and brunettes intermarry. If the blond has certain definite physical and mental peculiarities, and the brunette others which are opposed, the offspring of such marriages may show the physical peculiarities of the blond and the mental peculiarities of the blond as well, or the physical and mental peculiarities of the brunette. But also the blond physical and the brunette mental qualities, or the brunette physical, and the blond mental qualities will appear in an equal number of children. The remaining will be mixed. In other words, the chances of accuracy after a considerable period with cross-breeding between blonds and brunettes will be exactly fifty-fifty, and consequently physical traits cannot be justly ascribed to mental characteristics.

It is evident, then, that these systems of character analysis which find relations between physical and mental traits can give at best only chance accuracy. In other words, one who trusts them will be right half the time and wrong half the time. The impressive language and extravagant claims of the theorists mentioned impress only the uninitiated, whose imaginations become an easy victim to such blandishments. As far as practical results are concerned, they get nothing for their money unless it be material for starting a fire.

IV

"APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY"

By far the most subtle and vicious psychology goldbricks are the so-called courses in "applied" psychology. Such courses of study—guaranteed—will teach how to become and remain permanently healthy, how to become and remain permanently happy, and how to gain wealth! Their "psychology" is seventy-five per cent truism and twenty-five per cent babble in which the expressions "vibrations," "levitation," "thought transferrence," and "universal consciousness" rival "suggestion" and "subconscious mind" in frequency of appearance. A sample is the following: "Oh, yes! I can teach you how to cure gall-stones (or any other disease). I go into that in detail in my classes." In this connection it is necessary to differentiate sharply between those which emphasize the mental side and those which emphasize the physical. There is a good deal to be said for the former, but nothing for the latter. Both, however, are culpable because of their gross misrepresentation of what mind is and of what can be accomplished by mental effort. Even though their teachings run in part counter to those of memory systems, will-training systems, and systems for improving and making more attractive one's personality, they are very largely a composite made up of parts of all such systems.

The underlying fallacy of such "applied" psychology largely results from a total misapprehension of the mental possibilities of the individual. It appears to stress the misunderstandings of psychology which have been fostered by sensational newspaper stories, in which the startling is so often preferred to the accurate. Both the writers of these stories and the people who are impressed by them are not quite sure whether psychology is a new fraternal organization, a disease, a patent medicine, or the name of a new play. Some seem to believe that mind and brain are the same. It is doubtful whether they make adequate distinction between mind and body. They never stop to wonder how a psychical or non-material mind can be causally related to the body, nor how the physical body can be related to a non-material mind.

The situation reminds one of the quip which appeared in *Puck* a good many years ago. "What is mind?" "No matter," is the answer. "What is matter?" "Never mind," is again the retort.

Mind is an assumption pure and simple. While each one of us is reasonably sure that he possesses a mind, there is no sure way of telling about the mind of any other person. We infer from his actions that he must have mental processes supposedly like ours, but there is no way of being absolutely sure. All we know about what is going on inside the heads

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of other people is derived from their behavior. From this standpoint, the study of psychology is as objective and material as the study of physics or chemistry. It is an actual science based upon the observed behavior of individuals, and whatever laws it has developed are laws of behavior.

In the vast majority of courses in so-called "applied" psychology frequent mention is made of the "subconscious." When this term is used it apparently means a variety of things; in fact, it has become a blanket word used to cover practically all of the situations, and phenomena which the writers are either unable to explain or are too lazy to work out in greater detail. It frequently assumes a mystic guise, and is thereby used to explain such phenomena as ghosts, telepathy, and many of the manifestations of spiritism.

Sometimes the assumption is made that all human beings are possessed of two minds, the objective, which is used in ordinary daily life and the subjective, which is unknown to the possessor but still is capable of guiding his hand on the Ouija-board or of communicating with the dead.

The theory originated in the effort to explain the phenomena of hypnotism and mesmerism. Needless to say, the term subjective mind is an unfortunate term, for all minds are subjective, and basically all of the peculiarities which are attributed to the subjective mind can be shown to be attributes of the ordinary everyday mentality.

The situation is something like this: Whenever we attend to anything, some one idea is rendered more clear and distinct and emphatic in consciousness, and the other ideas which are simultaneously present are correspondingly more indistinct and vague. The result is that mind, as we know it, is largely built up of those impressions to which we have attended, for these produce more permanent and more striking modifications on the pathways of the nervous system. But these impressions, whenever they arise in the focus of consciousness, still leave their effects to a minor extent in the brain substances and, consequently, may be recalled. The likelihood of such recalling is slight as compared with that of the ideas to which we have attended. Still, since mind is in the last analysis a function of all the modifications in the plastic nervous substance, these impressions of which we have never been very definitely aware are still capable of modifying the mental contents. Under normal conditions such vague impressions seldom occur. Under certain unusual situations, however, they may appear, much to the surprise of the individual.

If we make a classification in the accepted terminology of the objective and subjective mind, we find that at any instant of time we are aware of few experiences, probably not more than twenty, and these twenty experiences constitute the objective mind at that particular instant. Succeeding experiences crowd these out, in turn, and we have another manifestation of the objective mind. This during our waking hours is a continuous process. All other experiences which are stored in the brain and which are subject to recall at any time must be said to constitute the subjective mind. We have here exactly the situation which we met in physics in determining the difference between kinetic and potential energy. The objective mind corresponds to the kinetic form of energy and the subjective mind to the potential. The subjective mind becomes objective when the experiences are in actual process of recall. The objective becomes subjective when the recalled experiences fade away from consciousness. There is, obviously, no real mystery here. It is as simple and as capable of explanation as are the laws of physics and chemistry.

There is another very great misunderstanding as to what mind is.

Our physical bodies are three dimensional objects; minds, at first sight, belong to the fourth dimension. For, if one is shut up in a room with drawn curtains, can he not see by projecting his mind's eye, the trees, houses, and automobiles which are outside? Can he not revisit scenes which are physically thousands of miles away? Cannot his mind, plunging through walls, buildings, even mountain ranges, visit at any time any spot in the physical universe? Can it not communicate with other minds encountered upon such journeys?

The answer to all these conjectures is an emphatic NO!

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Mind is as truly confined in the room as is the body. In such apparent wanderings, mind is simply calling up a series of memory images the source of which is the brain of the individual as affected by his past experiences. No mind can escape the physical boundaries of its own brain, nor can it remember events which have not been somehow stored in that brain, nor can it imagine any new things which are not combined from a store of old memories.

It is impossible to prove that mind controls body, or that body controls mind. Of course, the popular opinion is that mind and body work upon each other, and while there is no fundamental objection to holding that point of view, it must be understood that the only effect of mind upon body is upon the muscles and glands, and the only effect that the body has upon mind is to give us sensations, emotions, sentiments, and the like.

That we can cure ourselves of such physical ailments as gall-stones or pyorrhea by our own thought processes is as absurd as to say that we can bring about such diseases in ourselves or others by wishing some person to become a sufferer. Such belief harks back to the savage conditions of culture when "magic" was rampant, when one thought that he could kill his enemy by obtaining some magic possession of that foe such as putting his thought into a wax-figure resembling the enemy, and then sticking pins through it or burning it.

Any system which claims to be able to cure a structural disease by the use of mental ideas is based upon a misapprehension of what ideas can do. We agree that ideas can cure gall-stones, but these ideas are the surgeon's, and they control his implements, by way of his fingers, while performing the necessary operations.

There is on the other hand good evidence for believing that mind can affect favorably or unfavorably the purely nervous disorders, and through these nerves possibly improve or decrease the bodily efficiency and bodily health. There are stories of negro medicine-men who can bring about the death of a fellow black by telling him that he is going to die. Whether or not such stories are to be believed we leave to the reader; but our physicians, as well as our experience, assure us that suggestion may produce certain forms of illness.

When a man is told by one in whom he believes that he is going to die, it produces in him gloomy and unpleasant thoughts. The result of such a situation is, obviously enough, diminished exercise, decreased appetite, falling off of weight, mental depression; and the individual believes that he is in the first stages of decomposition. This fear, in turn, reacts again upon his digestion, for it has been demonstrated in physiological laboratories that in fear, the secretion of the digestive juices is diminished and undernourishment of the whole body follows. When these processes are continued for some time the individual becomes actually ill.

The opposite side of this picture has grounds for developing pleasant habits of thought, for expecting of our organs normal behavior, for disregarding the unpleasant symptoms, and emphasizing agreeable ones. One single train of thought continuously indulged in will, of course, wear down and fatigue that part of the nervous system involved; when one learns to shift his mental gear, using now and then some fresh and unfatigued nerve segment, he will find the disturbing symptoms disappearing, and his ailment will decrease rather than develop.

Psychology alone, however, cannot teach us the secret of happiness. It can teach us only how to form good habits of thought and action, and as we develop such habits of looking for the pleasant, the agreeable, and the pleasing, to that extent we shall be happy. It will teach us how to break our habits of expecting catastrophes and unpleasantnesses, and to substitute for them a more amiable condition of mind.

But nowhere can psychological treatment instil into a person actual doses of the necessary ambition, perseverance, and judgment to make him follow up any of these courses once he has enrolled in it.

For the raw materials of character are found in the heredity and training of the individual. If the necessary traits are not present as bases, no correspondence course in the world can put them into him. For this reason a very large percentage of those who enroll in such com-

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mercialized "applied" courses quit before they finish. One teacher employed in such a school told me recently that the classes which extended for twenty-four weeks usually lost from one-half to two-thirds of their membership. If one enrolls in many of these courses he develops habits of quitting, and this practice is bad not only from the standpoint of the pocketbook but from the standpoint of character and volition as well.

Why not save the many disillusionments and unpleasantnesses which come from futile hope and the derision of trained people, by obtaining a text-book on psychology written by some positive authority in this line and not by commercial goldbrickers? Why not compel in the schools and in the home more careful and less superstitious instruction in the fundamentals of memory, volition, character, and, consequently, success? A psychologist of good repute has said that the average individual's memory is only about ten per cent efficient because he wilfully or ignorantly disobeys the very fundamental laws which result in good memory.

At a recent congress of engineers and teachers of engineering it was emphasized that success in the engineering profession depends only one-quarter upon those traits which are capable of being educated in the classroom and three-quarters upon those qualities whose development is more a matter of home training and of discipline received by social friction—a condition more usually known as getting the corners rubbed off.

This judgment places the responsibility for memory, character, and success where it primarily belongs, namely, in the home. Schools can do no more than take the raw material which is furnished them and finish it in accordance with its limitations. Schools can never change pine into mahogany, nor clay into marble. But, given a certain individual, they can, with his co-operation, turn out a much better product than they began with and one which is more likely to be in demand.

It has been pointed out that improved memory is an asset, and increased will-power is indispensable. But there are two difficulties, which at first sight are not apparent. If we could but evolve some theory of character with a few simple laws, obedience to which would make us happy, powerful, rich, healthy, and wise, it would be extremely advantageous and a positive gold-mine to the possessor. That is obvious.

In the first place, as we have pointed out, individuals vary in capacity of attainment in all lines, a fact which is possibly fortunate, because it emphasizes the difference between people and serves as a basis for explaining why no two people have exactly the same tastes.

Second, it is equally obvious that only those who are among the first to take such courses of self-improvement can reap therefrom any practical advantage. For by the time all have improved memories, volitional power, knowledge of people, and knowledge of self, each will be in about the same relative position in which he was originally. This will undoubtedly make for greater effectiveness so far as the world in general is concerned, but will leave each particular individual eventually in the same niche from which he previously struggled by so strenuous an effort.

The tendency to impose upon ignorance, credulity, and the mystic-loving tendencies of humanity is, to say the least, unfortunate. Those who do so knowingly are frauds and fakers. Those who do so innocently have colossal nerve for trying to teach a subject with which they are not familiar. In either case there is no excuse for their "professional" existence. Fortunately for legitimate psychology, this condition has been recognized by the Psychological Division of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and steps are now being taken to compel all people who teach or use applied psychology in any of its forms to have a certificate similar to that granted to physicians, lawyers, and dentists. Without such documents, persons will not be permitted to practise. When this happy condition actually arrives the general public will be less imposed upon by the psychological quacks and tricksters so commonly reaping fortunes to-day. There may be, of course, a certain amount of psychological bootlegging, and the commodity peddled will contain a large percentage of poison.

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SAHIB

By Jacqueline M. Overton

Author of "The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson for Boys and Girls," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

"The soul they could not harm goes singing like the lark,
Like the incarnate Joy that will not be confined."

"THERE is a new patient in Room 134, a Syrian—you will like to know him," the nurse said, as I entered her ward one morning with an armful of books, for as librarian of the big army hospital I made many visits each day.

Should I have followed her down the corridor quite so calmly and unexpectantly, I wonder, had I foreseen I was about to meet one whose vivid personality will remain with those of us who came to know him to the longest day of our lives?

There were two in bed in the room. One slim, light-haired, and blue-eyed, who gave me a friendly nod and greeting as I pushed open the door. But the other man—or was he only a boy too?—I knew instantly I had met no one just like him before. Was it the great shining dark eyes, and the low, broad forehead with its sweep of blue-black hair, or his smile that seemed to fill the whole of the room with sunlight, that made the difference, as he held out both strong young hands, saying in his broken English, "How *do* you do, Sister? Sit down. We are glad to meet you."

I know now that it was more than all of these. I was in the presence of one of those who had been through a lifetime of experience and suffering in a few short months, and had come out sadly broken in body, but gloriously triumphant in spirit.

After this first meeting I saw him almost every day, and we became great friends. He called me Sister as he did the nurses, and to me he was "Sahib" from the first, and I can never think of him by any other name.

Often I would take him a book, something he would enjoy as he toiled away so patiently day after day at "the English." He was seldom idle, usually weaving on a bright mat or bag, with a gay Afghan thrown over his knees. And as his slim fingers flew he would be as gay as the colors he was working on, singing snatches of songs, or joking with the men who dropped in, for he was seldom alone.

But when it came time for "the English," things were different and the black head was bent earnestly over the book, while his fingers traced the words on the page. One tiptoed away then not to disturb him, secretly envying the teacher whose privilege it was to help him over the roughest places each day.

When there were no books to take, I found myself inventing excuses for a visit (oh, there were many others like me): a picture he would enjoy seeing, or a few flowers to put on the table by the side of his bed, especially if they were red flowers, he loved red so. Or just to tell him about something nice that had happened the day before. But somehow you felt you had very little to bring him, he had so much in himself. You were the one who came away feeling the richer and happier for your visit by his window, which looked out through the tops of the great feathery hemlock-trees across the lawn to the white flagpole with the fluttering Stars and Stripes, and the Red Cross pennant sharply silhouetted against the steely blue wintry sky.

I shall never hear retreat sounded again but I shall be able to close my eyes and remember those afternoons when the first clear notes of the bugle broke forth. Involuntarily we stopped talking then, the work was dropped while Sahib's head was turned toward the window in respectful attention until the flags fluttered down out of sight. He was

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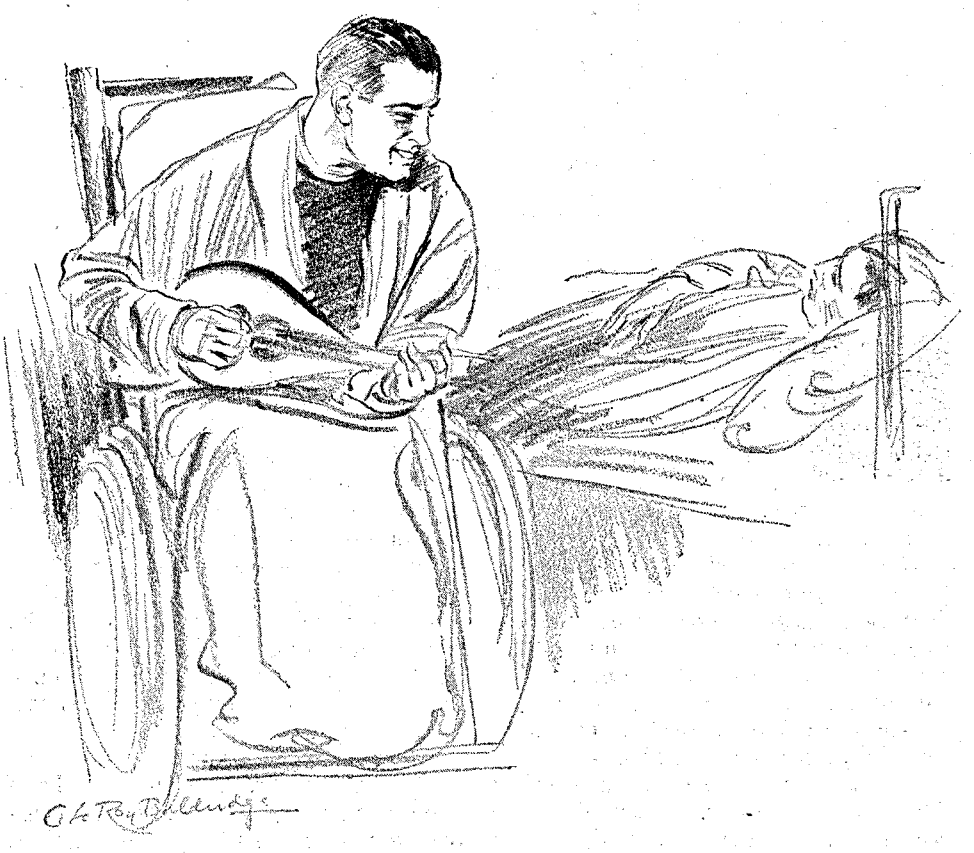

He was a born host and story-teller . . . and as he talked, his fingers strummed on the mandolin.

never too sick or too weary to forget this. His love and reverence for the flag of his adopted country were one with his religion and patriotism; there was nothing trained or forced about either, they were bred of an innate love and devotion.

He puzzled some of the men, but you failed to find one who did not admire and respect him. "He's not like any one I ever met before," a big Vermont farmer said one day, in a genuine distress when Sahib was very ill. "I'm a lucky guy, though, to be in the same ward with him, and I wish there was something I could do for him now."

He was a born host and story-teller, simple, direct, and unspoiled as a child, with a certain natural dignity and grace of manner that was always charming. What a way he had of carrying you out of your surroundings and away from every-day things into the strange, romantic country where he had spent his boyhood! And as he talked, his fingers strummed on the mandolin that was never far out of reach.

The Holy Lands and Syria had always been magical spots, but never such human, glowing places until I heard about the house on the side of Lebanon Mountain, where the father and mother and little sister Wahadie were now, if the war had spared them. He heard no news, and he dared not think.

He was quite certain he no longer wished to live there, though no lack of love for their native land had caused him and his brothers to leave it in the first place. They had no choice at the time; to have remained would have meant being pressed into the Turkish army to fight against their own, and loss of home or death were preferable to that. But he longed to go back for a visit.

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"Oh, what a time we will have if you ever come to see us there!" he would say, throwing up his hands. "You will not hurry away; no one does when they visit in my country. How I wish you could have seen my uncle's wedding! They came for miles riding on horseback. For days and days we danced and played games and sang—and the feasting! Oh, la, la! Such feasting! But the weddings in this country," with scorn—"Sister, *why* do they have to hurry so?"

There was the tale of the trip from Jaffa to Jerusalem, when he was a little lad riding on an Arabian horse and wearing a turban and gay silk shawl; and of the camel-drivers, who rode across the desert at night laden with sacks of coffee, droning strange, weird songs as they rocked back and forth to keep themselves awake.

He made you see the women and children in the vineyards crushing out the ripe olives for oil; you felt the confusion and color and noise of the bazaar in the narrow street, and the glory and peace of the sunset as you watched it, in memory with him, from the housetop.

"It truly must be God's country there," I said one day. He was silent for a moment, and then said with a little sigh, "I doan know, Sister; I think as I live older that you can make God's country for yourself wherever you are."

The news that the British had taken Jerusalem filled him with unspeakable joy, and General Allenby was one of his many heroes, and he was never tired of looking at a beautiful photograph in color of the Entry of the British into Jerusalem.

How his eyes glowed and then a far-away expression came over his face the day I repeated for him the lines which had appeared in a magazine shortly before:

"They are coming out of Egypt and they seek the Promised Land
Through the desert and the lions that are standing in the way.
Hark! I hear the Tommies cheering to the music of the band;
'Carry on!' the Captain's calling; 'Carry on!' and 'Clear the way!'

"They have taken Gath and Ashdod and old Ascalon as well,
The places where the Philistines so fondly loved to dwell;
They have got the gates of Gaza and advancing in their wrath
They smite the Hun as David smote Goliath of old Gath.

"They have entered little Bethlehem with joy for Christmas Day,
They are in the Holy City with a prayer no word may say.
God keep you, young Crusaders! away beyond the sea;
He led you through the desert and Jerusalem is free." *

It seems a far cry from Lebanon Mountain to the little town in Pennsylvania where he and his brothers finally made a home, after much trouble and many disappointments, and opened a shop. Yet he was as attached in many ways to this small, out-of-the-way mountain mining town as he had been to the home in Syria; and its inhabitants, many of whom were Scotch, were almost as fascinating to hear about in their way.

"They were such good friends," he said, "and after all, that is what is worth while in your life, your friends! We have *very* big word for it in my language, but I can't tell it in English.

"Then the war came—I say to my brothers I *must* go. Everything I have belongs to America, everything I *am* belongs to my mother and Syria—so I fight for both."

And he did, work and fight with all the strength and fire that were in him. The name soldier stood for something, indeed, very fine and high to him, and he lived up to his ideal to the limit of his endurance, and refused to give up until he was forced to.

Like the majority, he told you very little about his fighting days. They were too horrible to him; there was too much he was trying to forget. It was quite by accident that I came to know he had the Croix de Guerre, but there was something that kept me ever from asking why it was given to him. One thing he mentioned many, many times and that was his love and respect for his captain, Archibald Roosevelt. "Coptn Archie's" picture was cherished in a brown wallet with that of General Allenby, and he wished many times that he might see or hear from him again.

* In SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, January, 1919, by Andrew F. West.

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"The nurses had a very hard time in the first evacuation hospital I was taken to," he said one time, "there were so many of us. But lots worse than me, so I could help a little sometimes." It was from a young sergeant who knew him in the hospital at that same time, however, that I heard how Sahib, too helpless to walk, yet suffering less pain than many others, had persuaded the overworked nurse more than once to give him a bowl of water and a sponge and, dragging himself across the floor from one man to another, helped to bathe them.

If he had been a good soldier in the line, he was no less a good soldier now, fighting the hardest battles of all against pain and weariness and discouragement, facing the truth at twenty-three that he might never walk again, and still keeping his faith and courage day after day with a smile and a spirit that was a constant marvel to those who knew him.

Oh, he was very human, and there were hours when his whole soul rose in revolt against life as it was now, and his anger flamed to a white heat ready to break bonds, and his pals fled and left him knowing he must fight it out alone.

And, like all those with high spirits, he had his moments of black despair which threatened to engulf him until he caught a grip on himself and could smile again—a smile often more tragic to see than the tears he had shed. But when his spirits ran high, how he loved to tease! Interspersing his conversation with long Syrian words and phrases, his eyes dancing wickedly while his tongue was ever ready with "You know it is just for fun," fearful that his pranks might be taken too seriously.

The books were generally carried through the wards by the aid of a two-story little red cart vaguely resembling a tea-wagon, and variously dubbed "the Flivver," "the Tank," and "the Little Red Wagon." How well I remember the day it was left out in the corridor while I visited a room, and on returning discovered it was no place to be seen. After searching about for a few moments in vain, I came upon Sahib sitting in his chair near the stairs, assuming a look of such unusual innocence that I demanded at once, "Sahib, *what* did you do with it?" Whereupon he doubled up with glee, and after repeatedly protesting with a shrug, "Why should I know?" pointed to a large closet near by where we found the travelling library neatly concealed.

A few moments later the ward surgeon, who had been an accomplice to the crime, told how he had come upon Sahib pushing the ungainly thing ahead of his wheel-chair, vainly trying to run it straight and glancing over his shoulder every few seconds to see if he were going to be caught. "If a man had not stopped you to speak in the doorway, you might have had us both red-handed," he added, laughing.

One day not long before Christmas, I found great preparations going forward at 134 for an expedition. He was to be taken to the town in his wheel-chair by his good friend the Red Cross captain and his particular buddy who had been with him in France. No, they would not tell what they were going to do. "We are going on what you say, a toot?" announced Sahib, his eyes dancing. So away they went, he the gayest of the lot, bundled up to his eyes, striped blanket, overseas cap jauntily atilt, and all.

In a few days I was called in to see the pictures they had had taken together that afternoon, and there was much discussion in regard to where each one should be sent. Sahib had so many friends and relatives to be remembered, and we must decide which one ought to have the "laughing picture," and which the one that looked "more military"; and then there were the inscriptions to be written on each one. This was a very serious matter because, as he explained, "I want them to be lovable at the same time *very* respectable" (he twisted the English curiously sometimes).

Such fun as we had wrapping them up in white tissue paper, and fastening them down with bright red-and-gold Christmas labels which he insisted on calling "gum-stickums." Such frights as we had when we thought we had forgotten some one and the count must be revised.

The "military" picture pleased him best, and I caught him gazing at it longingly several times, and half guessed the

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reason why he suddenly dropped his head back on the pillow, closed his eyes, and bit his lip. Then I was sure it was the mother whom he had left on Lebanon Mountain, when he began to speak softly, half to himself.

"It's Christmas. If I was *sure* she was there. But *no*, perhaps it's better not. She might not understand; it might make her sad, you think, Sister?" And (clinching his fist): "I'm *not* sad, I did it for *her*, and I would do it all again. But to walk just *one* step! When I joined the army I was like a young lion."

It was well toward six o'clock on Christmas Eve before I knocked again on Sahib's door.

The hospital had been in a ferment of holiday preparation all day, and I had been busy since early morning at a variety of things quite remote from books or a library. Those who were leaving for Christmas furloughs were rushing about getting passes, borrowing travelling-bags, tying up last packages. A noisy, joyous brown crew, but never a one too full of his own anticipations to have a thought for the fellow who was "out of luck" and had to spend Christmas Day in bed.

"Hard luck, Buddy! Never mind, cheer up—remember last Christmas."

"So long, old man; wish you were going with us. Gee! it's tough luck," you heard on all sides.

There were those who were too ill to think much about what to-morrow was going to be, but there were scores of others who, to say the least, were "low in their minds," though they tried to put a good face on it, and hoped for visitors to-morrow or a Christmas box from home. "Though it's hard to be so *near* and not be able to get there. Last year we were so *far* away there wasn't any use in thinking *much* about home."

As I paused in front of room 134, I heard Sahib's mandolin tinkling to one of the camel-drivers' songs, and as I pushed open the door an unusually festive sight met my eyes. The room was brightly lighted and a great bunch of holly hung in the window. He was alone for the moment, sitting up in bed in a new smoking jacket that had been sent to him that morning, and in the midst of what looked to me at first like a fruit and pastry shop. Piles of apples, oranges, and nuts and raisins, covered the bureau and window-sill, and on the little table a marvellous concoction of pastry waited to be cut.

He threw down the mandolin as I entered, crying, "Oh, I've been waiting for you. Come on, now we can have a party. You cut my cake—so," unclasping his pocket-knife. "Perhaps you won't like it; it's Syrian cake."

"Why, Sahib," I said, "it seems to have rained cakes and things."

"Yes," he answered gleefully "*isn't* it nice? My friend who keeps the shop in the town sent me the fruit, and I sent to the Syrian quarter in New York for the cake. I say to myself, if you can't have a party with your own people, why" (with a shrug of his shoulders) "have a party with all your friends at the hospital. You like the cake, Sister? Good, try some of these; we ought to have something to drink when we eat. Oh, God bless your heart! you always come at the right time," as the door opened and the nurse entered carrying an enamel mug of egg-nog. "Now we can drink at our party," and nothing would do but we must taste the egg-nog too, passing the mug around loving-cup fashion, wishing one another "Good health and a merry Christmas!" while he clapped his hands like a delighted child.

The room was never empty long and soon it was filled with big fellows munching apples, cracking nuts, and pronouncing the Syrian cake "Swell, whatever else its name is." They drifted out one by one, for every one was too overcharged with Christmas to stay in any spot long. And when we were alone again Sahib peeped into a basket I was carrying with me, asking, "Did you forget the wishing candle?"

The day before, I had been telling him about my candlestick shaped like a Christmas-tree which I had kept year after year and lighted each Christmas Eve, making a wish before the candle burned out. That had pleased him, and I promised to bring it along when I came Christmas Eve.

Many others had wished on it that day and we generally had made a lark of it, but with Sahib, as he gravely chose a

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little red candle, I saw it was going to be a serious matter, and for a moment I was sorry I had brought it as I watched him set the gaily painted thing on his knee and regard it silently at arm's length. Perhaps I had done wrong; he might put too much faith in a pretty superstition. Then he asked: "Does the wish have to be for me?"

"No," I answered; "you can wish anything you like."

"Then this candle is for my brother I left in France, I make a wish for him," and he lighted the tiny taper, and we both watched it flicker silently for a moment before he blew it out.

"Now choose another candle," I said, "and make a wish for yourself," but he shook his head.

"No, I light this one again and make *my* wish and my brother's on the same candle. We was always such chums."

Christmas morning there were voices to be heard singing, first the strains of "America," then an old carol, then a war song. At the end of the first ward some of the overseas nurses had dressed a tree, and grouped around it, on the floor or in wheel-chairs or leaning against the wall, were men and nurses, officers and doctors, quite forgetful of rank, all one for the time being, and in their midst with his head thrown back sat Sahib singing with the best of them:

"There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams."

There are many memories bound up in Christmas Day 1918, but none that will remain longer with a few of us, at least, than the recollection of the faces in that group as they sang.

After months of wearying treatments the doctors acknowledged they had done everything in their power, and Sahib must be discharged from the hospital but little better than he had entered it.

He was ready and willing to go, but, much as he longed to see his people again, he was filled with real grief at the thought of finally leaving the army with the friends and associations it had brought him through days of work and fighting and pain.

He had been so proud of his uniform. It meant so much to him, and now he was in no hurry to part with it. He was quite indignant when some one spoke of bringing him a red V to sew on his arm, indicating his discharge. "No," he said, "I go back to my people this way. I love my uniform. I *doan* want to give it up. I think I am *always* a soldier."

Every one in the hospital was obliged to admit that room 134 was indeed going to seem blank for a long time. It would have other occupants, of course, but how could every one from the head nurse to the ward master forget the feeling of expectancy they had always had when they knocked and waited to hear that quick, high-pitched "Come"? And it would be a long time before we should get over the habit of looking for a black head at a certain window with a flag in it, three from the end on the second floor, in order to wave as we rounded the drive night and morning.

Happily some of us were to see him a little longer.

Close by in the town there was an artist who lived in a quaint, rambling brown house, set far back from the street in a garden. She had done splendid, generous things for the men in the hospital in her very quiet way, and Sahib was one of the many who paid her frequent calls in his wheel-chair, and while she sketched they chatted about the far-away countries they both knew so well.

Now, as a change and a break before undertaking the journey home, which must be tragic at best, she invited him to come and visit in the brown house, and while he was there his portrait was painted by an artist who came from New York—a portrait which shortly afterward played its part in the exhibits of the great Victory Loan.

Those were rich hours for Sahib. His new friend the portrait-painter was like a great whole-hearted boy, full of splendid enthusiasm, broad-minded, interested in many things besides his art, with a fund of recollections of famous people and places that opened out new vistas to the boy in the wheel-chair as he sat day after day, not posing—it is doubtful if he was ever asked to do that—but

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laughing, chatting, strumming on his mandolin or more often as the portrait shows him, leaning forward, eagerly drinking in every word the friend had to say.

Altogether, what joyous days those were! Sahib instinctively loved beautiful things full of warmth and color, and had missed them sadly during the past months. Now he revelled in the little room with its buff walls, soft hangings, and big latticed French windows that opened out on the garden where the squirrels whisked and chattered, and the birds were beginning to come back with the first faint hint of green over the lilac-bushes.

Often in the evening you would find him there, lying back in his chair close to the window, the yellow lamplight falling on his head, crooning a little song to himself, his eyes half closed. I can hear it now, that faint little song growing clearer as you came up the path.

"The days go too fast," he said one evening with a little sigh. "I want to hold them in my hands—so. When I think I must leave it all, my heart gets very big inside of me."

There was a little boy at the brown house who came in often to visit with him. Sahib loved children dearly and the child instinctively went to him; they understood each other perfectly. He might puzzle us many times, but he never puzzled the little boy.

One afternoon as I was leaving, the child came in.

"Ah, now we will show Sister what we have learned, eh?" said Sahib, laughing and handing him his cane.

"Attention!" the little body straightened up and the small heels clicked together.

"Now, the British salute!" and the chubby hand went up and back with the true snap.

"The French! Ah, good! Now the American! That's the boy! Now, right about face! Forward march!" and away strode the little boy around the room trying to keep his usually beaming face *very* sober until the orders came, "Halt! Fall out!" when he ran laughing to his friend, crying: "Let's do it again."

"No, no, drill's over for to-day. You know when I was a *little, little* boy like you in Syria, my father he use to tell me" —and already the little boy had forgotten about being a soldier, his friend was going to tell him a story.

So he squatted down on the stool by the side of the wheel-chair, and snuggling up against Sahib's knee began to listen, while his stubby finger slowly traced the gaily colored squares on the Afghan.

I slipped away and closed the door.

Sahib's is an unfinished story. It must be like so many others of that great company to which he belonged, now scattered north, south, east, and west, beginning their new lives as best they may, but he has left us much to remember, and live by, and a never-ending debt of gratitude. He and others like him, sons of far-off countries who with our own have given great gifts for us, their best, their strength and manhood—and daily continue to give, a cheerful sacrifice to assure the safety and happiness of innumerable children to come and a future peace and good-will on earth.

MATHEMATICS

By Florance Waterbury

The throbbing heart in Music's breast;
Stern Architecture's soul;
The rope that whirls across dark space
And lassoes flying stars.

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DUETTO: SUMMER

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

I

The wind when the stars awaken,
The place where at dawn you stood;
Here where the stream is shaken
In silver folds through the wood,
All are now as they once were,
Color and cloud and sound:
The iris starts from the ground:
Nothing is new but my heart; O heart!
Nothing is old but my heart.

Noon; and the corn-flower starring
The warm deep green of the grass,
And the shadow of lupin barring
The shadow of clouds that pass.
Day is a drowsy faring,
Purple and rich with bees:
Clover is ripe to my knees:
Nothing is old but my heart; O heart!
Nothing is new but my heart.

High on the hills the aspen
Turn in their luminous arc;
Whisper with dusk and soften
As the moments move to the dark:
Stir in their pinioned running,
Turn in the luminous wind:
The moments turn in my mind:
Nothing is new but my heart; O heart!
Nothing is old but my heart.

II

In all still places,
Places in the hills,
Small winds ripple, go rippling through the grass,
And the shadow of the hours,
And the shadow of the flowers,
Ripple with the moments as the warm days pass.

In all high countries,
Blue, and valley starred,
Lichened slopes are warm to smell, and juniper and fir;
In the cups between the rocks
Carrots grow on sturdy stalks,
And columbine and Never-Die and fireweed occur.

In all mountain meadows,
High above the fields,
Noon is filled with silence, infinite and wise;
Cool and blessed lapse of sound,
Never a murmur, save around
Green and hidden hollows where the clear streams rise.

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FOOD BY THE OPEN ROAD

ANOTHER CRUISE OF "THE DINGBAT OF ARCADY"

By Marguerite Wilkinson
Author of "Bluestone," "New Voices," etc.

"It's a very odd thing—
As odd as can be—
That whatever Miss T. eats
Turns into Miss T."
—*Walter de la Mare.*

THAT is the strange thing about food, the metamorphosis. Shakespeare was made of flour and green herbs and the flesh of beasts. The greatest living American may be made of buckwheat pancakes for all that we know to the contrary. Ambrosia eaten by swine would become swine. Though we dine on roses we are not necessarily sweet. The jack-in-the-pulpit for supper would not make preachers of us. And yet——

We are changed by our food. Tiresome, conventional kinds of food do not freshen us as does the clean, wild, simple food of field and forest. Of course, in every community nowadays are a few dietetic dogmatists who would eat old automobiles if they supposed that the essential calories would be in them in soluble form. There are cultists who despise food because it is matter. If it were not for the stubborn fact of hunger they would not eat. Finally, there are mentally dyspeptic intellectuals who devour Freud (without being able to digest him) when they should be eating apples.

I never have enjoyed camping-trips made with large numbers of people, but when I think of all of these poor souls I am filled with a womanly desire to snatch them up and spirit them away into the woods or into farm country, on such a trip as Jim and I are wont to take together. I would take them where calories, cults, and psychoanalysis are unknown, and where every animal and every person, in all honesty and dignity, is interested in food. After making them all exceedingly hungry I should like to build for them the world's finest camp-fire and make lucky stew.

I wish Lamb were alive to write about lucky stew. He could do it justice. But he may have forgotten even roast pig by this time. At any rate, since I am no spiritualist, I cannot expect his assistance. I must describe lucky stew myself, beginning with the recipe.

"Put anything you like in a very deep pail
And pour on anything you please;
Stir it all up with anything you find
Under the anywhere trees.

If anybody comes, asking for dinner,
Serve it with anything you wish;
But never, never, never, never, never forget
To put a four-leaved clover in the dish."

That is a good recipe of the conventional kind, for it leaves out most of the important information. Good recipes never tell the whole story. If they did, cooking would lack romance. As it is, cooking is romantic work.

Consider the demand for a four-leaved clover! Sometimes no four-leaved clover can be found. Jim and I find four-leaved clovers only two or three times in a season, even when we camp all summer, but we have lucky stew nearly every night. Therefore, I have cleverly learned to substitute three white petals from a newly opened daisy, or one long, friendly pine-needle. These have a magic of their own quite as good as the magic of clovers. When good recipes call for something which cannot be had, the wise cook simply substitutes what can be had.

Having found the suitable substitute, the camper is ready to look for "anything you please" and "anything you like." "Anything you like" usually means vegetables for us, when we are travelling in farm country, game or fish in the wilds. In Oregon it meant carrots most of the time, for they were plentiful. In the East

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it sometimes means scraggly rutabagas, bursting cabbages, pithy radishes, jaundiced cucumbers, bumptious kohlrabis, and ancient beets—the more the kinds, the merrier. At other times it has meant sweet corn, succulent tomatoes, delicate peas. We take chances, always, when we go abroad seeking adventures. But we try to combine the raw materials of lucky stew in ways that show imagination, fine sensibility and delicate intuition. That is the secret of the recipe.

The vegetables, of course, must be cut into pieces that will all be thoroughly cooked at the same moment. Hard and ancient vegetables must be cut small. Young and tender ones should be added after the others have cooked a while. The pail or pot in which they are to boil should be filled with water ("anything you please") to a point just below the top of the vegetables, just so that they do not float. When they have cooked thoroughly a small tin of evaporated milk can be added to the liquid in the pot and thickened. Butter may be used, or olive-oil. Then you have a dish for the great of the earth, mingling many aromas, rich, warm, "filling."

Lucky stew is best, of course, if a surprise can be added to it. A surprise is something found when it is not expected! Once, in southern California, when I was making lucky stew on the beach, I found a giant Pismo clam lying calmly near my foot. I am sure that it was not the fear of evil which gave him over to his fate. Even his big six-inch shell was a quite serene denial of error. Yet I seized him and added him to my pail of onions and potatoes. Perhaps, he was content to perish in a good cause.

At other times I have put in mussels fresh from rocks washed by surf, delightful surprises. Or, when we have been floating down rivers, I have taken soft little river fish, chubs, suckers, and the like, that would be insipid eaten alone, and, after parboiling, skinning, and boning, added them to my stew, making a tolerably good chowder. One last lonely frankfurter discovered in the bottom of the provision-box, one small bit of ham, or a lopsided strip of bacon cut into scraps, will give a surprisingly delightful flavor to almost any stew of mixed vegetables. And once I made lucky stew out of a porcupine. He was a bother to skin, but I did not do that. His hind legs were the best and biggest part of him, and tasted very good, like young spring lamb.

"Anything you wish," in the recipe may mean toast in practice, if we have been travelling in regions where bread can be bought. What toast can be made over embers of the fire that cooked lucky stew! It is crisp and tender, and has a perfume that suggests the possible domesticity of the muses. The color of it is a rich, evenly spread, friendly brown like the brown of oak leaves in autumn. Be it said that whosoever has eaten toast and lucky stew in sufficient quantities has dined well.

Yet there is no law against dessert, and for dessert by the open road wild berries are best, small perfect lyrics made by the collaboration of sun and rain and sweet earth. No wild strawberries can be better than those of Maine and New Brunswick. They are borne in abundance on long, fair stems glistening with dew, wearing a flame color unquenched by it. I have slept where I could gather them for my *petit dejeuner* without rising. I remember an upland fallow in New Hampshire where the blueberries, smoky, mild, uncloying, are cause enough for grace after meat. I have torn hands and hair without regret in thickets on steep and stony hillsides in order to get raspberries, red and black. On the banks of the Tobique I have picked and eaten the rare, winy, and beautiful sand-cherry or beach plum. It is lovely to look at, growing on long, graceful sprays that spring out of the sand and lean to it again, and the flavor is zestful and romantic. I have eaten the small wintergreen berry as one eats an after-dinner mint. But the happiest days of adventure have been associated with blackberries. Once they kept us fed when we could get nothing else for several days.

It was in Oregon, when we were making our trip down the Willamette River in *The Dingbat of Arcady*, a boat which we had built ourselves in a day and a half. We had left the town of Salem behind without securing any great amount of food there, because we counted on being able to buy from farmers on our way,

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but for one reason or another, we did not find farmers with food to sell, and for a long stretch of river before we reached Newburg we lived on limited rations. Finally, there came a day when we had only tea for breakfast, with sugar and no milk, and one small piece of triscuit each. We broke fast thus lightly at dawn, for we were eager to be off toward Newburg and good food.

At about two o'clock that afternoon we saw a farm near the water's edge. I scrambled up the bank, cutting and scratching arms and legs on stones and thistles. Then I ran across a small meadow to the house. I was met at the door by a hearty old lady of Scandinavian origin. I asked her if she had any vegetables to sell to two hungry campers.

"I haf a onion," she said; "but I want him for my dinner."

"Have you any fruit?"

"I haf a apple."

She wanted "him" also for her dinner. She explained that her farm was managed for her by her brothers who owned a neighboring farm farther inland and grew all the vegetables and fruit needed for both, giving her a supply of necessaries whenever they drove over to the river. There must have been a hungry glitter in my eyes for she looked at me steadily a moment, thinking. Then, with a wrinkly smile, she said:

"You eat blackberry?"

I was almost ready to eat hay and assented eagerly. She pointed across the pasture to a patch of heavy vines hanging in a great clump in full sunlight, twinkling with beady black fruit.

"Eat all you want and take all you want. Too many here," she said.

I thanked her with an enthusiasm which must have puzzled her. Then I ran down and hallooed to Jim, bidding him bring something in which to carry berries. In a minute he was beside me, carrying a big newspaper in which some of our clothing had been wrapped. Together we ran to the clump of berry vines. We set down the paper and began to eat.

For about fifteen minutes we picked and swallowed without stopping for much conversation. I had never liked blackberries much before, but these were the best I had ever eaten, in prime condition, large, plump with juices from rains recently fallen, warm and sugary as a result of several days of hot sunshine. They melted away in our mouths and disappeared silently by tens and dozens.

When we had eaten very nearly as many as possible, quite as many as seemed wise, we picked a plentiful provision to carry with us. We must have put nearly a peck into that newspaper. Then, with our treasure, we went back to the *Dingbat*.

The berries agreed with us very well, which was fortunate, for we got little else to eat for several days. Late that afternoon we did come upon a dairy farm, and bought a quart of rich cream. But we could not persuade the farmer to sell anything else. For dinner we had blackberries swimming in that cream, with plenty of sugar. More elaborate meals might taste worse.

While we were eating thus, poetically, on a stretch of sand in a wild and wonderful curve of the river, with great firs rising on the hills well away from the shore, it began to rain. It was late. We did not want to travel in the rain and get wet just at sundown. Nor were we sure that we could find a better place to camp if we went on. So we pulled the *Dingbat* up onto the beach and tied her. Then, since we had no tent and had been dependent on maple leaves for shelter, camping usually in the groves, we were hard put to it for protection. However, we took the strip of ever-useful canvas which had served as a cover for our blankets, strung it over a rope tied between two saplings about two feet above the earth, and pegged out the corners, thereby improvising a small, low tent. It was almost satisfactory. I say almost advisedly. For if our feet were far enough under cover to be dry, our faces had to be out in the night getting wet. If our faces were dry, our feet suffered. But the trees were too far away to be reached easily. This was simply the driest of several wet ways of spending the night. We took half a dozen sticks of wood inside with us, that we might keep them dry and be sure of a fire in the morning. We also took the remainder of our cream under cover that it might not be diluted and spoiled. Then, although sand is a

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test of the camper, when used for a bed, we slept reasonably well.

In the morning we built our fire, made tea, and with our tea ate the rest of our cream and some of our berries. At noon we lunched on berries again, having found no place where we could make purchases. Toward sundown of another day, wearily, and very hungrily, Jim pulled the *Dingbat* into a little cove near a point where the river widens and where we could see two or three small cottages on the bank. Jim left me to watch our belongings while he went ashore to forage.

Perhaps the ethereal diet of the week just past had fed my spirit. I do not know. But I know that while I sat in the *Dingbat* and watched the moon rise above dark firs on the other side of the river, while the sky was still blue with day, a mood of wonder and worship came upon me. The lapping of water against my boat, a long, seductive, fascinating rhythm, lulled to rest all bodily longing, all desire for food other than that beauty which feeds the spirit. It was one of the fine moments of realization that come to all of us when speech is impossible unless it is poetry already made and in the mind, stored against the time of need.

It was the fir-grove, or the moon, I think, that made my mood vocal for me, for I remembered Fannie Stearns Davis' "Song of Conn the Fool," and the words came to my lips inevitably.

> "I will go up the mountain after the moon,
> She is caught in a dead fir-tree,
> Like a great pale apple of silver and pearl,
> Like a great pale apple is she."

While I was murmuring to myself after the happy manner of poets and lunatics, I looked away from the moon a moment and across the glossy top of the river. There, mysterious as if piloted by an invisible Charon, a huge, flat-bottomed rowboat was coming toward me, propelled by a pair of oars longer than those which Jim used in the *Dingbat*. When it drew nearer I saw that the Charon in charge was a little girl about ten years old. She was attended by several small sisters and brothers. She pulled alongside and stared at me solemnly for a minute or two. I stared solemnly at her. Then, realizing that her appearance had not spoiled my happy mood, I resolved to share it with her. I found that I could speak to these shy little strangers without losing the sense of wonder that had been large in my mind when they appeared. They had become a part of it.

I asked if they like poetry and they admitted that they did, vaguely, perhaps with misgivings, but politely nevertheless. The idea seemed to be that they were willing to like it, though not perfectly sure that they had ever heard any. Then, because I was afraid that they would not ask me to say any poetry for them, I offered to, and with a grave politeness they permitted me to begin.

I repeated "The Song of Conn the Fool." Not a sound broke the music of the lines unless it was the lapping of ripples against the boats. Five small faces looked at me intently, as I pointed to the white moon above the fir-trees. When I had finished the little girl drew a long breath. Her small brother piped:

"Say another."

They had liked it! There was no stopping me then. I said "Souls," after explaining carefully that they are a part of the intellectual anatomy usually discussed in church and Sunday-school, but that they have an independent existence outside of these excellent institutions. Then I repeated "The Cloud," by Sara Teasdale, and many another lyric. My audience remained soberly interested, loquacious only in the intervals between poems.

But time passed and Jim returned with food, eggs and vegetables again, at last. We crossed the river to pitch camp where there were no houses, cooked our dinner, ate it and slept peacefully.

In the morning back we went, eager to secure supplies to enable us to live reasonably well for the next day or two. At the end of a path leading to the cove we met the little girl who had been in charge of the rowboat the night before. She had seen us coming. She had picked a pail of loganberries for us. Then and there I put my hand into the pail and drew it out full of rosy fruit, pungent, refreshing, and fragrant as only loganberries can be.

Together we went up the path to meet her small brothers and sisters, and to greet her mother who lived in one of the

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cottages. It was low and weary-looking, that cottage, almost ready to bend its vertical lines together and slump upon the earth. In the door was the mother of the children who had been my audience, a tired, kind-looking woman. She came out to meet us.

"Are you the lady who recited for the children?"

I admitted that I was and wondered whether I was to be scolded.

"They didn't go to sleep till twelve for talking about it," she said. "I couldn't make 'em stop."

"I am afraid you don't like me very much if I have kept your children awake," said I, apologetically, with vivid memories of my own mother's feelings when any of her six would not slumber. But this mother reassured me.

"Would you say the poetry for me?" she asked wistfully.

What a chance! Of course I would. She sat down on the sloping steps of her porch and gathered her brood around her. I stood in broad sunlight in the path below. My hair was done in a tight, ugly knot. My face and hands were stained with juice of loganberries. I wore a khaki skirt dingy with smoke from many fires, and an old shirt of my husband's with the collar loose at the throat and the sleeves cut off at the elbow. A city audience would have stopped and looked, but it would not have listened. Yet my audience by the river listened with pleasure. And never have I found greater pleasure in speaking the lines of a poem. I said everything that I could remember.

When my programme came to an end the mother went into the house and brought me a thank-offering, a dozen cucumbers, a loaf of fresh bread, a small pat of butter, carrots, and lettuce. She would take no money for them. So, with peace in our hearts, we thanked one another for such gifts as we had been able to give. Then Jim and I got into the *Ding-bat* once more and pushed slowly out into the current. Five little figures stood at the top of the bank to see us off. We waved to them as long as we could. Then the river bent and we passed away from them, probably forever. I have earned my bread, and also my loganberries, in many ways; but never have they tasted sweeter than then, when I earned them by sharing poetry.

I remember another beautiful gift of food that came to us after we had crossed the Columbia and entered the little Lewis River. We had pulled up as far as the fork, that day, fishing for salmon-trout. But we had caught none. At sundown we dropped down to the mouth again and asked a fisherman who lived in a house-boat scow securely chained to piles in the bank, whether we might camp ashore, but near his residence, for the night. He seemed surprised by the request, for he did not own the land, but he said it would probably be all right. He was glad to have neighbors. He and his wife and his partner, he said, would be at hand if we should need anything.

In a grove at a short distance we built our fire and made lucky stew with plain potatoes. In about half an hour they were ready, and we began to eat. Then we saw our fisherman friend coming toward us, balancing something in each uplifted hand, like a waiter in a cheap restaurant. When he arrived it was evident that he held a pan of hot biscuit in one hand and a hot apple-pie in the other.

"The wife thought you'd like 'em for supper," he said.

Did we like them? For weeks we had lived chiefly on lucky stew and triscuit. Those biscuits, that pie vanished quickly. After eating them we went over to the house-boat to thank Mrs. Fisherman. They bade us sit on their pier and talk. We did.

The two men owned and operated a motor fishing-boat on the Columbia. They asked what luck we had had with salmon-trout up the Lewis. We admitted that he had had no luck at all.

"What bait did you use?" they asked.

"Worms," we replied innocently.

They laughed heartily.

"You won't get 'em that way. Gotta use salmon eggs."

Then we learned the complexities of fishing for salmon-trout. They feed on the eggs of the big salmon. First the fisherman takes these eggs and pickles them with granulated sugar. When they are firm and will not spoil easily he puts a mass of them in a small sack with some

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stones. He throws this sack overboard in the middle of the river just above the place where he expects to fish. Then he baits a long line with two or three salmon eggs, puts on a heavy sinker, throws it in on the down-stream side of the sack, rows back to shore and waits.

That is what we did, and it was not long before we were rewarded for our pains. We pulled in a lovely, leaping silver fish that flashed in and out of the water as we reeled, flickering like money in the sun. He was clear pink, like salmon, under his silver surface, and sweeter than any other trout I ever ate. After that the day that brought us one or two —a good meal—was a red-letter day.

Mr. Fisherman and his wife and partner proved to be friendly, enjoyable human beings, and got up a jolly fishing-party for us. They came to breakfast with us first, under our tree, and we made pancakes for them, and camp coffee, and had a feast. Then we all piled into their motor fishing-boat, and in it crossed the Columbia and went up the sluggish Willamette Slough, a muddy and unlovely branch of a beautiful river. Our friends took us to a muddy backwater where catfish were plentiful—the kind called bullheads in the East. In about an hour we caught sixty-five good ones and thought that would be enough. We ate the luncheon we had carried with us, and went home in triumph. Our friends kept their share and showed Jim how to skin our share. The bullhead, to be good, must be skinned.

We pulled the *Dingbat* up the stream to a camping-place near a farm where we hoped to get milk, water, and vegetables for dinner. I went up to inquire while Jim sat down on the shore to clean our fish. When I returned with my purchases I saw the young farmer who owned the place standing on the bank above Jim, looking down on our catch hungrily.

"Do you like bullheads?" I asked.

"You bet!"

"Have some for your dinner," said Jim quickly.

The young farmer demurred politely. He hadn't meant anything like that, he said. But we urged him to take some fish, for so many people had given us food that we were eager to do a little giving ourselves. Finally, he took some up to the house for his wife. A few minutes later she appeared on the bank, bringing us a few ears of green corn, a handful of tender cucumbers, lettuce, and vinegar to go with it, and a small pitcher of sweet cream. She suggested that I go with her to the berry patch in the pasture and get fruit for dessert. I did, and we had the first real two-course dinner of our trip. After dinner we went up to their cottage and spent the evening in their tiny living-room, admiring a fine Oregon baby and talking of nothing in particular, which is one of the best things to talk about when one's feelings are social.

When we returned to the Atlantic seaboard, we were told that farmers here would not be as friendly to us as Western farmers had been. But our first adventure in New York State proved that this was all wrong. We were travelling in our funny little Ford this time. Life had dealt hardly with him and his personal appearance showed the effects of stress and strain, but Frankie Ford was far from his end. His radiator was puckered and wrinkled, and he wore his top rakishly. But what a soul—what an engine—he had! We went on and on and he enjoyed it!

It was early in April and we were travelling up the Hudson River on the East shore near Troy when the weather changed. It had been mild and balmy, with willows budding out in the swamp, brush reddening. It turned chilly and began to rain. We crossed the river and turned south on the west side after purchasing a pound of steak in one of the villages, so that we could be sure of something for supper. The thermometer dropped and the rain became sleet. This was food for thought. Our tent would bear any amount of water without leaking, but what about ice? It was made of light waterproofed material. Ice might cut it.

We drove on, wondering what to do, following perfect country roads through a drear, gray, chilly drizzle, until we saw a tall, roomy, old-fashioned farmhouse ahead of us, with a big barn near at hand. The place looked hospitable and wholesome. Some homes wear the auras of their owners. And by that time we were

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chilled through and wet. It was beginning to be windy. Jim went to the door of the farmhouse and asked permission to sleep in the barn.

The lady of the house looked us over keenly. Then she invited us to spend the night in her guest-room. But it was against our principles to accept that invitation. Camping is not altogether for pleasure. It is also for discipline. The camper who takes the soft way easily may miss the hard joys of the road. Our camping consciences troubled us even in the thought of the comfort of a barn, but we satisfied ourselves with the thought that we could not afford to spoil our tent. All this we explained to the kind woman in the doorway. She allowed us to spend the night in her barn.

But she would not let us use our primus lamp for cooking. She took us into a lean-to where she had been ironing all afternoon, and where a good fire still burned. There she bade us get warm and cook our supper. It was luxurious! We cooked our pound of steak with some onions and made cocoa. While we were feasting on this already plentiful fare our hostess brought in a can of preserved cherries and offered them to us for dessert. They were carefully pitted, winy, rich, delicious. She also donated a dozen big apples that had come safely through the winter in her cool cellar. We ate our bountiful repast with glee, and, after tidying up the room, went out to the barn.

It was beautifully clean and airy. We took a few forkfuls of hay over into one corner, spread our blankets thereon, and, as we drifted off to sleep, listened to what Hamlin Garland astutely calls "the comfortable sound" of "hosses chawin' hay."

We were treated with as much kindness once in Scotland. We had driven up through Yorkshire and across Westmoreland in a combination cycle and side-car, what we call a "wife-killer" in this dear slangy country of ours. It had rained off and on, chiefly on, for a week or two. We had our tent with us and kept fairly dry at night, camping in lanes and groves. But in the daytime we rolled over wet roads with the heavens open above our shelterless heads, trying to decide which was wetter, English rain, or Scotch mist. It was late afternoon and we had crossed the border into Scotland when we came upon a small cottage by the road. A grove near it looked like a good place to camp. Jim got out and asked the people who lived in the cottage whether we might have permission to put up a tent there for the night. The little woman who came to the door could not give the permission herself, but sent Jim on to the "big house" to ask, with assurances that it would probably be all right.

For one reason or another I was left standing in the middle of the road, dripping at every crease and angle of my apparel, waiting for Jim to return. My most intimate garments were thoroughly wet and I was cold. I had not been near a fire for three days and nights. Just then a young girl came to the door and called to me.

"Mother wants you to come in and get warm by our fire."

I went in and sat down to warm my stiff feet at the fender. My clothes began to steam pleasantly. White clouds of steam rose from my coat. I told the pretty, dark-eyed woman that we had come from far-away New York. They thought it was in Canada, near Vancouver. Their knowledge of the United States of America was very limited, but their knowledge of human needs and longings was beautiful and rich. Quietly and charmingly the little mother set the table for tea, talking to me pleasantly all the time. I thought that since it was tea time it might be polite for me to suggest departure, but as I was framing a proper speech, my hostess said:

"Does your husband take an egg to his tea?"

They had been getting tea especially for us! They had had their own earlier. Cold and wet as I was, the thought of tea came like a shock of swift delight. The thought of their kindliness, too, made it difficult to say "Thank-you" gracefully enough. They were purely and beautifully hospitable, and would take no money for the tea. And such a tea!

I had had teas in London drawing-rooms with Lady This and Lady That, and I had enjoyed meeting the clever and charming people. It had been very good tea, too, with the daintiest of thin bread

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and butter. But my Scotch friends, who belonged to one of the oldest and most romantic of the clans, had several kinds of bread and butter, scones, several kinds of cake, and a wonderful rhubarb tart! We might drink as many cups of tea as we wanted, and we did. Then also there was the friendliest talk in the world, talk of monuments and sights to be seen in the neighborhood.

By the time tea was over the rain had stopped—or the mist had cleared. We took leave feeling warm and jolly and pitched our tent in the grove. In the evening our friends came to see us in camp. They admired our tent, our bedding, our primus lamp for cooking, our funny little car. Then they sat down under the trees to talk with us.

The man of the house, who had not been present at tea time, had come with his wife to see us, and they had brought the two youngest children, a boy about ten years of age and a little girl somewhat younger; lovely, healthy children, shy as young deer. It occurred to me that the man of the house might have a good voice in his big, broad chest. I asked if he could sing and he admitted that he could a bit. Jim, thereupon, agreed to sing an American song for every Scotch song our host would sing. They took it turn about most of the evening. Jim sang "Dixie," "Old Kentucky Home," and "The Star-Spangled Banner," which they had never heard. The braw Scot sang plaintive, sentimental ballads, many of them quite new to us, and quite delightful. One was about a coy maiden who said to her eager lover,

"I canna, winna, mauna buckle to!"

"Buckle to" means "get married." I told them that our American equivalent was "hitch up," which amused them immensely.

When he noticed that we understood the words of his songs, our friend turned and asked us how it happened, since we did not speak their way and came from a long way off. I told him that educated Americans all read Burns, and he was amazed and delighted. Then, when he had sung everything he could think of himself he turned to his son and heir and bade him sing for us. At first Robbie said, "I canna," and then he said, "I winna." But after much coaxing from his pretty mother, and after a firm command from his sire, Robbie sang, at first shyly, then delightfully, with all the unimpassioned clarity and grace of a boy's soprano.

When they went home down the quiet road, and we withdrew into the old brown tent I felt that there was still much blessedness to be told of mankind to mankind. Such kindness has often been shown us on the open road. I hope we have never abused it. I hope no camper ever will.

As a mere poet certain things would be permitted to me which are considered unbecoming in the wife of a teacher. For instance, I seldom curse. But if any camper ever does return evil for such good gifts given to him, then may fire fail him in need, and may springs be tainted in the land where he travels, and may poison-ivy cling to his ankles, and may burrs catch in his hair, and may thorns tear his face, and may snakes sleep in his bed, and may the wood-tick bury itself in his flesh, and may the mosquito and the black-fly buzz near him even unto the end of eternity!

In wild country, where the woodsmen cannot give food all prepared for the guest, they will give information that is the price of many a good meal. The men on the Tobique gave us much information of this kind when we were camping there one summer.

First they told us how to catch the trout and where. Jim got a hundred and thirty-two one afternoon, and shared them with our neighbors. Every camper has his own favorite way of cooking trout. We fry ours in olive-oil. Bacon fat, generally used, is good, but overcomes the delicate flavor of the trout, so that what the camper tastes is bacon. The sweetness of the trout can be savored perfectly when they are fried in olive-oil. First we take each freshly caught aristocrat, clean it, and wash it in clear water. Then we lift it up to let the sunlight bless it. Then with sincere affection we dip it in a mixture of flour, corn-meal, pepper, and salt, and lay it down in a pan in which the oil is already hot. We fry to a mild brown and serve with coffee and, if there be any

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at hand, with cress or sour-grass. Wild chives cut up between slices of bread and butter are very good with trout.

Sometimes, as every one knows, trout will not bite. Then the hungry camper is wise if he will fish for eels. The Canadian woodsmen taught us how to do that, too. They built a fire of driftwood near the water's edge. Then we took bits of old meat, or stale fish, and baited our lines. Almost as soon as we had thrown them in, the eels, attracted to the shore by the light, took bait and hook. We hauled them out, each one a writhing, wriggling, twisting, squirming body, marvellously muscular and energetic, tying itself into slippery, oozy knots and loops. It was difficult to get the hooks out of them. Many had to be decapitated. Even then they kept on wriggling.

After we had caught enough the woodsmen showed Jim how to skin them. The skin is worked loose at the neck and then, with just the right kind of a tug, pulled off backward, like a glove. Even while this is going on the dead eel writhes and twists. Then we cut them into pieces three or four inches long, and dropped them into a pail of salted water to stand until they stiffened.

When frying-time came we learned to use plenty of hot fat over a slow fire, to drop in the sections, properly floured, and fry them until we were sure they had been cooked too long; then we cooked them even longer. Eels, to be good eating, must have patient, thorough cooking. When they have been properly cooked they wriggle no more, but are firm, and sweet, and rich.

But the joy of joys is Canadian maple-sugar. It has the flavor of a whole forest in it, and sings upon the tongue like many birds. To eat it at the end of a scanty meal is to swallow fairy-land.

On such food we have lived, Jim and I, when we have left the town behind and gone out on the roads and rivers on adventure. On such food we have thriven. And nothing could induce us, I think, to go camping with the usual luggage train of many tin cans, accompanied by many people who think that camping means beans. Those beans are very good at home. But it is not in that way that we desire to be fed by the open road. For to live clean and hard, to go hungry when it is necessary, to get the clean, sharp savor of wild food in sufficient quantities when we can, or, where there are homes, to be social and neighborly in the breaking of bread, is to have food and drink most exquisite and satisfying. By such food we are changed.

MY LITTLE HOUSE OF DREAMS

By James B. Carrington

My little house of dreams, I see,
Among the far blue hills,
Or somewhere near a sea-swept lea
Where surf's deep music thrills;

Or by some little winding stream,
That mirrors all the trees,
Where silent stars at night agleam
Puff out with every breeze.

I sit and watch the clouds sail by,
Adown the earth's far rim,
Like homing birds my thoughts they fly
In shadows soft and dim.

I dream all day and in the night
My little house I see,
I care not where its earthly site,
So it be home to me!

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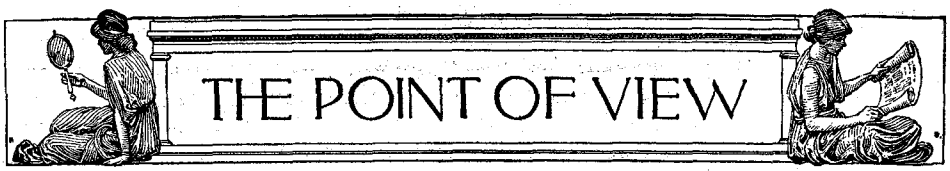

CERTAINLY no one can say any longer that old age is not adaptable. If there has been one tradition more firmly established than another, it is the belief in the indissoluble connection between the old lady and the fireside;—plus a pair of knitting-needles. To be sure, the domestic hearth is becoming a rare and rarer luxury, yet, as one goes about among hotels, large and small, one becomes convinced that the old ladies have not waited for the extinction of its fires before taking themselves elsewhere. The hotels are full of them. They are of all sorts and they come for all reasons: the difficulty of the servant question, the cost of housekeeping, the loneliness of living by oneself, the irksomeness of living as an attachment to a household of young people, which perhaps may mean a more irritating and depressing loneliness than actual solitude. But consider what a change has come when the elderly woman refuses to be an appendage of that sort and makes up her mind that "growing old gracefully" doesn't necessarily mean extinction. She packs her trunks, stores her furniture, or gives it to her children, goes to the kind of hotel she can afford, takes such quarters as she can get, and settles herself. Very rarely she has her own maid. If she can afford a car and a chauffeur, it is so much to the good. If she can afford the car and not the chauffeur, she very likely learns to drive it herself; and if she cannot even have that, she takes the street-cars, thankful for once for the gray hair that gives her a seat while younger women stand. With her club, her church, her books, her game of cards, such handiwork as pleases her, and such friends as time has left her, the days go by only too swiftly.

Old Ladies and Hotels

It has been said that one reason why old people develop queerness is that with advancing age they lose the power of self-control and show peculiarities which hitherto they have held down out of sight. But the old lady in a hotel must not lose her self-control. She cannot let herself go. Life has become for her an everlasting dress parade; and that is, on the whole, good for her. Life may not hold much for her in the present and the only certain prospect for the future is decline—and brevity. But meantime she must arrange her hair in the most becoming way, must put on presentable clothes—and put them on well—and must come out of her room with a smiling face. If she yields to depression or temper or whims, she will be avoided, and that she could not bear. It is wonderful how almost invariably she rises to the situation. Indeed, she has a gallant soul and one takes off one's hat to her. If, in addition, she has a sense of humor, she can, with her long experience of life, be the most agreeable of companions.

As to gallantry, I know one little old lady who delightfully showed the sporting blood which she inherited from a long line of ancestors. She lived in a small hotel where all the guests knew each other and she had never been seen by any of them without her auburn wig. At length she decided that auburn was no longer becoming and accordingly appeared one evening at dinner with beautiful luxuriant wavy gray hair. There was keen interest at the other tables. "Have you seen Mrs. W.'s new wig?" one said to another. "No, don't look now—wait a minute—*now!*"

They were discreet. Mrs. W. didn't see them looking, but she knew—and in her eighties she was still a good sport. She finished her dinner and then made the circuit of the tables, asking for congratulations on her new wig. One felt like giving her a round of applause.

But the life sometimes has its trials. The small hotels have their own social circles and in some places—let us hope not in all—the old ladies are dreadfully let alone except by their contemporaries. Now, they hate always to be looking at wrinkled faces. For brief seasons of the toilette they have to look at their own, which they promptly forget, and feel so young that the next time they see themselves in a mirror it gives them a distinct and unpleasant shock. Having passed through all ages, they like people of all ages, both men and women, and feel that life is only interesting when

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they can come in touch with its variety. Paris, it seems, is the paradise where old ladies can get their innings in polite society, but only a few of them can live in Paris. In America, alas, old age is not popular. Birds of a feather are expected to flock together; and the farther west you go the worse it gets. I heard some one in a small hotel say: "In this house the women are divided into three sets—the old ladies, the young girls, and the Ladies. Just now the Ladies are having it all their own way."

I think that the very young have more liking for the old than those who are farther along the road. Age is so far from youth that youth can regard it with a stout heart; can amuse and be amused. Of course there are any number of dull old women—the dull young ones grown old—but, on the whole, it always seems to me that there are more amusing old women than old men. Good luck to them all, the clever and the simple, and long may they take their ease in their inn!

On Going for the Mail

A FRIEND of mine, recently returned from a month in New Hampshire, was speaking affectionately of some of the joys of repatriation in his native New England after his first year in our small Southern college town.

I asked him what he considered the greatest felicity of his visit.

"To go to the door in the morning and find a daily paper!" he replied.

He recalled the experience with all the wistfulness of the children of Israel murmuring against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness. For him, at the moment, a pre-breakfast paper and a city mail delivery were the flesh-pots of Egypt.

But I find it otherwise. I would not for anything return to the days of the postman's shrill whistle; I will, if you please, carry my own mail as I would wish to carry my own burdens. There has come to be, for me, something effeminate in the feebleness which finds a task in the greatest joy of the day—going for the mail. One who resents getting his own letters, will expect breakfast in bed, is no companion on a tramp and sees in Christmas nothing but a survival of a pagan festival. Even the very errands which the lady who presides inevitably remembers just as I am closing the door on my way out take on a sort of sanctity from their association with the ritual. A yeast-cake or a spool of thread become less terrible purchases, and seem almost as essential to the welfare of the home as the packages which come from the mail-order house—when they are bought on trips for the mail.

And then there are all the neighborly greetings of friends and acquaintances whom one meets on the way. There is a sort of post-office affableness or sincerity. So effectively is one's day brightened by a pilgrimage for his letters that I have seriously thought of passing about among my friends a petition to the government requesting that the office schedule be arranged with the idea of postponing the evening boxing of the mail until the next morning after breakfast. A social-welfare worker might even draw a cunning chart to show just how crimes would decrease, and police-court procedures be dispensed with, could one but start the day by getting his mail in the morning. Expectancy and hopefulness, gratification and disappointment; these are the emotions which one discovers on the faces of his friends about the post-office entrance. Even when one is glum at the failure to receive the baby's photographs, or the plans of the new house from Uncle Bert, the architect; still there is cheerfulness in one's greeting to his friend who has, he hopes, been more fortunate. "Those blueprints will come on the evening train," we say, and there we have the happy conviction that the after-supper trip will be justified.

This geniality of the commoners has its influence on the character of the deities who preside within the post-office. Forget your key, and the god of the general-delivery window will willingly step back to the boxes to spring the lock for you. If you are buying a stamp and find that you must rely on a personal check, Mr. Lynum will cash it for you graciously and deduct your two-cent purchase without a regret. That there are certain hours when the windows are presumably open for business every one knows, but what those hours are no one ever thinks of finding out. When the photographs of the baby do finally come, it is only necessary to present the claim slip and, I believe, Mr. Robin would leave his sundae at the drug-store that you might have them.

My own box is number 592, and is located on the bottom tier of the long, glass-fronted

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stack. I approach it with a feeling of trepidation. Casting about for an analogy, I can think of nothing equal to it except, perhaps, that of the June afternoon when I gave the gavel to the lady who presides. To secure its charms I must kneel, and what I have found I do not know until I have again stood erect and safely regained my balance. But then I am, and *was*, rewarded. With what eagerness one sorts pamphlets from letters and family mail from business correspondence! There are, I understand, men who receive such a press of mail that they must needs have clerks to arrange it for them; men who willingly give up to hirelings the pleasure of slitting an envelope with a long, cool letter-opener and forego the joy of the crinkle of good bond paper between their fingers. It is time that something were done to suppress big business.

The mail in hand, if one is a good citizen of Hope Chapel, he will sidle up to the wall or find a seat on the steps and read his personal letters.

"Whoopee! George is coming down for the week-end," shouts seventeen-year old Sally-Louise to Mary Potter across the room.

"Young Kent isn't doing so poorly up at Johns Hopkins," confides Doctor Wilton to the registrar of our own university, who is reading his letters at my shoulder.

"Here's that sample I've been waiting for," says Mrs. Gray, the wife of the undertaker to the young bride of the minister.

And so it goes on any week-day.

But if it is an event to go for the mail six days a week, on Sunday it is a ceremony. It is the boast of the village that among the two hundred families there is not one unhappy marriage, and Sunday afternoon gives color to the statement. All Hope Chapel and his wife, together with the perambulator, make the pilgrimage about five o'clock. Sally-Louise, sedate on the arm of George; Doctor Wilton with his two daughters; Mrs. Gray in a new blue silk, watching her youngest shaking his rattle as her husband, in funereal garb, disappears within the swinging doors: these are the things which make the Sunday going for the mail a ceremony de luxe.

On this day the lady who presides is with me. As I rise from my genuflections before box 592 she is as curious as I to know whether or not the editor of the ——— thinks his readers will be interested in those who go for the mail in this Southern college town.

Castles in—America

AT first thought, nothing would seem more useless to a man than a guide-book to a city he never hopes to visit. The very picture of him gazing at its maps—the maze of streets his feet may never untangle, the buildings whose splendor his eye may never see, the little patches of park whose restful green he may never know—might be taken as the symbol of the ironies which destiny has played upon the human race from before the days of Egypt. Surely, here is the cynic's perfect figure for the life of man.

Yet, for pure joy, for sheer recreation—whether or not during the next twenty years you intend to stir a stone's throw from your fireside—I bid you open a guide-book. Never did a writer conjure up a romance more diverting. Never was there a magic carpet of legend that could lift you more swiftly to other lands. I do not mean the kind of guide-books that inspirational travellers write and call "Beautiful Brussels" or "Patagonia, the Land of Out-of-Doors." Take a regular handbook for travellers "with nineteen maps and forty-two plans" and pages and pages of closely printed type that you would never think of reading through (even though you were going there) about first-class hotels and second-class hotels and pensions and cafés and hairdressers and motor-buses and tramways and doctors—the kind that is always so full of information its pages bristle with abbreviations you are never quite sure of.

You scarcely have it open before the spell begins to work. Your very first sensation is of being set down in the midst of a strange city and feeling hopelessly lost. Suddenly, you are homesick—you don't know which way to turn. You think of the familiar corner of Main and Chestnut Streets and, in a moment of weakness, you would relinquish everything to be strolling along the dusty sidewalks you know.

But don't—don't close the book. Every traveller feels that way when he first steps into the foreign din of a strange city. Wander on a few pages—here is a map. Your eye rests upon a path of snaky gray in a wil-

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derness of pink—across it runs SEINE FLEUVE; why, of course, that is the river Seine, and in the middle of it here is the *Ile de la Cité* and *Notre Dame* (I didn't know *Notre Dame* was on an island). A dozen streets running together into a roundish white spot draws you to it—*Place de la Bastille*. Now you can begin to "get your bearings."

At last you are in Paris; you may never have dreamed that you would be there, but here you are. If you don't believe me, wander about. No end of adventures are waiting for you. Don't think you can get about too easily if you don't know French, but what would Paris be without it?

Unexpectedly, names which have dangled for years in mid-air in your brain tumble down to earth and fix themselves to perfectly definite places—*Pont Neuf*, "*Boul. Mich.*," *Champ de Mars*. Half an hour—before you know it, you are driving in the *Bois*, parading down the *Champs Elysées*, or loitering in the *Quartier Latin*.

You are curious to see what is inside the buildings. You pick one near the Jardin du Luxembourg, and the index says, page 291:

> The *PANTHEON (Pl. R, 19; V) stands on the highest ground on the left bank (the 'Mont de Paris'; 197 ft.) the site of the tomb——

For two pages you hear of its history, its domes, its vaults, and decorations. When you finish, the Pantheon may still be only a bit of red splashed on the pink background of a map in your mind's eye, but it has become every bit as real to you as it was to the crowd of tourists that hurried through its portals this morning—when you meet it again in print, you may have forgotten every word of its description, but you will feel a thrill of recognition—*you have been there.*

If you should leave France for a little trip across the Channel, do not think the atmosphere of England will be anything like France just because you are travelling in a guide-book. After the bewildering web of *rues* and *places*, the streets and circuses of London with their good old English names seem ridiculously easy to master. Charing Cross, Pall Mall, Hyde Park—having explored Paris, you could conduct a party around London on almost a moment of notice, for English is spoken here and you cannot get lost.

A journalist who won both fame and fortune during the war and has become one of the most respected authorities upon it in America, hinted to me that he was able to make the *coup d'état* of his career because he had travelled in a guide-book. When the war first burst with the invasion of Belgium, day by day he wrote editorials which amazed all his colleagues because they told with unerring accuracy just the valleys, the villages, almost the cow-paths, through which the German army would pass. Every one wondered where he was getting his uncanny information. The secret was—long ago, in 1907, he had planned a walking tour over the invaded region. He never took the trip except in his guide-book, but every knoll, every depression and stream were familiar to him—with a knowledge of strategy, the rest was easy.

When you come in after a hard day's work, there is something delightfully diverting to learn from the guide-book just the proper way to present a letter of introduction, if you were in England and had one. There is something very comfortable in knowing just how to go about getting a doctor, and what you ought to pay him, if you have the toothache. Before now London may have seemed far away, but the toothache is no mystery and, somehow, connecting the two has made London a nearer reality.

When Mahomet first made his rash remark about the mountain, I am sure he must have been studying guide-books.

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HUMOR IN JAPANESE ILLUSTRATION

By Louise Norton Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S COLLECTION OF RARE PRINTS

AMONG other misconceptions in regard to the Japanese is the belief held by many foreigners that they are a stolid people. One might search the dictionary and not find an adjective less applicable to them. They have, it is true, attained a self-control that deceives superficial observers, but under this restraint is all the fire and emotion and effervescence of the Latin races or the Celts. One expression of this volatile and effervescing spirit is a quick wit and a keen humor. A very slight acquaintance with Japanese art will reveal this quality expressed in many forms—in designs for fabrics, lacquer work, fans, carvings, bronzes, screens, and kakemono, and, last but by no means least, in many of their delightful illustrated books.

Comic pictorial work probably goes back in Japan to the first immature sketches of her earliest artists, and if the greater part of this work has been lost in the serious religious art that followed the advent of Buddhism into the country, there are still fragments that indicate the humor which animated even the men of the Yamato-ryū. Among these early examples are some drawings discovered a few years ago on the pedestal of one of the carved wooden figures in the Nara Museum. The work belongs to the Tempyō period (eighth century), and was found when repairs necessitated the removal of the figure from its base. Slight as the drawings are, having been dashed off in a moment of waiting, perhaps, by some old artist-priest—the technic in them is by no means crude or primitive.

The comic drawings of the eleventh-century priest, Toba Sōjō, are known the world over, and since his time all caricatures have gone by the name of *toba-ye* among the Japanese.

From the *Toba-ye Fude Byōshi*, by Hasegawa Mitsunobu.

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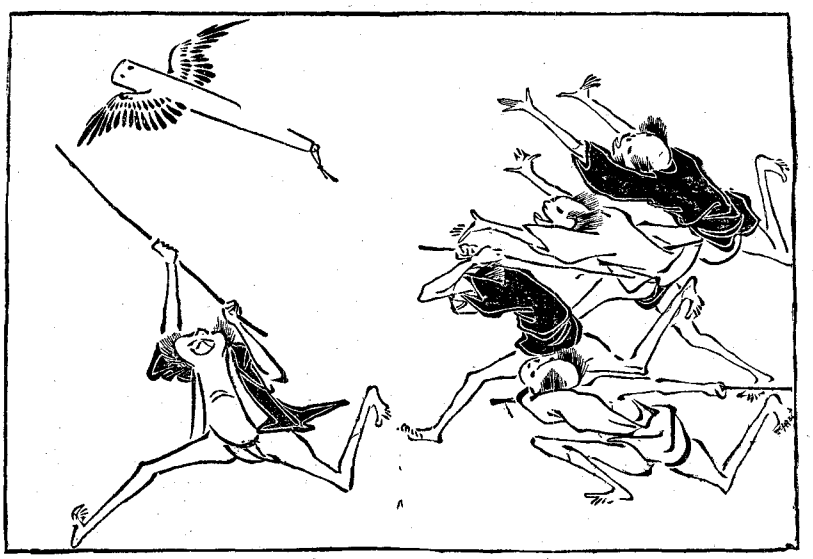
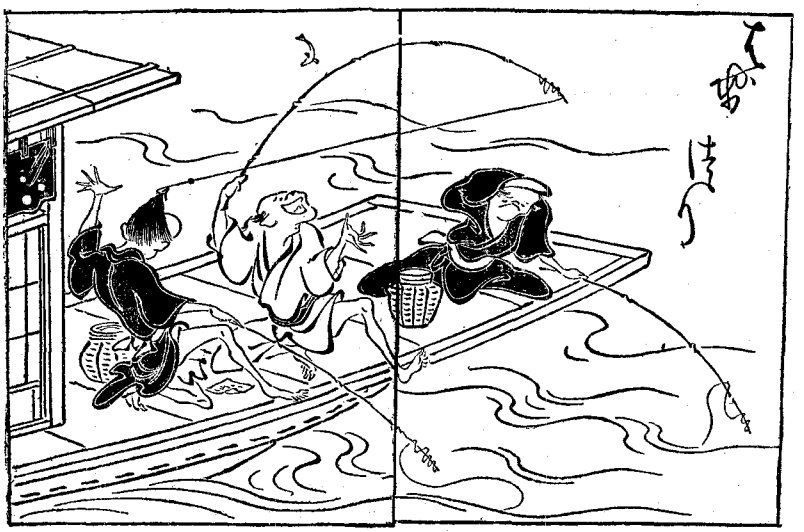


A caricature by Oöka Shunboku in the *Wakan Meihitsu Ehon Te-kagami* (1720).

In the late seventeenth century there arose a galaxy of wits and caricaturists in Ōsaka. The first of these irrepressible spirits was Hanabusa Itchō, who lived between 1651 and 1724. Although he went to Yedo before his twentieth year, and entered the Kanō school as a pupil of Yasunobu, no amount of classical training could kill his love of fun. This tendency was expressed in caricature once too often, and after some outrageous drawings of the Shōgun and one of the latter's fair favorites, Itchō was banished to the island of Hachijō, some five hundred miles south of Yokohama—there to repent and grow in wisdom and seriousness. Delightfully humorous sketches are found in the many books containing his drawings—the "Hanabusa Itchō Hyaku-gwa" (5 vols., *c.* 1760); the "Itchō Gwafu" (3 vols., 1770); the "Gun-



From the first volume of the *Toba-ye Akubi-dome* (1793), by Takahara Shunchōsai.

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chō Gwayei" (3 vols., 1772), and the rare "Yeirin Gwakyō" (3 vols., 1773); all containing, mixed in with the serious work, most amusing sketches done with characteristic dash and freedom.

A close contemporary of Itchō's was the Buddhist priest, Meiyo Kokan, who lived between 1653 and 1717. From Koriyama, near Nara, where he had been a priest in the temple of Saigan-ji, he went to Ōsaka, and finally toward the latter part of his life was made Abbot of Hoön-ji in Kyōto. He studied painting under Kanō Yeino, and some kakemono of enormous size which he made of mythical subjects became very famous. A delightful painted scroll in *sumi* from his brush, representing the rebuilding of the Daibutsu-den in Nara is one of the temple treasures of Todai-ji in that city. After Kokan's death a book of very clever caricatures by him was printed by his followers. These drawings appeared anonymously in the "Ruise Sogwa" (3 vols.), in 1724. This early edition was printed on the fine Chinese paper known as *toshi*, and is excessively rare. In 1735, and again in the Hōreki period, these books were reprinted under the title of "Jimbutsu Sogwa," and Kokan's name, as the artist, is given on the title-page. Religious subjects, priests at their devotions, temple scenes, etc., are all caricatured by this rollicking old monk, and the big, dashing technic of the drawings might have come from Paris last year.

From the *Kishi Empu* (1803), by Aoi Sōkyū.

Three contemporary artists, Oöka Shunboku, Hasegawa Mitsunobu, and Heizaburo Nichōsai, were all working in Ōsaka toward the middle of the eighteenth century. Shunboku was an aristocrat, Mitsunobu had leanings toward the Ukiyo-ye style, and Nichōsai was just frankly of the proletariat and frankly vulgar and funny.

Shunboku (1688–1772) was first of all a great painter, having been given the degree of Hōgen by the Shōgunate. He was largely self-taught, and formed his style on close study of the old Kanō work. In early eighteenth-century art in Japan his was an important name, not only locally but throughout the country. In time he headed what came to be known as the Dokuritsu or Independent School, and left numerous followers to carry on his work. He dipped into many things in an art way; copying famous old classic paintings by early Chinese and Japanese masters, illustrating old legends and historical subjects, making drawings of flowers and birds (in the "Meika Jūni-shū"), and producing charming designs for carvers in his "Ramma Dzushiki," a series of three rare books, signed Oöka Haito, and published in 1734. His experiments in color-printing form perhaps the most interesting artistic adventures in his career, for the beautiful and excessively rare "Minchō Seido Gwayen," published in two volumes in Enkyō 3 (1746), is one of the very early examples of full polychrome work in Japan. Shunboku had lighter moments in which dignity was thrown aside, when he indulged in the *toba-ye* which were just then the rage in the Ōsaka studios. Three famous sets of books of caricatures, although variously attributed at different times to Hasegawa Mitsunobu and Nichōsai, having appeared anonymously in the original editions, are now known to have been Shunboku's work. These are the

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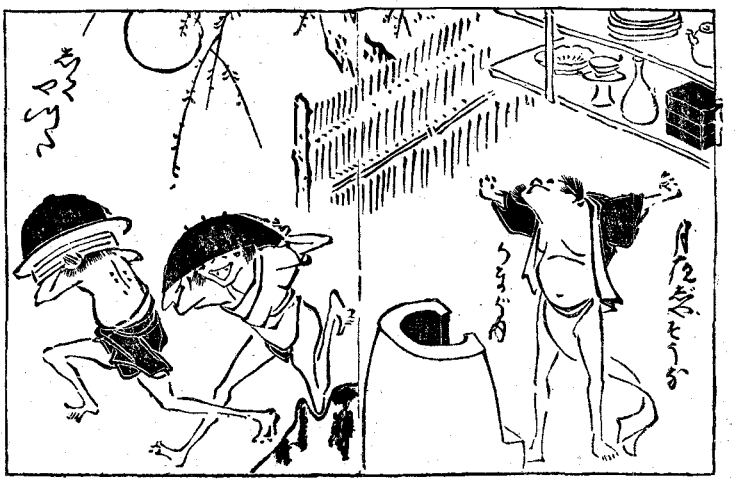

From the first volume of the *Keihitsu Toba-guruma* (1720), by Oöka Shunboku.

famous and delightful book, signed Hōgen Ichiō Shunboku, appeared in six folios in 1720, and although chiefly given up to descriptions and copies of classical work, in it the revived popularity of the *toba-ye* is spoken of, and examples of it are given on the 13th, 14th, and 15th pages of the last volume. The technic in these drawings is identical with that in the three sets of books of caricatures spoken of, although even now these books are frequently attributed to Mitsunobu and in the "Hayashi Catalogue" were listed as by Nichōsai. This mistake is difficult to understand, because even a superficial comparison of work by the three men reveals such fundamental differences in the style as to prove the drawings to certainly not have been by either Mitsunobu or Nichōsai, whoever else's work they may have been.

"Keihitsu Toba-guruma" (3 vols., 1720); the "Toba-ye Sango-kushi" ("Comic Sketches of Three Cities"—Spring in Kyōto, Evening in Yedo, and Autumn in Ōsaka—3 vols., 1752); and the "Toba-ye Ōgi-no-Mato" (caricatures of people at different pastimes—3 vols., Hōreki period, and again in 1788 when the earlier books were also republished).

Just why Shunboku allowed these clever books to appear unsigned is not known. Probably his position in the art world of the day and the fact that he was known as a follower of the classic methods, and had been given the rank or degree of Hōgen, made it seem beneath his dignity to produce the laughter-compelling if not over-nice sketches in the above volumes. Even if the secret had not been out, however, when the 1788 editions of these books appeared, naming Shunboku as the artist in their advertising pages, it might easily enough have been guessed by the examples of *toba-ye* in the last volume of the "Wakan Meihitsu Ehon Te-kagami." This

Of the life of Hasegawa Mitsunobu almost nothing of any importance is known. He used as other signatures the names Nagaharu, Baiōken, and Hasegawa Shō-

From the *Ehon Jugen* (1751), reproductions of Hanabusa Itchō's drawings by Ippō.

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suiken, and we know that he was working in the Kyōhō period, since a well-known book of caricatures, the "Toba-ye Fude Byōshi" (3 vols.) appeared in the ninth year of that period (1724), and a rare set of books of kimono designs, in which he collaborated with Tachibana Morikuni, followed in 1727. His most interesting book is an undated *kubari-hon* or gift book, of one hundred poems and *toba-ye* drawings of artisans, entitled the "Haikai Futawarai"; a delightfully humorous folio and excessively rare. The "Toba-ye Fude Byōshi" is known chiefly through reprints, the original edition having become practically extinct.

The third member of this Ōsaka group of caricaturists was Haizaburo Nichōsai,* a sake brewer, who, in his leisure hours, was given to writing novels, reciting Jōruri ballads, and drawing caricatures, and who later in life became a dealer in curios. His drawings of actors and wrestlers were almost as popular as his comic sketches, and he, himself, was so well known for his witty stories and queer pranks that he was called by a nickname that might be translated as the "crank of Ōsaka." Other names used by him in his work were Matsuya Heitazaemon and Matsuhei. There are about a dozen books illustrated by Nichōsai, all of which are extremely rare. His "Ehon Mizuka-Sora" (2 vols., 1780), containing caricatures of actors; the "E-banashi Nichōsai" (4 vols., 1782) with its anecdotes and drawings of authors and artists during the four seasons; the "Katsura Kasane" (1 folio, colors, 1803); and the "Ehon Kotsu Dzue" (3 vols., 1805), are practically never to be found now in the original editions. The "Katsura Kasane" was reprinted under the title of "Saiji Mepokai," but even this reprint is rare. The immensely clever caricatures in this book are beautifully printed in colors on a white ground. It is one of the rarest of the *toba-ye* books and commands a high price when it comes up for sale. All of these men left followers who produced *toba-ye* books along with their more serious work.

From the *Yamato Jimbutsu Gwafu*, by Yamaguchi Soken (1804).

Takahara Shunchōsai, chiefly known as an illustrator of *meisho-ki* or guide-books, produced one set of amusing *toba-ye* books. This is the "Toba-ye Akubi-dome" ("Comical Sketches to Prevent Yawning"), published in three volumes in 1793.

In Kyōto several of the Shijō-Maruyama and Bunjingwa artists produced delightfully amusing drawings done in a dashing style that would seem ultramodern, did not the dates in the books go back to a century and more ago.

*Sometimes incorrectly spelled and pronounced Jichōsai.

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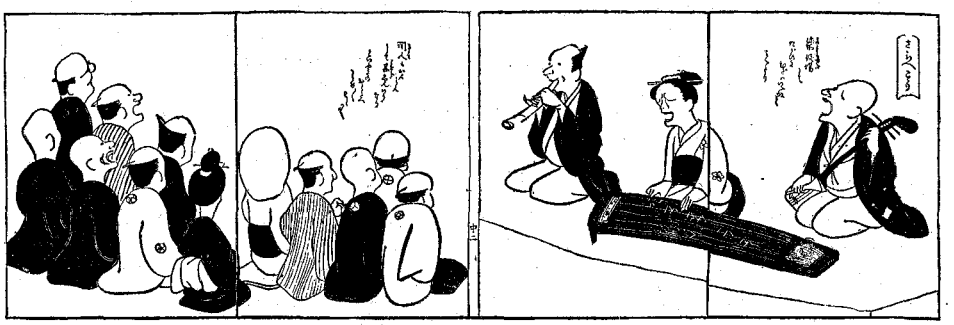
Yamaguchi Soken, one of Ōkyo's famous pupils, in his two sets of the "Yamato Jimbutsu Gwafu" (3 vols., each 1799 and 1804), produced some very clever work; Nishimura Nantei also; while Aoi Sōkyū, generally known as Kishi Sudo, another follower of the Maruyama School who later lived in Ōsaka, was guilty of perhaps the most amazing of all the books of caricatures. This excessively rare work, the "Kishi Empu," appeared first in 1803. In the "Gillot Catalogue" the mistake is made of attributing it to Kishi Chikudo. The book is in three volumes and contains grotesque but richly colored double-page plates of the Ōsaka courtesans. In 1815 the book was reprinted, and in 1903 Yamada of Kyōto reproduced twelve of the plates in a gwajo under the title of "Kakuchu Empu."

Edward Strange, in his "Japanese Colour Prints," says in the chapter devoted to subjects of illustration, that "comic scenes and caricatures are not common, and rarely well executed." This is true to some extent of the prints, but in the old illustrated books—long before the time of Hokusai—there is found an immense amount of comic work done in a dashing style that reminds one of Steinlen's, Forain's, and Abel Faivre's cartoons that were daily features of the Paris papers some years ago. That these books have been favorites is proved by their extreme rarity and the soiled and generally poor condition in which they are almost invariably found when they do occasionally turn up in old bookshops and at the Japanese auctions.

Comic work is no less popular in modern Japanese illustration, and the newspapers and magazines are constantly printing extremely clever work done with admirable technic. A number of modern books have also appeared within the last few years containing delightful drawings of this kind. The traveller from the Occident doesn't escape the facile brush of these humorists, and if the foreigners who come to Japan imagine that they impress the Japanese with their superiority, some of these modern books of caricatures depicting their foibles might be distressingly disillusionizing to them. Not having been on the immediate scene and watched the development of our tricks and our manners, the Japanese cartoonist brings, in addition to a perennial sense of fun, a pair of fresh eyes to the latest vagaries of the West in hats, clothes, and manners, and in his exquisitely funny drawings gives us a hint as to the manner in which we appear when "others see us."

But foreigners do not often see these books.



From the "Ehon Kotsu Dzue" (3 vols., 1805), by Nichōsai.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 5.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

GERMANY'S PAYMENT AND THE ECONOMIC FUTURE

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

AT the moment when the financial community's sentiment had drifted to belief that nothing was in sight to check the course of reaction and depression, the situation suddenly passed into a new phase. It was not readily recognized by the markets as an altered situation; it was reflected at the start only feebly, if at all, even on the Stock Exchange, and it left plenty of grave financial problems behind it. Nevertheless, it did not require any large experience to see that in very large measure the surrounding and controlling circumstances had changed.

A Change in the Situation

A few months ago it was pointed out in these sketches of the financial situation that the economic world had passed, since the armistice, through two distinct chapters of events, each of which had in turn been definitely ended, and that it had subsequently been groping its way through the third chapter, whose end could not clearly be seen at the time by any one. The first period of after-war reaction and declining prices had lasted from November, 1918, to the ensuing spring. The period which followed—marked by rising prices, by wild speculation, by rapid enhancement of production costs, including labor, and by world-wide currency inflation—had continued from the spring of 1919 to the spring of 1920. It had been followed by the spectacular fall of prices in every market of the world, by the hard times and the effort at economic readjustment, the date and manner of whose completion had been impossible to predict.

These three economic chapters had closely followed the shifting phases of the political situation, which, first, in the few months following the armistice, had been governed by the struggle for subjection of Central and Western Europe to anarchy of the Bolshevist sort, whose second period had covered the defeat of that undertaking and the period of political recovery, but which, after entering the third period a year ago, had been continuously confronted with the grim problem of settling the terms of peace, enforcing indemnity payments, and effecting the seemingly impossible restoration of normal relationships between the European states. During at least twelve months this problem, like the problem of bringing into a sound position the markets, the international trade and the relations between producers and consumers, had seemed to be insoluble. Within a month it has apparently been solved, and with its solution economic and political conditions have both entered a new chapter.

UP to the month of May, 1921, Germany had simply refused to conform to the terms of reparation, set forth by the Allied Commission in accordance with the agreement signed by Germany at the armistice and in the Treaty of Versailles. One of the payments thus imposed had been fixed for May 1. It was not met. The German Government professed inability to pay the total amount assessed against it. It made counter-proposals on a very much smaller scale, rejected the modified proposals of the Allied premiers, and showed plain signs of having found encouragement, first in such sympathetic denunciation of the treaty as that of Mr. Maynard Keynes, and, second, in what seemed to be Germany's inference that the defeat of President Wilson's candidate at the polls last November meant not only a new United States Government which would reject Mr. Wilson's international policies, but an

When Germany Refused Payment

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American State Department which would in substance take its stand with Germany against France and England.

For a time it certainly looked as if the Allies' case against Germany in the reparations matter would go by default. England was reluctant to move aggressively. No one could yet be sure what attitude the Harding administration would take; Senator Knox was pressing his resolution for a separate peace with Germany —a measure whose significance the German people were certain to interpret as a rebuff by the United States Government to its recent Allies and a practical expression of sympathy with Germany. There were not lacking American voices to express outright denunciation of Germany's antagonists and their programme. The declaration in a public speech at London by our new ambassador to England, of dislike to the League established by the Treaty and of warning that America suspected and distrusted it, had not then been made, but it was possible for Germany to find other evidences of American feeling which it was possible to interpret for her own advantage.

THIS was the situation a very few weeks ago. It was entirely changed by two events. The first was the cold refusal of our State Department to give any consideration whatever to the direct appeal by Germany for the United States to help in obtaining remission of sentence; a refusal coupled with the statement that, in the opinion of the American Government, Germany should be made to pay to the full extent of her capacity for what her armies had done in France and Belgium. This answer cut off hope of American intercession. The second event was the advance of Marshal Foch and his troops into Germany, with the plain intimation on the part of France that unless the German Government were to make good its engagements by the end of May a further movement of the army would be made into the busy industrial districts of Germany. In the closing week of May the German Government suddenly announced its acquiescence. Cable despatches reported for a day or two that the Reichstag would repudiate the new ministry upon whose shoulders that decision had been thrown; but on May 10, by a vote of 221 to 175, the acceptance of the terms was formally approved.

Our Government's Attitude

Even then one continued to hear, not only in Germany but in the Allied countries, that the total payment assessed, amounting to 132,000,000,000 gold marks, or $31,400,000,000, could never be met. That this amount, huge as it was, would still not cover the wanton and malicious damage done by the German army was indignantly set forth by France. But the question of capacity remained, even when the sum had been carefully fixed by the Reparations Commission, after considering both what ought to be paid by the defeated invader and what the culprit actually could pay. When the terms were finally accepted, the only party to the negotiations that appeared to have no doubt or misgiving in the matter was the German Government; which, in an entirely practical and businesslike way, began to make its historic payment.

A change of high importance from the atmosphere of international rancor, suspicion, and mistrust was foreshadowed in other ways than by Germany's acquiescence. The French premier, facing a Chamber of Deputies which appeared to be determined not to trust the German pledges, declared that "the new German Government has shown good faith and loyalty," that France "owes it to herself and to the world to give Germany a chance to make good its promises," and that, "if the Chamber chooses another policy it must get another chief to lead." This was distinctly striking a new note and opening a new chapter in after-war history. Nevertheless, it remained to be determined whether Germany could make good.

THE terms of reparation required delivery by Germany of government bonds for the full amount of the indemnity and an annual cash payment, until redemption of those bonds, of 2,000,000,000 gold marks, or $476,000,000, plus an additional sum amounting to 26 per cent of the value of Germany's exports. It was further provided that before June 1 Germany should pay to the

The Terms of Reparation

(Continued on page 51, *following*)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 130)

Reparations Commission, in gold or bills of exchange or three-months drafts on the German treasury endorsed by responsible international bankers, the sum of 1,000,000,000 gold marks. This was the first transaction which had to be physically performed. It was only a fraction of the total liability, but it meant in substance the laying down by Germany of $238,000,000 cash. The question was, how could she do it? It was the first test of the larger question, whether Germany had the physical and financial power to meet the Allied requisitions.

Precisely the same question arose when France in 1871 was called upon to pay the war indemnity of the Franco-Prussian War. Prussian armies were encamped in France, on a scale of occupation never yet practised by the French armies in Germany since the recent war. France had even in those days been invaded and partly devastated by the German armies. The indemnity of 5,000,000,000 francs or $1,000,000,000 was possibly as large, in relation to the capital resources and accumulated wealth of fifty years ago, as the $31,000,000,000 German indemnity is to the world's resources of to-day. Only three years were granted to France in which to pay the whole indemnity in cash, as against the thirty-seven years which the present German reparations bonds are allowed to run.

The French Indemnity of 1871

THE financial world of 1871 was sceptical as to the power of any government to make so prodigious a cash payment. That indemnity was paid, however, and in less than the stipulated time. The manner of payment and the results of it were a complete surprise to the financial community of the day. Out of the actual net cash payment, amounting to 4,961,000,000 francs, only 273,000,000 was paid by actual shipment of gold from Paris to Berlin. Silver was shipped to the extent of 239,000,000 francs, notes of the Bank of France and banknotes of Prussia and Belgium to the extent of 298,000,000. The balance, amounting to 4,151,000,000 francs, or, roughly, $800,000,000, was paid in bills of exchange, partly drawn on the Prussian market itself but largely, also, on half a dozen other European markets.

They represented credit balances on those markets owned by France. It was noticed with astonishment by financial writers of the day, not only that these enormous transfers were made without serious disturbance of the international market, but that money rates, which advanced in Germany in connection with

(Financial Situation, continued on page 53)

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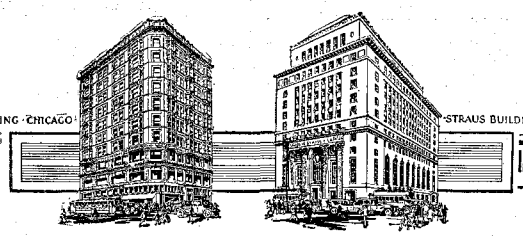

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 51)

the speculative movement following the payment, remained undisturbed at Paris. In the longer sequel it was remembered for many years that, when the reckoning came for the waste of the world's capital as a result of the Franco-Prussian War, it was Germany which was hardest hit in an economic way and France which passed through the crisis of 1873 with the least disturbance.

Germany's Plan of Payment

NO one appeared to know, last May, how Germany would make even the initial payment. There was no reason to suppose that the German Government, like the France of 1871, had credit balances in foreign money centres on which to draw. The foreign balances on which France had drawn to pay the 5,000,000,000 francs after 1870 had been created mainly by a loan of 3,500,000,000 francs raised by the government largely in other countries—a loan to which every European market had subscribed, even Prussian investors taking nearly one-seventh of it. But Germany had raised no foreign loan; the $238,000,000 initial cash payment (not to mention the remaining $31,178,000,000 bond redemptions) would have to be paid from her own existing resources. The German Reichsbank reported as held in its reserve, when the date for payment arrived, an amount of gold slightly exceeding 1,000,000,000 marks, or the full amount of the instalment due June 1. Foreign financial experts generally predicted that this gold would be used for payment. Germany gave no indication of such purpose.

In the closing week of May the German ambassador at Paris delivered to the Allied Reparations Commission 150,000,000 marks in drafts on banks of Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, Belgium, England, France, and the United States. On May 30 he handed to the Commission German treasury bonds for 850,000,000 marks, maturing in three months, endorsed and their payment guaranteed by the principal German banks.

Drawing on Foreign Markets

TWO questions instantly arose—how Germany, after the war-time paralysis of its foreign trade and its financial relations with foreign countries, had obtained even the first $35,733,000 of foreign credits, and what would be the effect on the international exchange market when the drafts were presented for payment. The further question followed, whether

(Financial Situation, continued on page 57)

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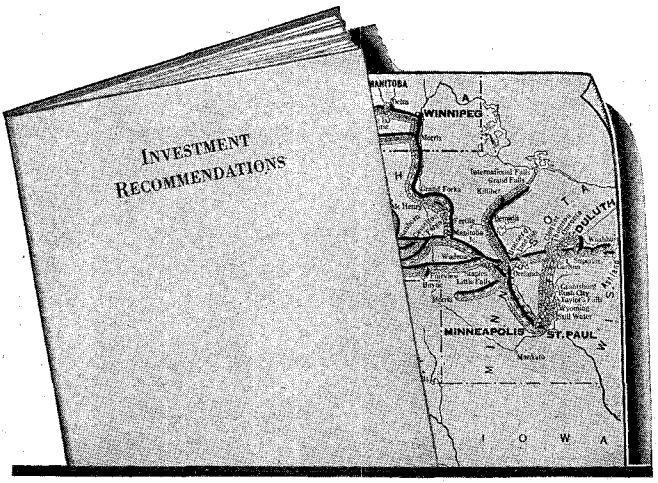

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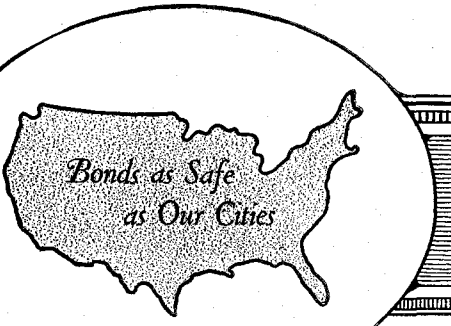

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This list, which we issue periodically, includes bonds suitable for Savings Banks, Trust Funds and individuals desiring to invest where safety of principal is paramount. The bonds we have selected for this list have been issued by important and prosperous communities in every section of the United States.

Although the year ending May 1st, 1921, showed a decline in commodity prices of about 36.7%, bonds of this type have not yet advanced to reflect this large increase in the purchasing power of the dollar. These bonds may now be purchased

to yield 5% to 7%

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Kindly address Department S.

William R. Compton Company

Investment Bonds

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In connection with the investment or reinvestment of funds, a modernly equipped trust company, by virtue of its specialized experience and facilities, is able to render exceptional and often invaluable services. Those of this institution are always at your disposal.

From time to time we publish circulars describing a number of carefully selected and especially attractive issues. May we send you our *July Investment List?* Please address Department S

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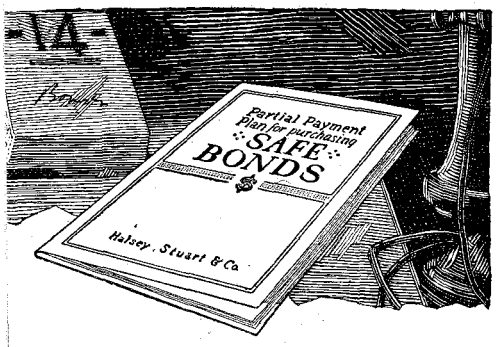

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WE believe that the external loans of certain foreign governments offer the investor splendid opportunities for the safe and profitable investment of his funds.

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CASSATT & CO.
Established 1872
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK BALTIMORE PITTSBURGH SCRANTON

(Financial Situation continued from page 53)

the drafts would be redeemed by transfer of the funds to the chief beneficiaries, France and Belgium, and if so, whether a flow of gold to those countries would begin from England, Holland, Scandinavia, and Germany itself. As to how the German Government acquired the foreign credits, that question is not yet answered. On exchange of merchandise since the armistice, Germany has been a heavy debtor to those countries since the war. Her pre-war credits in the Allied countries have been sequestrated. There is no evident explanation except that stored-up German capital had been transferred in large amounts to foreign markets since the armistice and that the German Government had now got control of it.

Conjecture as to the movement of exchange rates was at once diverted by a remarkable announcement. It was stated in a matter-of-fact way, when the first instalment was paid over, that the 150,000,000 marks or $35,733,000 would, by agreement with the Reparations Commission, be used to purchase remittances to America and deposited in New York City. Before June 1, that sum had been placed to the credit of the Commission with the New York Federal Reserve Bank. During the four or five days in which that remarkable transfer was being made, French exchange on London rose violently from 46⅛ francs per pound sterling to 47½, and the pound sterling at New York declined from $4 to $3.85. It was precisely what would have occurred in the case of a mass of capital being shifted from Paris to London for investment, and thence being passed along for similar purposes from England to the United States.

New York and the Reparations Fund

WHY was this great credit fund, in which the United States Government had virtually no interest, thus laid down at New York? What would be done with it, when so deposited? These questions must be answered in the light of the very remarkable economic relationships of the nations. The United States is to-day the central money market of the world. It is the one great market in which the currency and values reckoned in that currency are at par with gold. It is the creditor and the future source of credit for the outside world. It is the producing community from which the supplies and materials for the reconstruction of Europe must in large measure be drawn.

Unquestionably the request of the Reparations Commission that Germany convert her

(Financial Situation, continued on page 59)

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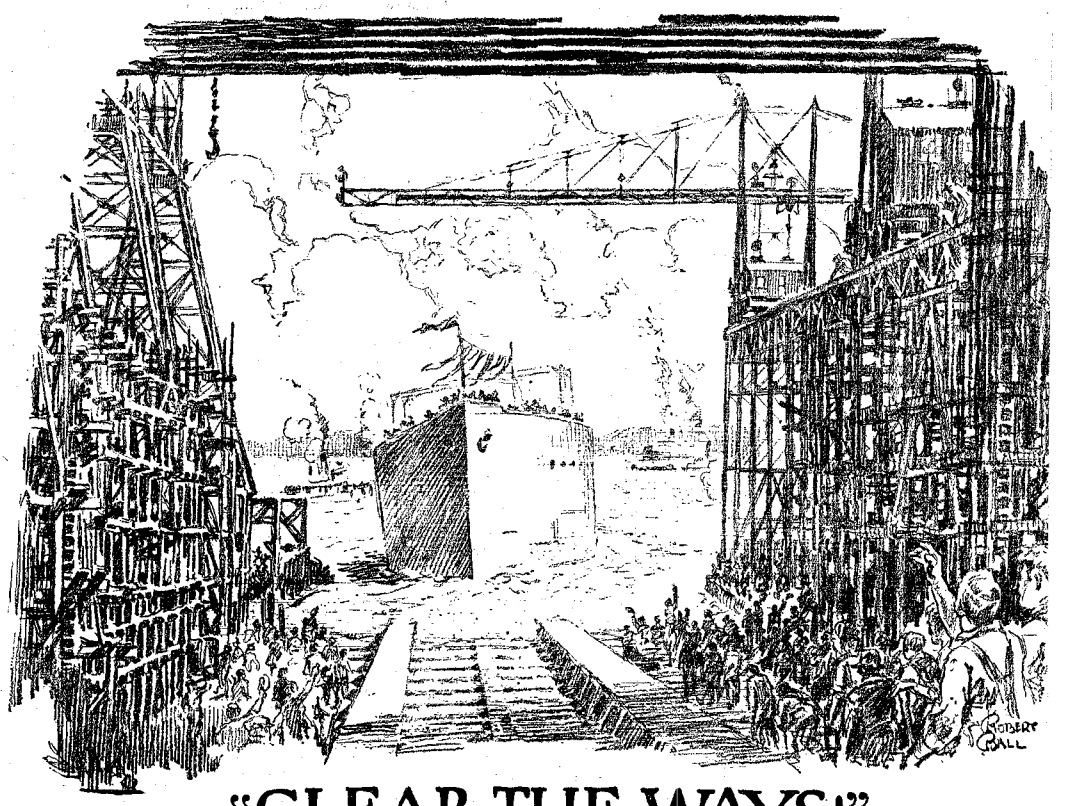

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WHEN a ship is ready to be launched the order goes out to "clear the ways!" and men fall to with their hammers to knock the restraining blocks from beneath the keel.

In the field of business and finance, The Continental and Commercial Banks "clear the ways" for the smooth launching of their customers' enterprises. This strong group of banks has had wide experience "clearing the ways" for American business.

Now that the tides of commerce and industry are returning to their normal flow, we are more than ever prepared to assist in "clearing the ways" for a permanent return to an era of business prosperity, and to place our best banking energies behind the affairs of those in search of a constructive banking connection.

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IF the combination of fundamental security, broad legal protection, income tax exemption, and attractive income appeals to you, then you will be vitally interested in our new booklet outlining the attractive features of South Dakota School District Bonds.

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ESTABLISHED 1878
SURPLUS & CAPITAL $1,300,000
MINNEAPOLIS · MINNESOTA

(Financial Situation, continued from page 57)

billion-mark payment into "dollar credits" was recognition of the fact that the deposit was secure in New York City, that it would not change in value between the opening of the account and the drafts upon it, and that whether the funds were subsequently drawn upon for transfer back to France, Belgium, and England or for payments due in the United States, the interests of the Allied beneficiaries would equally be served. It illustrates the way in which revolutionary changes of the existing order are accepted nowadays as a matter of course, that an event of such character, distinctly a landmark in the history of finance, should have called forth only passing comment.

The Aftermath of Economic Readjustment

IT is the teaching of all experience that new economic forces shape themselves in a time of reaction and readjustment. The reason is not only that a great upheaval of the sort creates new conditions and relations in the whole financial organism, but that it brings into the strongest light a community's actual resources and economic power. No such test is applied in a period of speculative excitement, when the "business boom" is engaging the financial community's entire attention. A period of that character is always marked by the overexploiting of ventures which appeal to a highly stimulated imagination. People buy chiefly because of belief that they can sell again at higher prices to other people more excited than themselves.

What we call "hard times," on the other hand, will always serve to prove whether the appearance of economic strength on which the preceding speculation had been based was real or imaginary. But the hard times will accomplish more than that. Through force of necessity, the industrial reaction will develop latent resources; it will show what part of the previous financial and industrial expansion was based on accumulation of real capital and what part on mere inflation of credit. Liquidation of ill-judged speculations will release the capital which had been tied up in unprofitable ventures, premature exploitation, or overvalued enterprises. With the speculative illusions shattered, the capital thus released will first be hoarded through an instinct of suspicion toward all investments, but will very soon begin to take the direction pointed out by sober financial judgment, and the selection will be made in the long run on the basis of far-sighted survey of the whole world's financial and industrial movement. Under such circumstances, the visible

(Financial Situation, continued on page 61)

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36 Years Without Loss To A Customer

George M. Forman & Company
FARM MORTGAGE BANKERS
(ESTABLISHED 1885)
105 W. Monroe St.....Chicago, Ill.

(Financial Situation, continued from page 59)

trend of a country's industrial energy and investing power will be brought into new and striking light. In due course, it will become evident what is thereafter to be that country's exact relation to the rest of the economic world.

THAT discovery will sometimes fulfil predictions made before it was possible for the community to fulfil what were reasoned and logical expectations. This was so in the reconstruction period after our own Civil War. The first part of that period was marked by extravagant speculation in the shares of existing railway and kindred enterprises, mostly in the densely settled communities of the East. The collapse of this speculation in the panic of 1873, the fall of prices and the reform of our inflated currency, resulted in an entirely different era of industrial expansion, during which the country's capital, reinforced by that of European investors, engaged on a quite unexampled scale in developing transportation and production in the region beyond the Mississippi. Our export of agricultural products doubled and quadrupled, the United States came to be the new granary of the outside consuming world, and these huge exports not only served to pay off the greater part of our war indebtedness, but were exchanged for rapidly increasing remittances of the European capital which the country needed.

Sequel to Other Hard Times

A far more striking instance of the change produced by the test of a period of hard times came after our panic of 1893, when the era of very low prices coincided with collapsing private and public credit, disorganized currency and bankruptcy for a long list of the largest American industrial and railway corporations. Belief that the United States had been overtaken by an economic paralysis, that even its longer financial future was uncertain, prevailed even in Wall Street. Yet that precise period, as the sequel demonstrated, was the occasion for the most rapid accumulation of new capital and the most vigorous revival of economic energy that the country had ever witnessed.

WHEREAS our export trade on the eve of 1893 had failed to balance our imports, throwing the country deeper into debt to a Europe which was then reluctant to lend, our new manufacturing activities had by 1897 developed on such a scale that our exports of finished goods were competing with European makers in foreign markets, with so great a resultant surplus of exports that by

The Changed Conditions After 1893

(Financial Situation, continued on page 63)

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The personal attention of a conservative investment specialist is given to each inquiry received. For a thorough analysis of an investment a nominal fee is charged amounting to $3.00 for one stock or bond, and $2.00 for each additional security analyzed at the same time.

Many of our readers who have utilized this service have commented upon the quality and scope of the information received. If you have an investment problem write to-day. Address inquiries, accompanied by a remittance, to INVESTOR'S SERVICE BUREAU, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

(Financial Situation, continued from page 61)

1900 and 1901 the American investing community was drawing on its foreign credit balances to invest in the new loans of England and the Continental governments. At the same time, recapitalization and re-equipment of American industry, with the abundant capital released for such investment from the newly accumulated home supplies, fortified the new position of our manufacturing producers in the world market. The change within half a dozen years in the character of our economic activities, the direction of our investments, the financial relation of the United States to other countries, was as complete as it was spectacular. No financier or manufacturer would have dreamed in 1893 or 1894 of predicting it, unless for the very remote future.

In several respects, the present economic readjustment does not resemble that which occurred in the older periods. It differs from 1873 in that the problem then was how to enable a comparatively poor country, through command of foreign capital, to bring its undeveloped natural resources into action. The situation of to-day is one in which the United States is itself equipped beyond any other nation with a reserve of available capital, and in which, if anything, the facilities of its productive industries had been brought to wholly unprecedented magnitude by the requirements of war. It differs from 1893, when our economic troubles had been aggravated by the withdrawal of European capital from America, because the present period of reaction came when the huge outstanding loans of American capital to Europe, whether through direct advances to governments or through extension of credit to foreign purchasers of our merchandise, were the controlling economic influence.

Perplexities of the Moment

IT was not surprising that, when what had appeared to be reasonable expectations of better things had successively been so completely disappointed in the early months of 1921, the sense of doubt and obscurity in the whole financial situation should have increased progressively. In particular, it began to be asked what the financial and industrial markets had left to rely upon as the basis of recovery. Every experienced business man knew what the influences were which in previous epochs had brought the turn from severe economic depression in America. European buying in our financial and commercial markets was one; in older periods of the sort Europe

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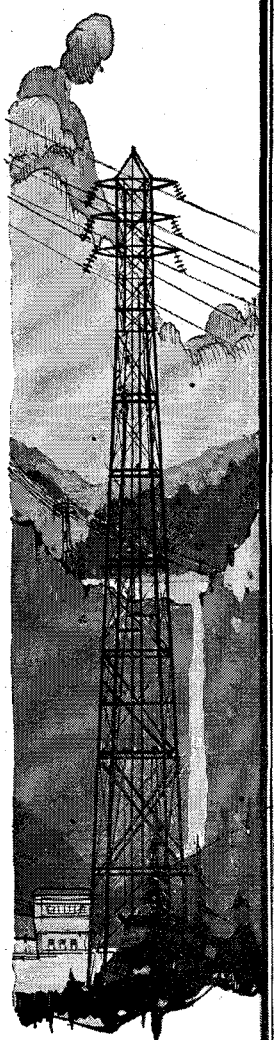
had either been untouched by the depression, or else had recovered earlier than the United States and was therefore able to direct her stocks of accumulated capital into our products and securities when American prices seemed to have fallen to an attractive level. The rapid recovery of 1879 and 1880, and the still more spectacular reversal of conditions after 1898, had as their characteristic cause the rush of European consumers into the markets for our products and of European investors into the American stock and bond markets.

No such reliance existed now; Europe's economic distress was far greater than ours; if any help to the situation was to come through the international market, it must be through the pouring of American capital and credit into Europe, not through tangible help extended by Europe to America. Even in the matter of our agricultural products, we are confronted now with a situation in which the farmer has been endeavoring to reduce his output, partly in view of the large supplies left in his hands unsold from the harvests of 1920, partly because of the continuing fall of prices.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 65)



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Invest in FIRST MORTGAGES on Atlanta improved real estate or on Georgia FARMS; worth in each case, upon conservative appraisal, at least twice the amount of loan. Georgia's legal interest rate is 8%. During 25 years experience, not a client has lost a dollar invested through us. Without charge to investor, we collect interest, attend to insurance and tax payments and all other necessary protective services.

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Suite 1701-1710E Hurt Bldg. ATLANTA, GA.

(Financial Situation, continued from page 64)

SOME of these seeming anomalies were incidents of the economic reaction and were certain to disappear when financial and industrial readjustment should be effected. The fall in prices could not continue indefinitely at its recent pace. At some point, as in all previous periods of reaction, consumers would be compelled by actual necessity to relax the policy of restricted buying, and experience teaches that when prices steady themselves in response to such increased purchases, the buying movement will be further enlarged because of the simple fact that the market seems for the time, at any rate, to have touched bottom. The instinct which leads the average man to buy when the price of goods has been reduced will always be superseded, if such decline is greatly prolonged, by the other instinct which makes him wait for the still lower prices which he comes to look for as a matter of course; but a visible change in the direction of prices will bring this postponed demand very quickly into action. A striking illustration of that principle was presented by the present season's wheat market, when it discovered, after contracts to deliver wheat in May had been sold as low as $1.19½ per bushel, that the supply available for delivery had been greatly overestimated. The price of wheat accordingly rose with the greatest violence to $1.85. Yet the grain trade reported larger purchases and larger exports on this rapid recovery of prices than on the preceding decline.

The Immediate Future

Eventually the same phenomenon, though probably in a less degree, is fairly certain to occur in the markets for many other commodities. Every occurrence of the sort will facilitate the marketing of the great stores of goods and produce held against bank loans because of previous inability to sell the goods, except at a disastrous loss, and the consequent release of tied-up credit will be the surest of all influences toward restoring easy money. The inadequate earnings of the railways during the season past were themselves primarily the result of the heavily decreased traffic which has always accompanied trade reaction and depression. They are bound to increase again when business revives, and in the meantime the surplus railway revenues will be getting the advantage of the drastic economies in operating costs, including the 12 per cent reduction in wages allowed by the Railway Labor Board.

TO this extent we are dealing simply with the phenomena of an ordinary period of depression. There are, however, other aspects

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of the existing situation which are peculiar to the time and which cannot be judged in the light of other periods of reaction. Never before in our history has it occurred that, at the very moment when financial and industrial depression in this country was at its greatest pitch of severity, some of the most powerful nations in the world were placing loans in our markets running into the hundreds of millions. Impressive as are the figures of the world's decreased annual gold production, the steady accumulation by the United States of the gold which is still being produced, together with much of that which had hitherto been held in foreign bank reserves, is even more striking. This prodigious movement of gold, no less than this season's subscriptions by its investors to home and foreign bond issues, indicates the country's present position in relation to the rest of the financial world. But it also gives some distinct foreshadowing of its future position.

Our New Place in the World

In some respects the most striking evidence of the view entertained in high financial quarters has been contained in two recent public intimations as to what the American investing public might be asked to do in the not distant future. European financiers have suggested plainly that a great part of Germnay's $31,000,000,000 long-term indemnity bonds may from time to time be offered in our market by the governments receiving them; possibly as a German security alone, possibly as collateral to loans by the Allied governments. At almost the same time our own Treasury Department distinctly outlined its purpose, for some future date, of offering on the American investment market, in the form of long-term bonds, the $9,500,000,000 obligations of the Allied governments held by our Treasury for advances made to them in war-time.

It would be premature to express opinion on the future economic feasibility of either of these two huge undertakings. But it is not possible to doubt that the United States, which emerged from the hard times of the seventies as the granary of the world, and from the hard times of the nineties as one of the three greatest manufacturing producers, will find its place, on recovery from the present depression, as an investor on a wholly unprecedented scale in the public and private securities of other countries. Neither is it indulgence in very daring prophecy to predict that, in performing this new office, American capital, the American market, and the American investor will be the key to the solution of the world's present economic problems.

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INFORMATIVE FINANCIAL LITERATURE

Following are announcements of current booklets and circulars issued by financial institutions, which may be obtained without cost on request addressed to the issuing banker. Investors are asked to mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE when writing for literature.

INVESTMENT BOOKLETS AND CIRCULARS

"Investment Safeguards" is an analysis of the fundamental safety tests of investment securities, including a brief dictionary of financial terms. *It may be had free upon application to* Ames Emerich & Co., New York, Chicago, and Milwaukee.

"Equipment Trust Securities," a booklet by Cassatt & Co., Philadelphia, describes the many special features of railroad equipment trust securities, with an interesting discussion of the origin and development and the operating features of the Philadelphia plan. Sent on request.

The following booklets are being distributed by Halsey, Stuart & Co.: "Choosing Your Investment Banker," "Bonds, Question Answered, Terms Defined," "Ten Tests of a Sound Utility Bond," "Bonds of Municipalities," "Halsey, Stuart & Co.'s Partial Payment Plan," and a monthly list of bond offerings.

"Concerning Trusts and Wills"—a brief outline of some of the more important advantages of the Trust Company over the individual as a fiduciary. This booklet suggests the proper manner of conserving estates and trust funds; insuring their management in the interest of the beneficiaries or owners. Send to Old Colony Trust Company, 17 Court Street, Boston 7, Mass.

Blyth, Witter & Co., of San Francisco and New York, has published for distribution "Investment Opportunities of Today," in which is presented a selected list of sound investment offerings.

(Continued on page 67)

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(Continued from page 66)

A graphic record showing the steadily increasing earnings of Standard Gas & Electric Company for more than ten years is being distributed by H. M. Byllesby & Company of Chicago and New York.

"How to Figure the Income Basis on Bonds," a pamphlet recently published by Wells-Dickey Company of Minneapolis, treats a much misunderstood subject in an interesting and understandable way. Write for copy.

"Tomorrow's Bond Prices," "Bonds as Safe as Our Cities," and "Municipal Bonds Defined" are a series of booklets recently published by William R. Compton Company, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans. The first explains the significance of the present investment situation and the opportunity to obtain high returns over a period of years. The other two describe the various kinds of Municipal Bonds and the safeguards surrounding them.

BOOKLETS ON FINANCIAL SUBJECTS

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York will send the following recently issued publications on request: "Our New Place in World Trade," an illustrated booklet analyzing America's foreign trade and the opportunities of her new creditor position; "German Plans to Extend Foreign Trade," a report tracing Germany's rapid progress in the rehabilitation of her foreign trade.

"The Giant Energy—Electricity"—a booklet in popular form, which shows the attractiveness of carefully selected public utility bonds, and deals largely with the wonderful growth in the electric light and power business. Published by the National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

"International Commercial and Financial Relationships and the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation" is the title of a new booklet by Fred I. Kent, Vice-President, Bankers Trust Company of New York.

The manner in which a great financial institution has come into being, together with facts and figures showing how this institution renders service to its friends and customers, is disclosed in a booklet recently published by the Continental and Commercial Banks of Chicago, Ill. The booklet is ready for general distribution.

A Quick-Reckoning Income Tax Table, aiding the investor to determine the gross yield he must get on a taxable bond to correspond to the yield of a tax-free municipal, is being distributed by Stacy & Braun, 5 Nassau Street, New York.

REAL ESTATE AND FARM MORTGAGE BOOKLETS

"Common Sense in Investing Money" is a comprehensive booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co., Fifth Avenue at Forty-sixth Street, New York, outlining the principles of safe investment and describing how the Straus Plan safeguards the various issues of First Mortgage 6% Serial Bonds offered by this house.

Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company, La Salle and Madison Sts., Chicago, will send on request their "Investor's Guide" for July, containing a selected list of safe and sound First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds and various articles pertaining to safety for investors.

The American Bond and Mortgage Company, Chicago, Ill., has just published a book entitled "Building With Bonds," which explains the principles and policies upon which this organization has been built. It discusses the details of the real estate bond business, written by experts in various lines.

"$1,000 per year makes $17,000 in twelve years," says the booklet published by the Prudence Bonds Corporation, 31 Nassau Street, New York. Mailed upon request.

"Selecting Today the Investments of Tomorrow" presents new facts regarding farm mortgages of interest to investors. Write George M. Forman & Company, 105 W. Monroe Street, Chicago.

"Georgia: Its Resources," a booklet recently issued by Green, Tilson & McKinney, farm mortgage bankers, 1701–10 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga., will be sent to investors on request.

The Investors Company, 3131 Madison Street, Chicago, will send interested investors their investment list of 7% first mortgage bonds.

The Title Guaranty & Trust Company of Bridgeport, Conn., will furnish upon application a list of mortgage investment offerings.

"Secure Investments," a booklet describing First Mortgages on Southern Farms, sent on request to Investors Mortgage Co., New Orleans National Bank Bldg., New Orleans, La.

The Georgia Land & Securities Company, Savannah, Ga., will send investors illustrated booklet and list of investments in first mortgages on Southern farms.

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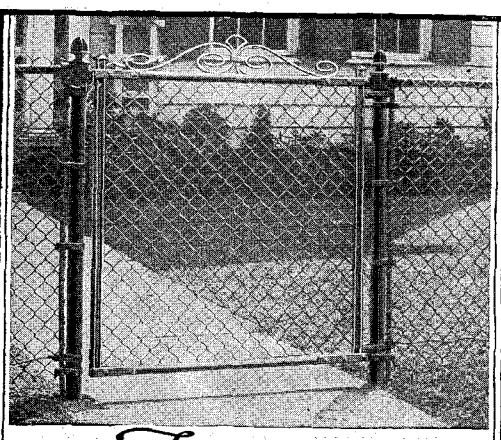

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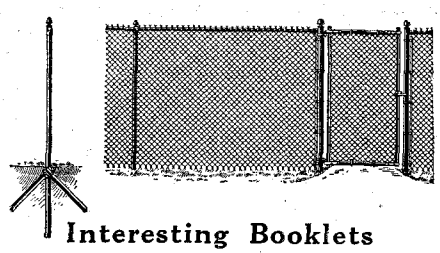

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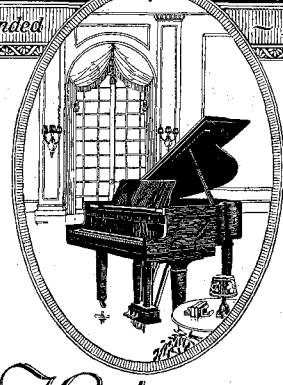

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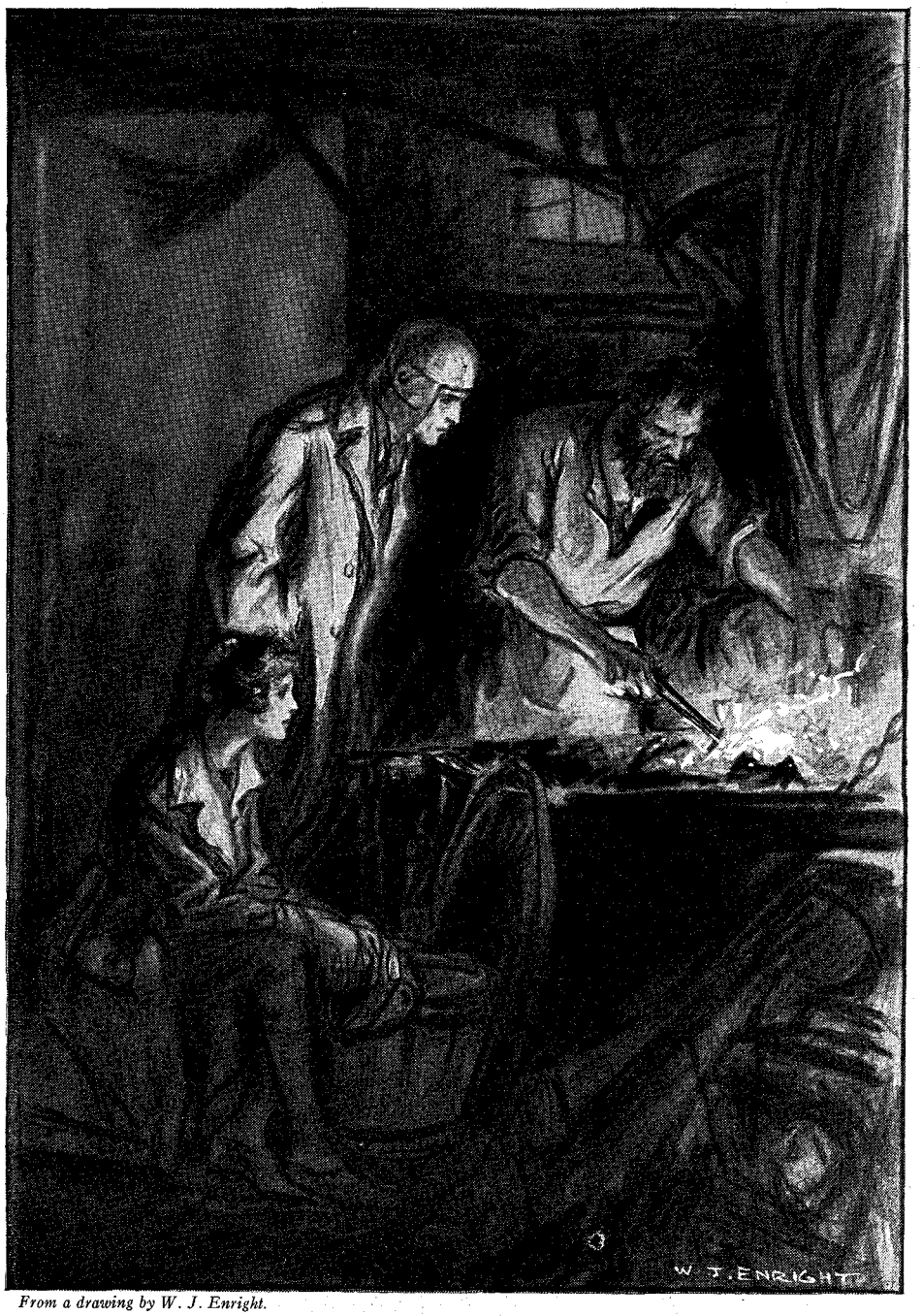

From a drawing by W. J. Enright.

A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS VIGIL BESIDE A GREAT FORGE . . . WHILE THE GIANT . . . WORKED WITH AN ALTOGETHER INCREDIBLE LETHARGY.

—"The Winged Interlude," page 229.

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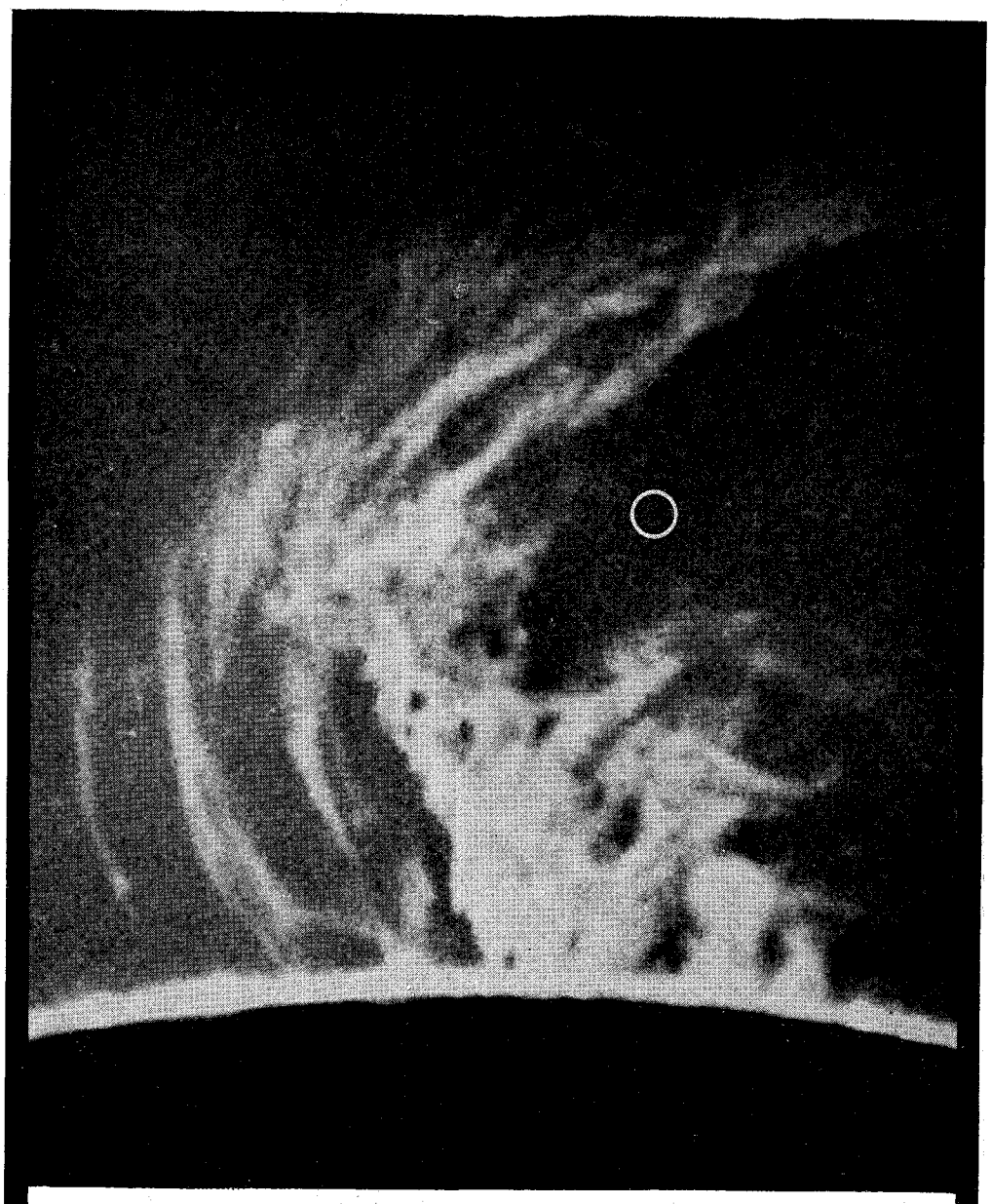

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